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Class No.....

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(Of a Christmas Pantomime character, and composed with some assistance from HENRY FIELDING, Esq., Author of "Tom Thumb.")

# ACT I.

SCENE—Near Cape Coast Castle.

Enter NOODLE and DOODLE. They salute.

Doodle. Sure, such a day as this was never seen.

Noodle. This day, O MR. DOODLE, is a day!

The mighty MR. PUNCH in thunder comes  
To aid the brave SIR GARNET.

Doodle. PUNCH? PUNCH! PUNCH!!

Noodle. Though small his body be, exceeding small,  
Yet is his soul like any mountain big.

Enter many Native Kings, our Allies, followed by their troops.

First King. Let nothing but a face of joy appear:  
The black who frowns to-day shall lose his head,  
That he may have no face to frown withal.

[A cannon goes off. All the Kings and their armies run away.

Enter SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, meeting GENERAL PUNCH.

Sir Garnet. Right welcome. Thank you much for coming out.

General Punch. When I'm not thanked at all I'm thanked enough.

I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

My modesty's a candle to my merit,

It shines itself and shows my merit too.

Sir Garnet. All right. Come to my tent.

General Punch.

Lead on. I come.

Exeunt.

# ACT II.

In the Bush.

Enter KING COFFEE, with an army.

King. Thus far our arms with victory are crowned;  
For, though we have not fought, yet we have found  
No enemy to fight withal.

General Punch (rushing at him with an enormous sword). One's here!

[Rapid flight of the King and his army.]

## ACT III.

*Near Coomassie.**Enter SIR GARNET and GENERAL PUNCH.**General Punch.* At length the enemy advances nigh:

I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.

*Sir Garnet (quietly).* Less noise, brave friend. I like thy sportive mirth,

But there are times and seasons.

*General Punch.*

Not for me.

I'm like that chartered libertine the wind,

That bloweth where it listeth. Do not think

I'd jest at aught that——

*Sir Garnet.*

Will you hold your row?

*[Waves his hand, and a terrific cannonade, and fire of rockets and rifles, begins. The Blacks are seen flying in all direction. GENERAL PUNCH pursues them like a raging lion. View obscured by the "thunder clouds, which, when rent," disclose the King, a prisoner to SIR GARNET and GENERAL PUNCH.]**General Punch.* Now, nigger! Now, you nigger! Nigger, now!

Hoff with is ed. Let me cut off his head.

*Sir Garnet.* Well, I see no objections.*King.*

Him see seberal!

*Sir Garnet.* Have thou thy way, mad wag.*General Punch (looking after him).*

By the great oath!

*[Exit.]*

I'm proud of him, and I don't care who knows it.

And now for you. It seems, King, very meet

That I unseam you from the nape to the chaps,

And place your head upon you battlements.

How does the thing present itself to you?

I'm open to fair argument.

*King.*

Lobgolly!

*General Punch.* Lobgolly! I'm convinced. Your life is spared!*Enter the Genius of Punch.**Genius.* Although 'tis Christmas, when all jests are free,

'Tis fit you show you are not false to me.

Fighting is not a jest, and there's a land

Where, facing angry myriads, brave men stand.

*Punch.* When I am false to thee, my work is done.

Let one warm word be mingled with our fun.

In not a home where Christmas, all aglow,

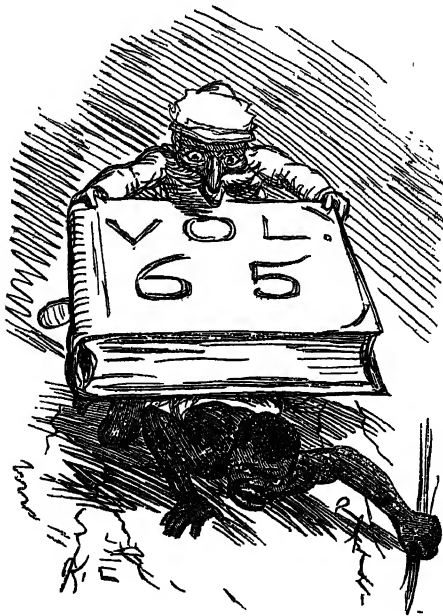
Bids the pulse quicken, and the wine-cup flow,

Let England's sons at home forget the toast

To England's brave ones on that savage coast.

Soon may we learn their glorious toils are o'er;

Soon hail the Victors on their native shore.





### For the Tabard.

THE land-marks of our SHAKESPEARE's birth and death,  
A goal of pilgrimage we hold bequeathed,  
For all that now breathe English-speaking breath,  
And all by whom such breath shall yet be breathed.

What would these pilgrims think of us, or say—  
The natural guardians of that double shrine,  
If we let tomb be wronged or house decay?—  
"How shall the worldly honour the divine?"

And if we cherish SHAKESPEARE's house and grave,  
For pilgrimage of all of English tongue,  
DAN CHAUCER's Tabard were 't not well to save  
From the destroying hammer o'er it hung?

There still, from Southwark's ever-flowing tide  
Drawn back in its deep yard, the hostel grey  
Rears its quaint galleries, and chambers wide,  
And stately stables of the ancient day.

Here stood the stair where HARRY BAILLY, stout,  
Received to harbour gentle Knight and Squire,  
And dainty Prioress, and—rougher rout—  
Hot Reeve, sly Frere, and Miller fierce as fire.

Where liquorish Monk fair Wife of Bath first saw,  
And pimpled Sompnour elbowed Shipman brown;  
And jolly Franklin, and grave Man of Law,  
Shouldered the Craftsman in his livery gown.

Here all the motley-clad, full-breathing, life  
Of the third Edward's day to being came  
Forth from that brain with moving pictures rife,  
And ranged itself in the grey Tabard's frame.

And they that would live o'er that life again,—  
English of far-off lands, and times to be,—  
Will gather still to Southwark High-Street, fain  
The Tabard's gallery-girdled yard to see.

And shall they hear, that, in this year of grace,  
We valued such old memories not a pin,  
Or CHAUCER's countrymen were in no case  
To save from downfall CHAUCER's haunted Inn?

Too poor to buy and consecrate its walls  
To him who gave them tenants for all time,  
That future pilgrims, seeking these grey halls,  
May still hear Mary-Overies' mellow chime,

For bed-ward Canterbury pilgrims rung,  
Or rung to rouse those pilgrims for the way;  
As in that April morn, by CHAUCER sung,  
"At Southwark, in the Tabard, where they lay"?

### ENLIGHTENED PROTEST.

SIR,—In reference to MR. FORSTER's remarks about the National Anthem being sung in schools, I protest against the practice, and I refuse to send my children to any school where that fulsome, unphilanthropic, uncivilized, fawning hymn is used.

I object to it, first, because it recognises an Influence about which I know nothing: secondly, because it implies that human beings have some communication with that Influence: thirdly, because it adulates a monarch, and I am a republican: fourthly, because it encourages a bellicose spirit, and I am for peace at any price: fifthly, because it expresses a wish that this country should be more prosperous than any other; and, sixthly, because it asks what is not in the interest of trade, which is promoted (though I despise the means) by frequent transmissions of the so-called Crown.

I desire to see the National Anthem abolished, and

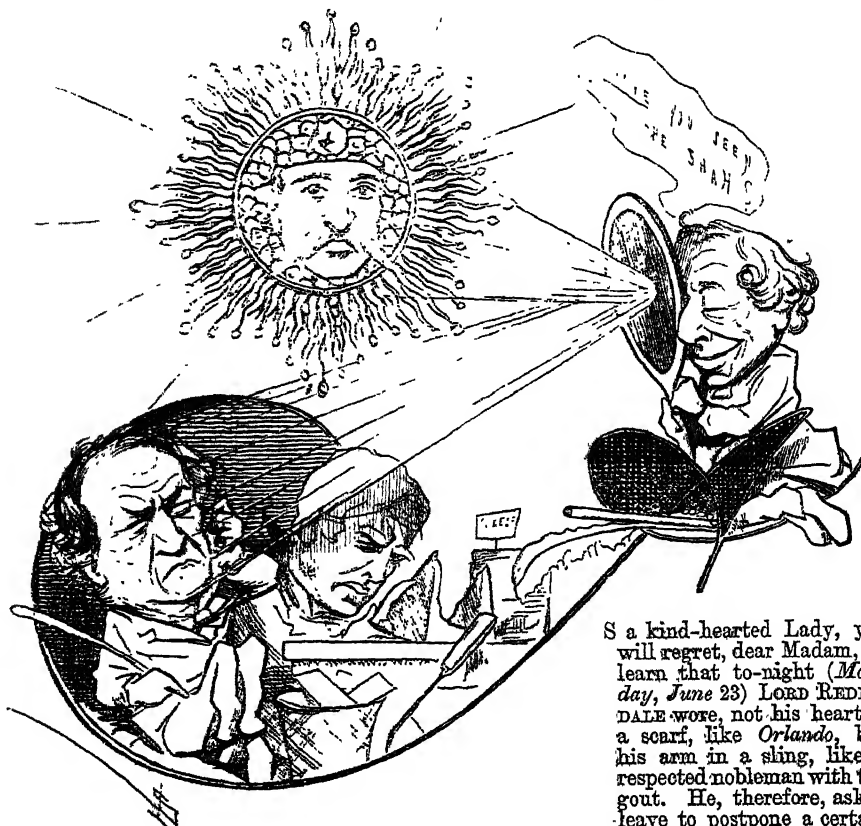
I am (to use the conventional phrase),  
Your obedient Servant,  
"AN ADVANCED THINKER."

### FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

SAID ROBINSON to JONES, at a recent exhibition, "Our friend BROWN's sketches, I see, are most of them in Sepia." "Why, yes, of course," said JONES, "it is the fittest medium for inept attempts."



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



S a kind-hearted Lady, you will regret, dear Madam, to learn that to-night (Monday, June 23) LORD REDESDALE wore, not his heart in a scarf, like Orlando, but his arm in a sling, like a respected nobleman with the gout. He, therefore, asked leave to postpone a certain Life-Peerages Bill. His

Lordship has seen too much of this Wale of Tears to care greatly for "the Slings and Harrows of outrageous torture" (amended quotation), but we hope he will soon be all right again. "Gout," says HORACE WALPOLE, wisely, "is not a disease but a remedy, and therefore 'tis absurd to try to cure it." Besides, it clears the mental faculties, and prompts a fine flow of that comminative language which every Englishman, proud of his native tongue, should know how to employ.

LORD DELAWARR had a Bill for preventing Children under twelve from being employed as Acrobats and the like. Not well drawn, 'twas withdrawn. We are told, Madam, that the days of treating performing children cruelly have gone by, and we will hope that this is true. Mr. Sleary, in *Hard Times*, when offering to retain *Sissy Jupe* in the equestrian company, observes, "I don't pretend to be of the angel breed myself, and I don't thay but what, when you mith'd your tip, you'd find me cut up rough, and thwear an oath or two at you. But what I thay, Thquire, ifh, that good tempered or bad tempered, I never did a horthie an injury yet, no more than thwearing at him went, and that I don't expect I shall begin other-withe at my time of life, with a Rider. I never was much of a Cackler, Thquire, and I have thed my thay." May all our teachers of little Acrobats and equestrians be like Mr. Sleary.

Do you remember the *Murillo*, and the *Northfleet's* terrible fate? Better forget them, for the Spaniards have served us just as—we deserve to be served. The *Murillo* and her crew have been released, and pronounced free of condemnation, but the Master's certificate has been suspended for twelve months, because he did not pay sufficient attention to the fact that he had run into some vessel. We will not, by further comment, insult the relatives of those who were killed on that night. "Oh, for one hour of PALMERSTON!"

On the Army Estimates, CAPTAIN ARCHDALE described the Sandhurst examination as "cruel and inhuman." We should like first to see the papers which have so exasperated the gallant Captain, and next, we should like to ask any high-class boy at Rugby or Harrow whether they could frighten him. The other grievance complained of, namely, that the Sandhurst-students "are not allowed brandy and soda at breakfast," we own we do consider horrible, especially if they have had too many B's and S's with their pipes over-night.

Tuesday.—To procure the assent of the Canadians to the Washington Treaty, we, England, undertook to guarantee a large loan to enable the Dominion to make a certain Railway. But as this way of putting it sounds a little coarsely, in fact the shocking word "bribe" was used in the debate, the Government says that it offers the guarantee in order to compensate Canada for the Fenian Raids, in respect of which the Americans utterly refused to pay a cent. The Canadians are such capital people, and the Canadian ladies are so charming, that we do not care in what way we oblige them, provided they are obliged.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT was Counted Out while making a speech about the Chipping Norton heroines, who came to grief for terrifying the valiant he-labourers. "Something too much of this," thought the House, which is intensely philanthropic, but hates to be bored.

Wednesday.—Do you know what Hypothec in Scotland is, dear Madam? No, and you don't want to know. Fie, Madam; in these days ladies are expected to understand everything. You suppose it is Scotch for Hypocrisy, of which there is plenty in the

North, and quite enough in the South. A fair shot, Madam, but a miss. Hypothec is from the Latin *hypotheca*. An apothecary? Dear lady, do not be frivolous, or we must stop. To hypothecate is to pledge a thing as security without parting with it. In Scotland the word Hypothec implies the landlord's right to take sudden possession, without notice, of a tenant's crops, in order to pay the rent due. It is much more stringent than our law of distress. Some say it is a good thing, and that tenants would not get farms unless the power existed. The LORD-ADVOCATE thinks otherwise. After debate the House decided, by 147 to 83, not to alter the present law. Now, then, Madam, where are your elegant manners? Thank us for the explanation, and let off your new wisdom into the ear of the next Scotch gentleman who takes you down to dinner. Very likely he'll say you're just a superior kind of middle-aged woman.

Proposal for a law to protect Minors against the consequences of their own folly in money matters brought out from MR. LOPES (who avowed his hate for money-lenders and bill-discounters), the suggestion that next year the promoter, in his zeal for young men, would bring in a Bill to protect them against scheming Mammams, who entrap them into matrimony with daughters—arrangements which he described as improvident, reckless, and onerous contracts. Wasn't it rude?

Thursday.—Now, your Graces of Canterbury and York. Will you be pleased to recal the appeal that was made to you by thousands of Churchmen to discourage Ritualistic antics? Will you recal the Cartoon in which Mr. Punch described your position, and made you emitting a perfectly harmless excretion, and saying that you would be d—sestablished if you knew what to do? (He has had piles of letters from the Clergy, thanking him for this, and begging him to "go at" you again and again.) Thirdly, you have full recollection of the helpless reply you made the other day to the appeal, virtually saying that you did not know what to do. Very well, your Graces. To-night a Bill is promoted for giving the heads of the Church more power, and LORD SHAFTESBURY opposes it, and the Lords throw it out by 88 to 52. Punch does not wish to be rude, but if that vote was not a vote of want of confidence in the Episcopacy, the moon is cold.

In the Commons MR. HUNT asked whether a Government Inspector of Schools had refused to allow the National Anthem to be sung by some children. MR. FORSTER admitted that it was so, but said that the Inspector was very loyal, and had made a mistake.

Shall we tell you a story? We lighted upon it the other day in a book you are not likely to have read, dear Madam, which was a collection of SIR G. CORNEWALL LEWIS'S articles on English Administrations. JACK WILKES joined in the National Anthem, in a room where the then PRINCE OF WALES was. H. R. H. came up to WILKES, and laughingly asked him how long he had been in the habit of singing "God Save the King." "Ever since I have had the honour of being acquainted with your Royal Highness."

We did more Rating, and then we nominated the Zanzibar Committee. Now, MR. BOUVIERE, you had been reading MR. GOSFORD'S evidence in the OERON case, and he quoted GAY, and, the lines having been brought to your mind, you thought you'd

quote them to-night. But, Sir, if you are rightly reported, you cited wrongly. The lines are not,

"None but Lawyers at their ease  
Twist words and numbers as they please."

(as given in the *Standard*), but

"I know you Lawyers can, with ease,  
Twist words and meanings as you please."

We make excuses for some persons, who have no books of reference, but you have, doubtless, a good library, and MR. JOHN GAY's works are not absent from it. Do not let us have to mention such a thing again.

We went into Supply, and MR. FORSTER asked and received £1,299,603 for Educational purposes. He stated that our advance in this matter had been considerable, and sound, and sure.

MR. FORSTER can speak becomingly of a valuable official, whatever one of his colleagues may do. In referring to MR. HENRY COLE's resignation of his office at South Kensington, MR. FORSTER said that the gentleman in question was a most devoted, efficient, and painstaking public servant, with remarkable capacity as an administrator. *Mr. Punch* has said the same thing in verse.

*Friday*.—LORD STANHOPE never says anything that does not deserve attention. But his good-nature carries him too far when it prompts him to ask that an Order of Merit be created in England. Dear LORD STANHOPE, men of real merit do not want orders, and you do not want to decorate the pushing, puffed, self-asserting third-rate men who would certainly manage to obtain the distinction. EARL GRANVILLE's opposition to the proposal was that of a thorough man of the world, and it is just such a man who can best decide upon a

question of the kind. He knows "influences," and he knows humbugs.

A debate took place on a very serious and painful subject—the fearful slaughter yearly made by the wild beasts in India. The terrible fate of a gallant young officer, LIEUTENANT GILES, who lately lost his life in tiger-slaying, has brought the topic vividly to the notice of households whose loved ones are in the East. The wild animals kill some ten thousand human beings every year. The revival of a Hunting Caste is suggested, or, as the DUKE OF ARGYLL said, of Tiger-Thugs. Surely England, a nation of sportsmen, should be able to devise means for extirpating the savages of the jungle.

LORD SALISBURY declared that if MR. CARDWELL should be turned out of the War Office, his successor should be asked to reverse the Druidical decision that Oxford should be a military centre. Some sharp words, "odiousness," "motives," and "imagination"—you can fill up the blanks—were exchanged between the Marquis and EARL GRANVILLE.

*Mr. Punch* apologises to the nation for depriving all political proceedings of novelty, by the fatal and True-Thomas-like accuracy of his prognostications. He has "the tongue that cannot lie," and he is very sorry for it. In his Cartoon of the "Palladium," and the verses appended, he so exactly prefigured the course of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the Jury Bill, and so precisely indicated that the Sacred Image was to be only burnished, not spoiled, that he merely records that, to-night, SIR JOHN gracefully gave up all the objectionable parts of his Bill, and rendered it a piece of safe and valuable Law Reform.

Then a Caledonian got Counted. 'Twas a case of "Scot and Lot." Scot wanted to talk. Lot wanted to go away.

## OUR REVIEW.

*Poem on the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, Destroyed by Fire, June 9, 1873. Composed by JOSEPH GWYER, Potato Salesman, Penge. Half the Profits will be given in aid of Sufferers.*



Consider this poem  
no small potatoes. It  
has its merits, it has  
its faults, but so has  
the *Iliad*, and so has  
*Proverbial Philosophy*. But, as the  
ancient classic poet,  
HORACE, remarks:—

"Ubi plura nitent  
in carmine, non ego  
paucis  
Offendar maculis."

or, to make the senti-  
ment clearer to the  
inhabitants of Penge,

"Where a thousand  
potatoes are mealy  
and white,  
To rage that a dozen  
are rotten, were  
spite."

We remark, *obiter*,  
that DRYDEN could  
not have turned that  
translation better.  
MR. GWYER is what  
may be called a free-  
hand poet. He has  
all an Englishman's  
and potato salesman's  
scorn and contempt  
for tyranny, and he



refuses to be bound in the rhythmical fetters which, as MR. COBBETT has told us in *Rejected Addresses*, were invented by the monks to enslave the people. But with a free hand he has a full heart, and we have no doubt that he gives in his business as overflowing measure as he offers in his song. His poetry is much better than most which we have lately been called on to review. If he has not the vigour and subtlety of BROWNING, at all events MR. GWYER never exercises the soul of his reader by compelling him to give a second thought to the meaning of a line. If he lacks something of the tender grace of TENNYSON, MR. GWYER successfully resists any temptation which may be presented to him to over-refine his melodies. If he wants the passionate fervour of SWINBURNE, it is the more creditable to him, for SHAKESPEARE has told that the vegetable in which MR. GWYER deals has a tendency to soften the heart.

And if he is without a good many other things which a good many other people are with, he is himself, an I, an Ego, and a poet. We shall therefore gratify ourselves and our readers by an extract or two from a poem which is sold at four times the price of the original edition of *Orion*:—

"On Muswell Hill there lately stood,  
The Alexandra Palace great and good,  
Both to our own and foreign land,  
It claimed from each a prestige grand.

"With works of art it did abound,  
Which were wont the ignorant to astound,  
The sightly dome for miles was seen,  
Surrounded by the pastures green.

"Full many a goodly sir upon the opening day,  
Sported with his 'fair one' the time away,  
And seem'd to like the stimulating meeting,  
For interchange of kindly word and greeting.

"But on the 9th of June the palace caught on fire,  
Each moment seemed to send the flames much higher,  
Flinging around with consternation spell,  
Such sad results as no mortal could foretell.

"The shouts of alarm at this dread afray,  
Many were stricken and did prostrate lay,  
As if they'd been wounded by some deadly foe,  
So painful was the unexpected great blow.

"While some were witnessing this awful view,  
Others were anxious as to what they should do,  
Some it was seen appeared quite romantic,  
While the poor stall girls seemed nearly frantic."

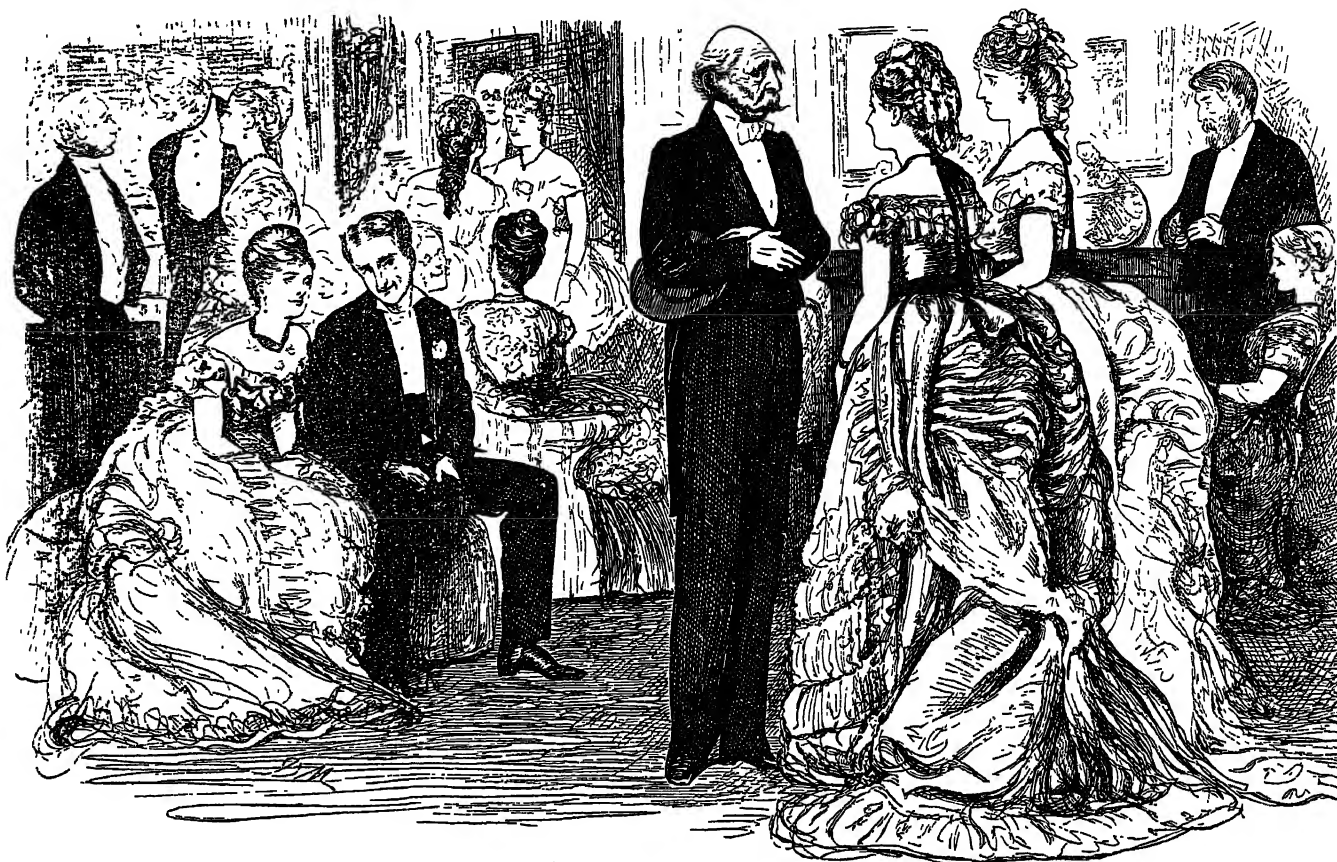
We have then a graceful compliment to the prompt generosity of SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, the Lord Mayor, and to the ready charity of the Directors of the Crystal Palace, who may be said to have heaped coals of fire on the heads of their unfortunate rivals by giving a benefit for the relief of the distressed Alexandrians. Then the Bard of Penge boldly reverts to the Catastrophe.

"In two short hours it was a blaze,  
Which took some years to build and raise,  
Grand Alexandra's noble dome,  
Alas! all vanished the Ninth of June.

"I hope when you peruse these lines,  
The author's object you'll have in mind,  
For ever will his stand point be,  
That one great act of charity."

If we hint that we perhaps could, by taking our coats off and thinking our hardest, invent a better—or, at least, a more conventional rhyme for "lines" than "mind"—we say this to show that not even our admiration for a great bard and potato salesman drives us into the unqualified eulogy in which so many of our contemporaries delight. But, as aforesaid, *non paucis maculis*, and there are a few spots upon MR. GWYER's verses as upon the very best potatoes which he supplies to the fortunate residents at Penge.





## PHRENOLOGICAL VIEW OF SOCIAL RANK.

"WHO IS THAT VENERABLE PARTY THE TWO MISS BOTTIBOIS ARE TALKING TO?"

"I BELIEVE HIS NAME IS SIR RIGBY DIGBY." "ER—BARONET, OF COURSE; NOT KNIGHT?"

"BARONET, I THINK. BUT WHY 'OF COURSE'?"

"WELL—ER—THE SHAPE OF HIS CRANIUM INDUCES ME TO BELIEVE—ER—THAT THE DISTINCTION IS MORE LIKELY TO HAVE BEEN INHERITED THAN ACQUIRED!"

## PUNCH WARNS HIS SHAH.

O, SHAH, "may your shadow never be less!"

Though of that but small prospect I see:  
Another such week of sight-seeing *duress*,  
Such riding and railing, such fuss and full-dress,  
Such hustling and bustling, parading and press,  
Deputations by dozens, and dinners *sans cesse*,  
And reduced from a substance with shadow, I guess,  
To nought but a shadow you'll be!

That "the commonest cat may look at a king,"

In England's an ancient saw:  
And you, when the light of your diamonds you fling,  
And with grave eyes opened as round as a ring,  
Within your spectacles' focus bring  
Our streets, ships, guns, docks—everything,—  
Will observe, in this land of sight-seeing,  
That the Commons may look at a *chat*.

A nine-days' wonder you've been to JOHN BULL,

And he to you in his turn—  
His strength more of beef than breeding full:  
His civilisation (more cry than wool):  
His heads that *ought* his hands to rule:  
His hands of his heads that *should* be tool:  
You've sat in his money-making school,  
And your lesson therein may learn.

There's REUTER—let's hope 'twill be REUTER Khan,  
Instead of REUTER *Cannot*—  
Has set himself, calmly, the gulf to scan,  
Which in Persia, since Kadjar rule began,

Hath yawned with wider and wider span,  
'Twixt dried-up Nature and dwindled man,  
Where the gold-stream—for NADIR-SHAH that ran—  
Again to Nadir has got.

Will REUTER, be REUTER never so deep  
In performing on "the wire,"  
Contrive a balance to make, and keep,  
Of all the concessions which you heap  
On his favoured head, when you bid him reap  
An unsown harvest, and shear your sheep,  
And take their wool—if any—dirt-cheap?—  
Into that let investors inquire.

But let this Doctor "BULL's blood" transfuse  
Through Persia's parched-up veins—  
Let railways bring their rain of dues—  
Let REUTER Pactolus water use  
To clothe your sands in harvest hues;—  
Suppose prosperity ensues  
For mills and mines—and Russia views  
And covets your smiling plains?

Will JOHN BULL's Government help you guard  
That for which he has helped you pay?  
When RUSSIA comes with his hand so hard,  
Will he find the way to your strong-box barred,  
By the "Infants" you saw in Woolwich yard?  
On our arms we bear the Lion and Pard,  
But "moral support" is the safest card,—  
That's British Lion's play!

THE PINK OF PERFECTION.—The tail of the SHAH's Arab.



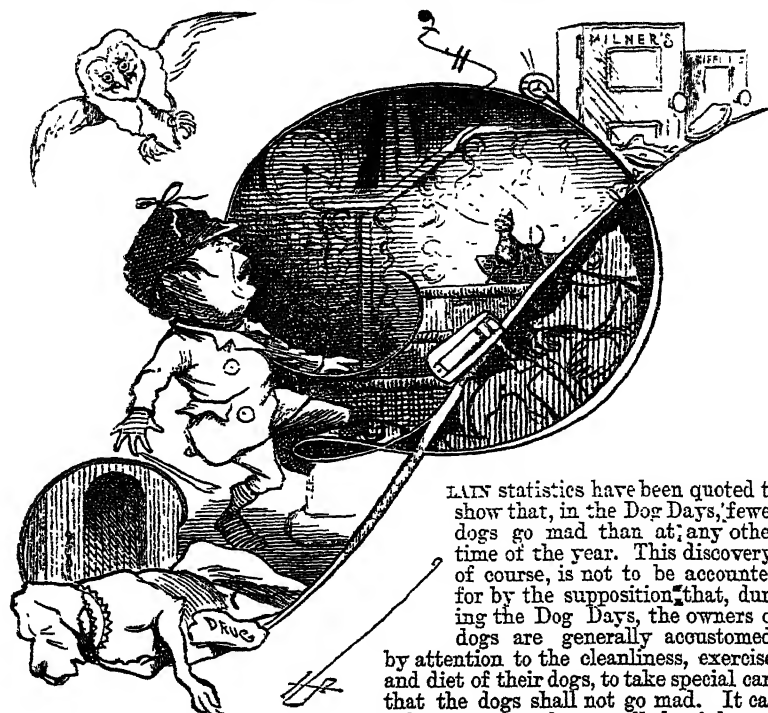
## “PERSIA WON!”

NASSR-ED-DIN. “ENJOYED MY VISIT, DEAR MADAM?—ENCHANTED!—CHARMED! AND—BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET—YOU MAY REST ASSURED I WILL ALLOW NO TRESPASSERS TO CROSS *MY GROUND*S INTO YOUR CHILD INDIANA’S GARDEN! BISMILLAH!”

[Exit.]



## DROUGHT FOR DOGS.



LAIN statistics have been quoted to show that, in the Dog Days, fewer dogs go mad than at any other time of the year. This discovery, of course, is not to be accounted for by the supposition that, during the Dog Days, the owners of dogs are generally accustomed,

by attention to the cleanliness, exercise, and diet of their dogs, to take special care that the dogs shall not go mad. It can only prove that the so-called wisdom of

our ancestors, in imagining a connection between hydrophobia and hot weather, and therefore calling a certain period of usual heat the Dog Days, was folly.

We now know not only that the hottest time of the year is the least conducive to hydrophobia; but, further, that dirt and drought are conditions which tend by no means to generate, but, on the contrary, to avert that disease. At the gates of Richmond Park is posted a Table of Regulations—

those most newly drawn up for the guidance of its frequenters. The following is one of these liberal and enlightened mandates:—

“No Dog is allowed to go into the water.”

There are, in the ponds of Richmond Park, very few water-fowl which a dog going into the water would chance to frighten; and there is never any course in which he could shake himself and sprinkle people about the ponds on coming out. Of all the Parks, Richmond Park is that one in which all possible objection to dogs going into the water is the very least. But another of the ordinances above quoted is this:—

“Any Dog brought into the Park which may reasonably be supposed to be in a rabid state will be destroyed.”

Dread of hydrophobia was evidently before the eyes of the Statesman and Sage who framed the Richmond Park Rules. This it evidently was which prompted him to decree that dogs should not go into the water there. But, if not there, by how much the rather not in the other Parks, where water-fowl abound, and the water-sides are crowded with the British Public? Inasmuch as, if dogs must not go into water in the Parks, and those, for dogs whose owners live near the Parks, are the only places where water is handy, the dogs belonging to such persons can seldom, if ever, go into water at all. It is evident that the Park Rule which prohibits them from being allowed to was conceived by official science and sagacity, in the idea that free access to water, instead of being preventive, is provocative of canine madness.

## Pius the Pious.

WELL, we have fought for our dear old POPE as long as we could, but really we shall now have to give him up. He has just been directly recommending Bigamy, Trigamy, Polygamy. His Holiness has solemnly impressed on the faithful “the duty of frequently partaking the sacraments.” And even MR. WHALLEY knows that Matrimony is a sacrament of the Roman Catholic Church.

## THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

## CHAPTER II.—How they settled Terms and went to catch a Chub.

## THE SECOND DAY.

*Venator.* My friend, you have kept time with my thoughts.

*Piscator.* I am right glad to see you so fairly risen. I heard our hostess herself bringing the soda-water to the chamber where you lay. You do not eat of this lovely trout.

*Venator.* I cannot. But I will beg a courtesy of you, that you will give me another cup of your hottest.

*Piscator.* 'Tis said by Travellers that the boughs of the trees in China are all laden with Tea-leaves, overhanging the hot water streams into which they fall, while the cows and the cocoa-nuts afford a sufficient quantity of milk, and the stones of the sugar-plums serve for lump.

*Venator.* I could listen to your discourse for hours together. But, Sir, let us be stirring. You shall bear my charges for this past night, and I will bear yours to-morrow.

*Piscator.* Nay, we will settle the score between us, first, for last night's diversion. This paper is in your hand, is it not?

*Venator.* Marry, Sir, I must acknowledge my own subscription.

*Piscator.* Why then, Sir, you stand indebted to me in three pounds and six shillings, that you lost to me at our Anglers' Game of Blind Hookey, which I learnt from an ingenious gentleman in Cardiganshire.

*Venator.* A Welshman, Sir?

*Piscator.* A Welsher. I thank you; that is the amount exact to a penny piece. Now, do you discharge our hostess, and let us forth. I long to be doing.

*Venator.* O, me! It is fortunate I brought my cheque-book with me. But, before we proceed farther, let me beg a courtesy of you: but it must not be denied me.

*Piscator.* What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest, so accomplished, so gentle, and so simple, that I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

*Venator.* Ay, Sir, but after?

*Piscator.* Well, Sir, by that time I shall be able to judge of the request itself, when perhaps my licence might be revoked on the merits. But what is it?

*Venator.* Why, Sir, it is that, henceforth, you would allow me to call you Master, and that I may be your Scholar.

*Piscator.* Give me your hand. I will be the Master, because I have the rod.

*Venator.* And shall I have it too?

*Piscator.* You shall. I will teach you as much of this art as I am able. Nay, more; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for. I am sure I both can, and will, tell you more than any common Angler, being, as you will find me, a good fellow-traveller, full of witty conceits, tuneful songs, and honest mirth; such a companion, indeed, as must have his charges borne by his friend and scholar. But come, let us go and catch a Chub.

*Venator.* Master, where will you commence to fish?

*Piscator.* In the river. Now I will give you some rules how to catch a Chub.

*Venator.* Is not a Chub to be caught—

*Piscator.* In a lock? I thought you would say that. It is an old conceit, as are all the known jokes about soles, plaice, John Dory, Jack, Pike, and minnow others,—I mean many others,—with which, I doubt not, you are well acquainted. To repeat any of these should be punishable by the rod.

*Venator.* Master, I will not offend again.

*Piscator.* Let there be a seasonable time for our jests, when, after the labour of the day, we meet at Tittlebait Tower, where I hope to bring you in the evening. As to the Chub which we are now to catch, note that, as you catch a Chub to dress him afterwards, so you must first dress yourself to catch a Chub. You must, then, be attired in a sad-coloured suit, with a hat, shoes, and veil of the same hue, for a Chub is the fearfulest of fishes.

*Venator.* O Master, I begin to be afraid he will bite.

*Piscator.* Marry, I hope he will. But take heart, for he will bite the grasshopper that you shall presently put on your hook, and so be taken.

*Venator.* O Master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I am to be daunted by no Chub that swims, nor grasshopper neither, for that matter.

*Piscator.* Go your way, and put a grasshopper on your hook.

*Venator.* O Master! O! O! O! The grasshopper has stung me, and the hook has pierced my forefinger.

*Piscator.* Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a to-



### IDENTITY.

*Mrs. Mangles.* "BLESS YER, MRS. DONTYUN, MY DEAR, I SEE SHAHW, 'THE LIFE GUARDSMAN, HOVER AND HOVER AGAIN AT ASHTLEY'S VEN I WAS A GAL, AN' THIS ONE AIN'T A BIT LIKE 'IM!!!"

wardly scholar of you. I now see, that, with advice and practice, you will make an angler in a short time. Have but a love to it; and I'll warrant you.

*Venator.* But, Master, if I cannot rid my finger of the hook?

*Piscator.* Then, I may tell you, that my pocket-knife will soon rid the hook of your finger. Take heed lest you bend, blunt, or damage the hook, which I could not replace for twenty pounds.

*Venator.* Nay, Master, I am free now, but the grasshopper has escaped me.

*Piscator.* Then take a beetle, or a bob—

*Venator.* I have one in my purse with a hole in it.

*Piscator.* Best you merry, Scholar; a "bob" is a youthful beetle. Take him, and make in him certain cunning slits, through which you may, with ease, pass the hook, whereon he will wriggle and twist in lively and right merry sort.

*Venator.* See, Master, 'tis as you say. But doth this not cause the beetle some pain?

*Piscator.* Nay, Scholar, few pleasures are so perfect as to be entirely free of inconvenience, yet these contortions are probably the honest creature's best mode of expressing his extreme gratification and supreme enjoyment of the dignity thus thrust upon him above his fellows, as having been selected to share with Man the gentle science of Angling.

*Venator.* I thank you, good Master, for this observation. And though I be so far furnished for the sport, yet do I lack that dressing without which 'twere vain to attempt the capture of a Chub, and whereof you spake a while ago.

*Piscator.* You shall lack nothing. Take my rod: put another grasshopper or beetle on your hook: and for your disguise, I will provide you, from my own bag, with a long grey robe, green spectacles, with a fine false nose and moustache all in one, and such a wig as shall insure you against detection, even by the most wary and experienced Chub in this river. My charge for these is but a crown for the first hour, and three shillings for the second.

*Venator.* Trust me, Master—

### SPANISH SERENADE.

*(As sung under the Window of EX-QUEEN ISABELLA during her late Residence at Rome.)*

WAKE, Lady, wake from thy dream benighted;  
Thy sad position see.  
Thou hast to Rome come uninvited;  
The POPE ne'er sent for thee.  
All thy devotion will requited  
By him, alas! not be;  
ISABEL, ISABEL, ISABEL!  
Cold comfort he'll give in thy sorrow;  
He will tell, he will tell, he will tell  
Thee "With patience, child, wait till to-morrow;  
Fare thee well!"

"What though I sent thee once a token;  
The hallowed Golden Rose,  
With words of benediction spoken?  
Poor Lady, O what of those?  
That link that bound us then is broken,  
Like the bridge of a bruiser's nose.  
ISABEL, ISABEL, ISABEL!  
Thou wast then on Spain's throne; but thy nation  
Did expel, did expel, did expel,  
My dear daughter from that situation;  
Fare thee well!"

"Ah, 'tis the Carlists' insurrection,  
Not thy cause, I must bless!  
I from their King expect protection  
In case of their success.  
So with thy side have cut connection,  
*Confiteor*, I confess.  
ISABEL, ISABEL, ISABEL!  
Aid from thee since I never can borrow,  
Shot and shell, shot and shell, shot and shell,  
Be blest for son CARLOS to-morrow;  
Fare thee well!"

### Unaccountable Omission.

A GREAT deal that is neither very entertaining nor instructive has of late been said and written about Local Rating. In the course of it all no allusion whatsoever has been made to the celebrity for Rating once peculiar in locality to Billingsgate.

*Piscator.* Nay, that will I not, [Master Scholar. So—these are two good half-crowns.

*Venator.* See, Master, I have got on my Chub-dressing.

*Piscator.* Then go your way. Perch yourself, secretly, on a bough, above the same hole in which I caught my Chub.

*Venator.* I'll go, my loving Master, and observe your directions. . . . O me! O! O! O! the branch is snapping asunder, and I am just over the hole! . . . O, Master! I am in the ho . . . . O! O!

### Election Amenities.

WOULD-BE M.P.'s have been known before now to throw dust in the eyes of their supporters, but at Bath the order of things has been reversed. There some ruffians at a public meeting threw pepper into the eyes of one of the candidates for the representation of the city in Parliament. This seems carrying the license usually allowed at elections rather too far, and it is to be hoped that the offenders will be discovered, and, punishment being inflicted on homeopathic principles, made to smart for their atrocious conduct. In France they would probably be sent to Cayenne.

### No Connection.

AMONGST the recent additions to the Zoological Gardens are "two young Persian lions." This looks like a curious coincidence, but we have ascertained that these accessions to the collection in the Regent's Park, are altogether different from the Persian "lions" that have lately had the run of London Society.

### REALLY USEFUL SPIRIT-RAPPING AT LAST.

A SPIRIT that will beat you at Music at any time. The Metro-Gnome!





### READY ANSWER.

Uncle. "Now, how did the mother of Moses hide him?"  
Niece. "With a stick, Uncle."

### A SANE IDEA OF SUNDAY.

In the subjoined extract from a report of an address delivered on Wednesday last week, by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, to a meeting held at the National Club, Whitehall, in aid of the Sunday Rest Association, there will perhaps be discerned by many persons, at first sight, nothing more than thoroughly orthodox good sense:—

"The Archbishop said that the report, if the statistics were accurate, showed that good work had been done during the year, for, by persuasion, 600 shops had been wholly or partially closed, and the Sunday marketing habits of 40,000 inhabitants of the Metropolis had been changed. The attempts at legislation on the Sunday question had always failed, and he was sure that persuasion on this subject would do more than legislation, for the English people were more easily led than driven; and if there was one thing more difficult than another to drive them upon it was this Sunday question."

On a moment's consideration, however, any one who is capable of duly weighing these remarks will perceive that they express not only sound doctrine and practical wisdom, but also a very extraordinary amount of mental power evinced in a most rare exercise of self-control. The creed of nearly all men, whatever it is, consists of fixed ideas, which have been so imprinted on their minds as to be, whether true or false, indelible; like the celebrated Somebody's So-and-So Marking-Ink. It is as impossible for any man but one much above the average of thinking men to reconsider the sectarian doctrines which he has once been imbued with, as it is for a cat to change its colours, or for a woman to refuse, in any one particular of dress or ornament, how ugly, uncleanly, unhealthy, or grotesque soever, to follow the fashion. If this is true of Britons in general as well as of Continental and still more of savage or semi-barbarous races, it is, above all the other British, true of those who inhabit the north of this island. And if there is one fixed idea of doctrine in their minds generally more ineradicable than another, it is that which confounds the Sunday of Christendom with the Sabbath of Jewry. This is an idea so fixed as to constitute what we take leave to call the Scottish Craze. It is so inveterate that one cannot help thinking that it must arise from something specific in the Scottish blood or the Scottish nervous system. Now, although ARCHBISHOP, by Divine permission ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and Primate of

### TIGER-MUSIC.

(After WILLIAM BLAKE.)

"The SHAH is warned against the Siren Song of the English Tiger."—*St. Petersburg Paper.*

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright  
In the forest of the night!  
Should this Russian meet thine eye,  
Thou'dst mend his Natural History.

"Scratch a Russian," men declare,  
"And you'll find a Tartar there,"  
Tiger, we should hugely joy  
To see thee scratch this scribbling boy.

Tell a tiger that he sings,  
Tell a lion that he stings,  
Tell a Turk he goes to mass,  
Tell this Russ he's not an ass.

What the fume of coarse champagne,  
In what muddle was the brain,  
When that Serf, so extra free,  
Set tiger singing, SHAH, to thee?

### Amende Honorable.

"DOWN came the Templars (like Cedron in flood)" with a noble subscription on Hospital Sunday. Their previous hesitation on the subject had been due only to lawyers' reverence for precedent. The Templars were not sure that they had a right to interfere with the Hospitallers.

### Light and Darkness.

As from the Commons' Clocktower, late,  
Flashed forth the Electric Light,  
And signified prolix debate  
One weary, wasted night;  
"Together," to myself I said,  
"How light and darkness go!  
What brilliancy above is shed;  
What bosh is talked below!"

all England, is the ecclesiastical head of the English Established Church; nevertheless, that Most Reverend ARCHIBALD is a Scotchman. And yet DR. TAIT speaks the language of common sense and Christianity on the subject of Sunday!

### COMBINED CHARGES.

Of course Her Majesty's Ministers usually read the *Morning Post*. There are some of them who probably shook their heads and sighed over certain passages of a leading article in that journal relative to the Review in Windsor Park then about to be held before the SHAH.

"O 'tis a glorious sight to see  
The charge of the British Cavalry!"

—was, be it said by leave of MR. PLANCHÉ, the substance of observations calculated to sadden Ministerial minds. Though charging is nowadays a less important function of the Cavalry than it has been, yet, urged the *Post*, it is at times indispensable:

"And if charging has to be done, where is the Cavalry that could excel that which the SHAH will see to-day in Windsor Park?"

It was not, however, the charging which the SHAH would see in Windsor Park that an economical Government must have grieved to contemplate. No; it was the pecuniary charge of the British Cavalry. Doubtless the idea of that charge, suggested by remarks on the other, affected Right Honourable Gentlemen visibly. Who cannot picture to himself, for instance, the effect of this suggestion on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, so as to imagine MR. LOWE making faces which, if they had only been photographed, would be a study, and like a thing otherwise of quite a contrary description, "a joy for ever"? For of course the charge of which the figures arose before his mind's eye was not only that of the Cavalry, but that of the Infantry too.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—CROMWELL had his Ironsides—We have our Iron-clads.



### POSITIVE PROOF.

Laurence. "NOT CARE FOR YOU NOW, EMILY! WHY, DIDN'T I SIT FOURTEEN TIMES FOR MY PHOTOGRAPH LAST WEEK, ON PURPOSE TO PLEASE YOU?"

### A "THING OF SPAIN."

SPAIN boasts—generally—but specially boasts of imitating France. In one matter Spain does not seem so faithful a member of the *servum pecus* as could have been expected. France, just now, is rather particular about religious services at funerals, and a splendid point was made last week in the Assembly, by a military man, who asked, in trumpet voice, "If you deprive a soldier of his belief in a future state, what right have you to ask him to throw away his present life?" The pious conundrum brought down the house. But what do we read in the same paper, about Spain? "The Cortes has voted the abolition of Military Chaplains." This would be wise, economically, if the Spanish Government ever paid anybody. But considering that religion is the strong point of the Carlist assassins who murder their prisoners, it is hard upon the poor ignorant fellows sent against KING CHARLES THE SEVENTH to deny them such consolation as they could obtain from the tender services of the particularly dirty clergymen thus discharged. Moreover, though it may not be much to the credit of the Spaniards, they always fight best when their priests halloo them on. However, there is only one blunder more. Soon comes King Blunder-buss.

### The Sex of the Sun.

SINCE his departure and during his absence from "the land of the East" and "the clime of the Sun," the SHAH has instituted a new Order bearing the name of that luminary. The Order of the Sun is for ladies only. The institution of this Order is a remarkable step on the part of an Eastern potentate. It is a symbolical assertion of the Rights of Woman, and something more. Hitherto the Sun and Moon, respectively, have been considered the celestial representatives of the two sexes—the Moon corresponding to the softer sex. In creating the Order of the Sun for that Sex exclusively, the SHAH has, to the extent of his authority, put it in the place of the other. When he gets back will he put it in the other's habiliments? Will he promote the inmates of the *anderoon* to knickerbockers?

### DOVES IN A FLUTTER.

IN the course of a reply to an address lately presented to him, the POPE, adverting to the subject of matrimony, "strongly censured civil marriages." A telegram to the foregoing effect adds:—

"He also repeated his declaration that there could be no alliance between light and darkness."

Among the Protestant ladies of England visiting Rome, with whom it is the fashion to go to the Vatican, and throw themselves on their knees before the POPE to receive his blessing, the declaration above quoted from the lips of His Holiness has probably created some anxious sensation. Many of them, doubtless, are apprehensive that he intended to denounce mixed marriages as such not only in respect of creeds but also of complexions. This apprehension must have rendered many of our fair countrywomen, *blondes*, in Italy very unhappy, and may have made some of them cry.

### Justice.

PERHAPS we are doing certain artisans wrong in saying that they are greedy, and demand too high wages. If brickmakers can be purchased at *this* price, houses ought to be cheaper. We cut from a Leamington paper:—

**WANTED**, a GANG of BRICKMAKERS, at 5s. 6d. per thousand:—  
Apply to MR. THACKWELL, Cheltenham Poteries.

### Atrabilious.

(To the President of the Royal Academy.)

You keep a Chemical Professor. Will  
You give an unknown friend, Sir, leave to state his  
Opinion that, on entrance, a blue pill  
To all Art-critics should be offered gratis?

ONE WHO HAS BEEN CUT UP.



## ACADEMY PENCILLINGS.

*Affable Stranger.* "THERE, SIR, MY WORK 'UNG ON THE LINE AGAIN! SIR FRANCIS CAN APPRECIATE A GOOD THING, SIR."

*Astonished Stranger.* "EH? WHAT? I THOUGHT MILLAIS PAINTED THIS——"

*Affable Stranger (contemptuously).* "POOH! 'E MAY HATE PAINTED IT, BUT I MADE THE FRAME!"

## THE SHAH'S IMPRESSIONS.

YES! SHAH-IN-SHAH in truth I must be—  
Or why this fuss of the Feringhee?  
Why all these hosts my steps that crowd,  
With bows so low, and cheers so loud?  
If the Ingless Queen, so great among princes,  
All this respect for me evinces;  
If the CZAROVITCH, when I appear,  
Falls flat, as the flattest of bitter beer;  
If all these Wuzeers, and Aghas, and Khans,  
For me spend their time and their tomauns;  
Their parks and palaces lay at my feet,  
Muster for me their army and fleet,  
And their miles upon miles of merchant ships;  
If without the ferashes and their whips,  
Manchester gathers, and Liverpool runs,  
With voices of men and thunder of guns,  
To the light of the face of the SHAH-IN-SHAH,  
As unto the amber is drawn the straw;  
All this is proof in more than words,  
I am King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

They told me that leaving Teheran,  
Danger of eating dirt I ran,—  
That out of the realms of the SHAH-IN-SHAH  
I should find rulers, called Light and Law.  
May the graves of their mothers be defiled  
That fain with such bosh had their SHAH beguiled!  
For the more of these Feringhee Kaffirs I've known,  
The whiter to me my face has grown.  
I've seen the land calls the Russki lord,  
And there the rulers are Stick and Sword:

## SAMUEL BAKER.

AIR—"Betsy Dutto."

WHEN from his country, far away,  
Brave work his time employing,  
Bad news of him, the other day,  
Came, hope well-nigh destroying.  
That he had been, or would be, slain  
Said some ill rumours' maker;  
But now is flashed across the main,  
"All right's SIR SAMUEL BAKER."

We get good tidings from Khartoum,  
About his expedition—  
The vulture's maw is not his tomb.  
He has achieved his mission;  
Whereof, the slave-trade to suppress,  
He was the undertaker.  
There's no succeeding like success,  
Which crowns SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

If he has pushed unto the Line  
The realm of modern Pharaoh,  
As is averred, his name will shine  
Most brightly at Grand Cairo.  
The KHEDIVE'll right well repay  
The gain of many an acre.  
Sing, fellahs, hey for BAKER BEY!  
Long live SIR SAMUEL BAKER!

## NEWDEGATE CONSOLED.

THE cause of civil and religious liberty has triumphed in the rejection of MR. NEWDEGATE'S Monastic and Conventual Institutions Bill. No law could provide for the inspection of Monasteries and Convents without compelling inquiry into the affairs of the Agapemone. And, whilst we know that, in the abodes of piety which the object of the Bill proposed by the Member for North Warwickshire was to explore, the human passions which elsewhere, unchecked, often render authority cruel, are, as well as all others, subdued beneath reason and the higher sentiments, we also know that the suspicions respecting the treatment Monks and Nuns are liable to, existing in the popular mind, must necessarily impress all who harbour them with a horror of the idea of leading a monastic life, which would be dissipated if Conventual and Monastic Institutions were subject to inspection.

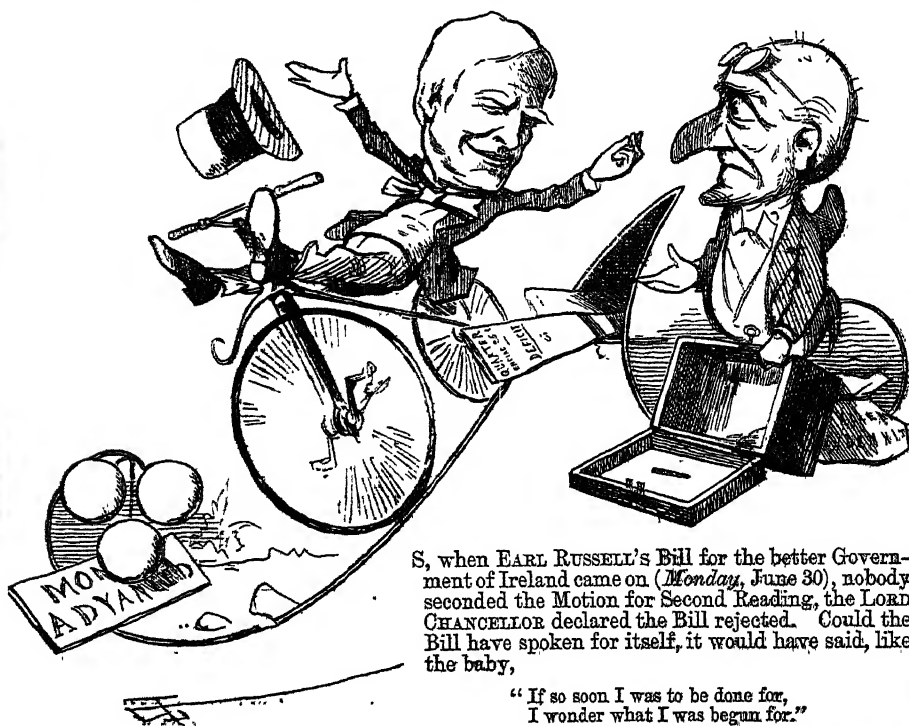
In St. Petersburg, as at Ispahan,  
To CZAR, as to SHAH, what is a man?  
To the land of the Prusski when I came,  
The tongue was changed, but the rule the same:  
The stars on the coats may be sown more thick,  
But the Prusski's Shah-in-Shah is Stick!  
And here in the land of the Ingless  
They live and move but the SHAH to please.  
If my diamonds are as the sun in the skies,  
What is the brightness of my eyes?  
As in this land there is no sun,  
They make a daylight instead of one:  
The QUEEN from her palace for me retires,  
To Teheran binding it with wires:  
Here's SUTHERLAND BEG makes his palace mine,  
And all but bids skies for me to shine:  
At the Crystal Palace, EFFENDI GROVE  
With the rain itself for my pleasure strove:  
And out of the water brought the fire  
To compass the SHAH-IN-SHAH's desire.  
In a wonderful land of wax I've been,  
And *houris* fairer than Heaven have seen:  
To the Ingless' Bank a visit I've paid  
Where REUTER's gold for me is laid:  
And all that have seen me, and all I have seen,  
As dust in the path of the SHAH hath been:  
And, instead of eating dirt, I see  
But Kaffirs eating dirt to me.

## REPORT ON 'CHANGE.

"I FEEL myself at home in the City," said His Majesty the SHAH.  
"Here, at least, we all worship the Profit."



**PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**



But the Lords, being also Gentlemen, were not disposed to act abruptly with a veteran Statesman, and though his measure was, technically, disposed of, he was invited to state its merits. This the Earl did, mentioning that he desired to abolish the LORD-LIEUTENANT (whom he might, had he pleased, have called the PADDY-SHAW), and to introduce certain alterations in the jury-system, in order to make it possible sometimes to convict an Irish criminal. He said that the present Government was conducted entirely according to the orders and inspiration of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore he proposed to declare that neither the POPE nor any other potentate had any jurisdiction in the United Kingdom. He spoke quite like *King John*:—

“ Tell this the Pope, and, from the mouth of England,  
Add thus much more : That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;  
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme Head,  
So under Him, that great supremacy  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.”

Then he contrasted Ireland with Scotland, and urged that we ought to spend money on improving the former.

After some discussion as to whether there ought to be any answer, courtesy again prevailed, and

LORD KIMBERLEY was allowed to deny that Government was a vassal of the Roman Catholic Church, and generally to object to EARL RUSSELL's plan.

EARL GREY suggested that the PADDY-SHAH should not be a politician, and should be the Heir-Apparent.

LORD O'HAGAN declared that Ireland was improving in wealth and prosperity, and was as loyal as any other part of the QUEEN'S dominions.

Ultimately the measure was put to death in a formal way. Whether the proposals were well-timed, or were all desirable, may be questioned, but there is no question about the fact that EARL RUSSELL, a friend of Ireland in the morning of his life, continues to try to serve her in its evening, and we congratulate him on the abuse which is being heaped on him by the Irish newspapers. *Damnari damnatis.*

EARL GRANVILLE read the gratifying despatch announcing that SIR SAMUEL BAKER is not only safe but victorious.

In the Commons LORD SANDON adverted to the petition of 480 Church of England priests in favour of Confession, and gave notice of a question whether Government would introduce a Bill in restraint of Ritualist antics. We respectfully refer the real friends of the Church to *Mr. Punch's* admirable Cartoon, showing who compose the real society most potent to "liberate" the Church from connection with the State.

SIR T. BATESON was unhappy because the Geneva Arbitrators have not yet received England's present of plate. On MR. GLADSTONE's telling him that it had been ordered, he was unhappy because a Minister had laid out money without the leave of Parliament.

Said GLADSTONE unto THOMAS BATESON,  
 "The umpires, Bart., shall have their plate soon."  
 Then unto GLADSTONE answered THOMAS,  
 "Spend money without orders from us?"  
 Said PAMEL to both, in savage pet,  
 Buy, pay, give, butter, and—forget.

We discussed the Judicature Bill till the minor hours.

Autumn Manœuvres this year on Dartmoor, Channock Chase, and the Curragh—ten thousand men at each.

*Tuesday.*—Nothing particular in the Lords, and *Mr. Punch* wishes that the Commons had been more particular. The SHAH of PERSIA visited both Houses. The Peers behaved with their accustomed dignity, and sat sternly, like the Roman Senate when the barbarians rushed in. But the Commons actually performed a division, which *Mr. Punch*, with the most earnest reverence for Parliament, believes would not have taken place, had not NASSR-ED-DIN been present. Was not this rather too much condescension on the part of the inheritors of the most splendid traditions in the world?

*Wednesday.* — MR. NEWDEGATE moved the Second Reading of the Bill for inquiry into Monastic and Conventual Institutions.

There was, of course, a good deal of angry talk, but the great offence was given by

MR. GREENE, who described the body of Irish Members as men who could not be considered independent, being returned through the influence of their priests.

The SPEAKER ruled that Mr. GREENE was out of order, and therefore he withdrew the words.

MR. WHALLEY spoke for the Bill, yet the Second Reading was rejected by 131 to 96, and the Liberals cheered hugely.

*Thursday.*—In asking a question why a couple of atrocious scoundrels had been reprieved in New South Wales (the answer was tolerably good, and we are happy to say that the wretches have penal servitude for life, and the first three years in irons) LORD BELMONT stated that the practice of skull-hunting still prevails among the blacks of the Solomon islands. It also prevails among the whites of the Victorian islands, and *Mr. Punch* is one of the Nimrods, and regrets to add that he marks down very few skulls with anything of the Solomon inside them.

We had, in the Commons, an unexpected pleasure. MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE put forth their splendid debating powers on a matter on which they could both afford to exhibit the glories of their art, as there was going to be no real fight.

MR. DISRAELI, in his best style, pulled the Judicature Bill to pieces, and, paying the Government delightful compliments on their courageous endeavours to make it a good measure, sweetly advised them, as they had not been successful, to withdraw the Bill for the present Session.

MR. GLADSTONE observed that MR. DISRAELI had done what was most proper, their relative positions considered, and quite appreciated the bland and complimentary manner in which the recommendation was made. But he showed, with agreeable banter, that the suggestion had by no means a sufficient basis, and he intimated that he had no intention of sacrificing a measure which had received the unanimous approbation of the House, the Press, and the People.

We then debated the Bill in Committee, and got to the 17th Clause, when there was a struggle for full stop; so, having carried that Clause, we reported progress.

*Friday.*—The poet SCOTT has said in *Rokeby*—

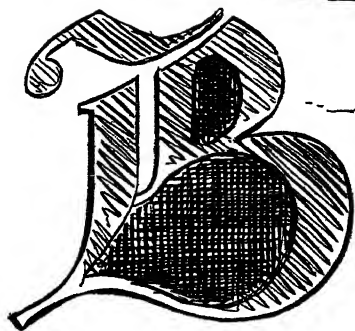
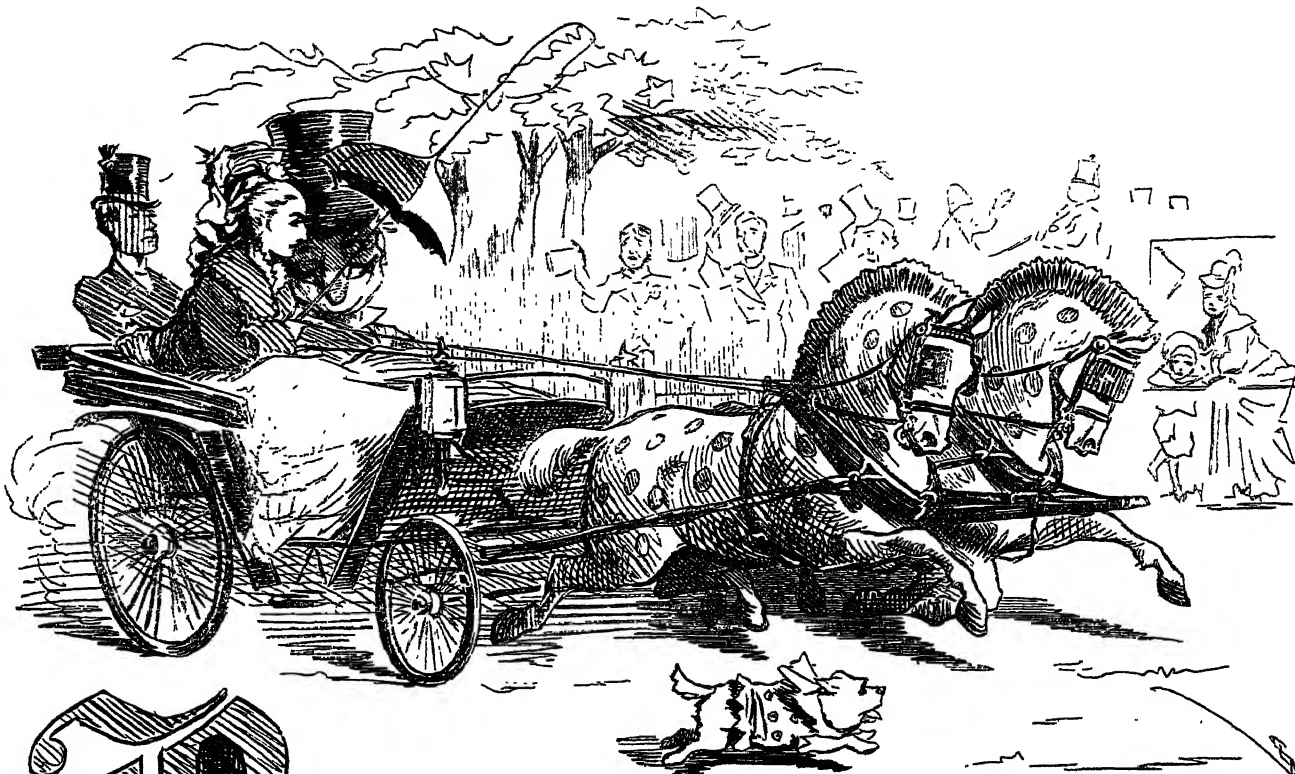
"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent,  
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent."

He omits to say in what part of the world

"flints are rent"—only, we take it, in Ireland, where a landlord, demanding his due, has flints shied at him. And Mr. Punch was so utterly overcome at the thought of parting with his friend the SHAH, who was to leave next day, that the former was unable to attend the House to-night, but passed it in giving his Persian Majesty the best advice, and drinking his health with Mr. Punch's best energy. He has made matters all right, and the SHAH au-

thorises the statement that, though he does not know anything about the Medes, it shall henceforth be a Medo-Persic law that anybody in his dominions who is not as loyal to the QUEEN as to the SHAH, shall be ground, exceeding small in a mill at Teheran. "Medes and Persians." Who thought they had "exhausted all conceivable allusions?" Who can fathom the mighty memory of Mr. Punch? Yah! To which he respectfully adds, "Roo-i-too-i!"

### ETIQUETTE MADE EASY.



Y long experience we have been accustomed to see, appended to some of the announcements under the head of "Marriages" in the *Times*, the excusatory notice, meant to appease punctilious persons, "No Cards." In the Obituary, offence on the part of the same class of people is usually deprecated by the request that "Friends will please to accept this intimation."

One day last week, however, "No Cards" appeared as an addition to an entry in the last-named catalogue. It is quite conceivable that, in many instances, these formulas might be interchanged between the hymeneal roll and the other with great propriety. If there seems something melancholy in "Friends will please to accept this intimation,"

does not marriage too often prove to have been a truly melancholy occurrence? Surely a wedding is always such an occurrence unless the parties to it are destined to enjoy a very large and a certain income. And is not the marriage of an opulent aunt, for instance, or uncle, never expected to wed, an occurrence in general very melancholy indeed to their nephews, nieces, and other relatives?

On the other hand, when wealthy kinsfolk die unmarried, or, if widowers or widows, die childless, is not the intelligence of their decease, if the idea of festivity be associated with cards, conveyed by the adjunct of "No Cards" in a most decorous manner?

The inventors of "No Cards" and "Friends will please accept this intimation" deserve the gratitude of their species for the relief afforded by those substitutes for awful bores. Even "Cards," involving no composition, necessitate the use of postage stamps; and there is one person at least who remembers that, in the days of foolish etiquette, on the occasion of his marriage, such a number of them had to be used, in sending cards to people who expected them, that, by wetting the stamps in the ordinary manner, he and his wife, on the day after their wedding, at last contracted such a nasty taste in their mouths that, for some considerable time, it spoiled their honeymoon.

There is a certain superaddition to "No Cards," whose establishment in the column of departures would be a great boon to poor but "respectable" humanity. It could well be started by a consistent Member of the Society of Friends—who would thereby prove himself a true friend to his kind. "No Mourning." Thus would be initiated an improvement in our manners and customs which would constitute the repeal of a heavy social tax, and be a benefit so saving as to preclude all the distress which, in the case of all but affluent survivors, artificial mourning adds, by reason of its expense, to genuine sorrow.

#### Vox Populi.

"I DON'T pretend," said SMELLFUNGUS, "to be destitute of the love of praise; on the contrary, believe myself much more largely endowed with it than most other people are; but mine is a love of praise which values the approbation of a very limited number; and is gratified by the ridicule and censure of all the rest of mankind."

#### Civil and Religious War.

THE Ultramontanes in France, it is said, seek, by way of displaying their hostility to Freethinkers, to have civil funerals, not only in Avignon and Lyons, but elsewhere, performed in obscurity at daybreak. This movement against civil funerals amounts to a sort of civil war—civil war with the dead.



## AN EXTINGUISHER.

*Forward and Loquacious Youth.* "BY JOVE, YOU KNOW, UPON MY WORD, NOW—IF I WERE TO SEE A GHOST, YOU KNOW, I SHOULD BE A CHATTERING IDIOT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!"

*Ingenuous Maiden (dreamily).* "HAVE YOU SEEN A GHOST?"

## PUNCH'S CONFESSIONAL.

YES! Hey for confession! But I've an impression  
That as betwixt styles of confessing,  
You, my Anglican brother, have one, I've another  
Idea our noddles possessing.

*My* confession, at least, can dispense with a priest,  
And carries its own absolution:  
So 'tis easier to swallow, besides beats yours hollow,  
That it doesn't entail revolution.

No leave of the Bishop, or licence I'll fish up,  
Nor with Jesuits, or casuists bore you;  
So with this "*profiteor*," say your "*confiteor*,"

As *Punch* here shall say it before you:

"I confess, I confess, I've attempted—no less—  
*Via media*, 'twixt two stools to settle;  
*Cathedra* of *PETER*, and *scamnum*, whose feet are  
Of neither the same make or metal:  
And if 'twixt Church of Rome and of England I've come  
To the fate that attends two-stool-arians,  
I confess (though it hurts) I've got just my deserts,  
For setting my brethren at variance.  
I confess I'm an ass for e'er hoping a pass  
To discover from England to Rome,  
Without paying toll (*à la Faust*) of my soul  
To the priest that sits under the Dome.

"I confess 'tis as clear as the nose doth appear  
Which I would I had had sense to follow,  
No priest, howe'er clever, will get *JOHN BULL* ever  
Down his holy water to swallow.  
I confess me a donkey to fancy there's one key  
To Heaven, and that kept by St. Peter;  
That the priest who breeds strife betwixt husband and wife,  
Is aught but a rogue and a cheater.

I confess that I trench on respect for the Bench,—  
Unlit lights on the Anglican Altar!—  
When I utter my hope they'll allow me more rope,  
And my vestments employ as a halter!"

## THE SHAH'S OWN SHOW.

ON Wednesday last week, the SHAH visited Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. It appears to have pleased his Persian Majesty more than anything he ever saw. *The Post* says:—

"We are informed that, as the SHAH was leaving Madame Tussaud's, he made use of the following expression,—*Je ne me suis jamais tant amusé.*"

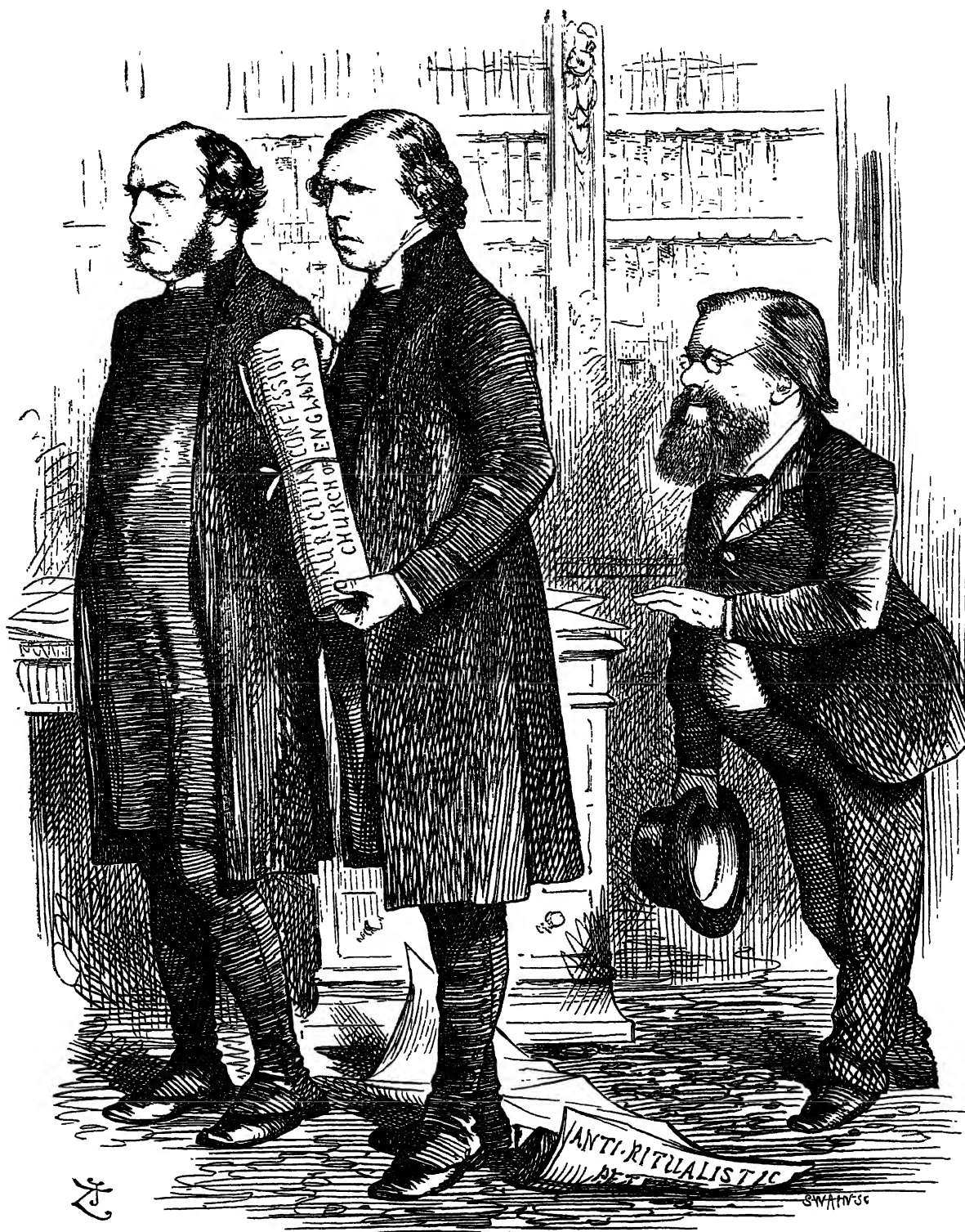
Perhaps it may be considered complimentary to the SHAH to suppose that he admired the works of art in the Baker Street collection considerably more than the great majority of our specimens of British sculpture. By the account above quoted, the attention of his Majesty was chiefly attracted by the waxworks which interested him by their real excellence as portraits of illustrious persons; and:—

"The Chamber of Horrors had not that fascination for the SHAH which it has for many visitors."

That, however, was only what, knowing no more of the SHAH than that he is an absolute Oriental Sovereign, one would have expected. The illustrations of capital and corporal punishment, which are the gems of the Chamber of Horrors, in the eyes of a SHAH taken to see them, can be easily understood to be as coals carried to Newcastle.

## NICE EMPLOYMENT.

If "the recent Sugar Conference at Paris" was attended by gentlemen engaged in the public service, they must now know some thing by agreeable experience of the Sweets of Office.



## THE "LIBERATION" SOCIETY.

THE TWO ARCHBISHOPS. To them MR. MIALL, M.P. "DELIGHTED, YOUR GRACES, TO FIND YOU SO EARNESTLY CO-OPERATING WITH ME FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STATE CHURCH!!"





## COMPETITIVE CABBIES.



OUTLESS, when we have improved our Cabs, we may begin to take some steps for the improvement of their drivers. Competitive examinations have been used with some advantage in the Civil Service, and perhaps we should select our Cabmen in this way, though the service which they render us is not always a civil one. Here are a few questions which might tend to test the fitness of a driver for renewal of his licence:—

Do you ever say "Vot's this?" when tendered legal payment?

When an opera-glass, or an umbrella, or other article of value has been left in your Cab, do you take it, as a rule, to the police, or to the pawnbroker's?

Supposing that the SHAH OF PERSIA were to hire you for an hour or so, how much would you charge him? And what language would you use to make your claim intelligible?

Do you ever condescend to carry in the luggage, and how much, on the average, do you expect to pocket by your condescension?

Mention any case in which you will allow a baby to ride inside your Cab, without trial being made to rank it as an extra person.

What is your favourite light literature while waiting for employment? Or do you prefer to gossip with your by-standing associates?

Do you keep a betting-book?

Do you keep a betting-book?

State when you think it safe to drive by a route extremely roundabout, and allege, for your excuse, that "the streets is all took up," or "the steam-roller is a-going it."

Do you ever smoke inside your cab while waiting for a lady?

Mention any circumstance which will induce you to present your card without its being asked for.

Are you fond of skittles?

Have you sufficient self-restraint to accept your proper fare without a grumble, or a growl, or expressive form of pantomime?

How often, on an average, does your horse fall in a week? and are you considered lucky in escaping injury?

State by what streets you would drive, and what would be your fare from London Bridge to Leicester Square, if you were hired by

(1) an old lady with a lap-dog and expression of benevolence, (2) an unprotected foreigner, and (3) a Londoner whom you suspect to be a lawyer.

Mention some of your most common pleas for extra payment, and say which, in your experience, you find most efficacious.

## THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER III.—How the Master, without any cruelty, invented a new kind of Bait.

## THE SAME DAY.

*Piscator.* So, Scholar, you are out of the water once more, and on the dry bank. You must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler.

*Venator.* O Master, I am wet to the skin!

*Piscator.* No further than that? Go your way pleasantly, and sit in the sunny meadow, and, while you dry what is moist, I will moisten what is dry.

*Venator.* On my word, Master, that is a gallant flask.

*Piscator.* It is; and contains choice entertainment. And you are to note that it would be to your advantage were you to provide yourself with one more capacious than you see me carry. And you are to note that there are several kinds of flasks of which certain hold sufficient for the refreshment of two or three anglers. Furnish yourself with such a flask as I have described, for this carries cheer but for one alone.

*Venator.* Truly, my loving Master, I will observe your directions. If I could take some comfort from your flask now, I think it would save me a chill.

*Piscator.* Nay, Master Scholar; do you disport yourself over the meadow, and when you are tired I will use my rod so dexterously, that you shall run no risk from the want of a quick circulation.

*Venator.* O, Master! O! Marry, I am warm throughout.

*Piscator.* I warrant you. But look how it begins to rain. We will leave our lines in the river, our rods on the bank, and sit close under this sycamore tree, where I design to eat the chicken sand-

wiches I have brought in my basket. Does not it do your heart good to see me enjoying this meat? And are not the place and time well chosen to eat it?

*Venator.* All excellent good, and my appetite excellent good too. So, Master, let me fall to. You do not deny me?

*Piscator.* Nay, indeed, I do not deny you, but it is a Christian principle that you should deny yourself. And note, that it is my own forethought and prudence that have armed me with this sandwich, for no angler should come out unprovided.

*Venator.* That will I not again. But now—

*Piscator.* It is a beautiful sandwich, made from what epicures term the oysters of the plumpest fowls. You will find it mentioned in the reckoning which you discharged with mine Hostess ere we left this morning. So, it is finished. Now, while I smoke my pipe of tobacco, I will proceed to my promised directions as to baiting and angling. First, then, as to baiting a hook—

*Venator.* Master, is that another thing from baiting a bull?

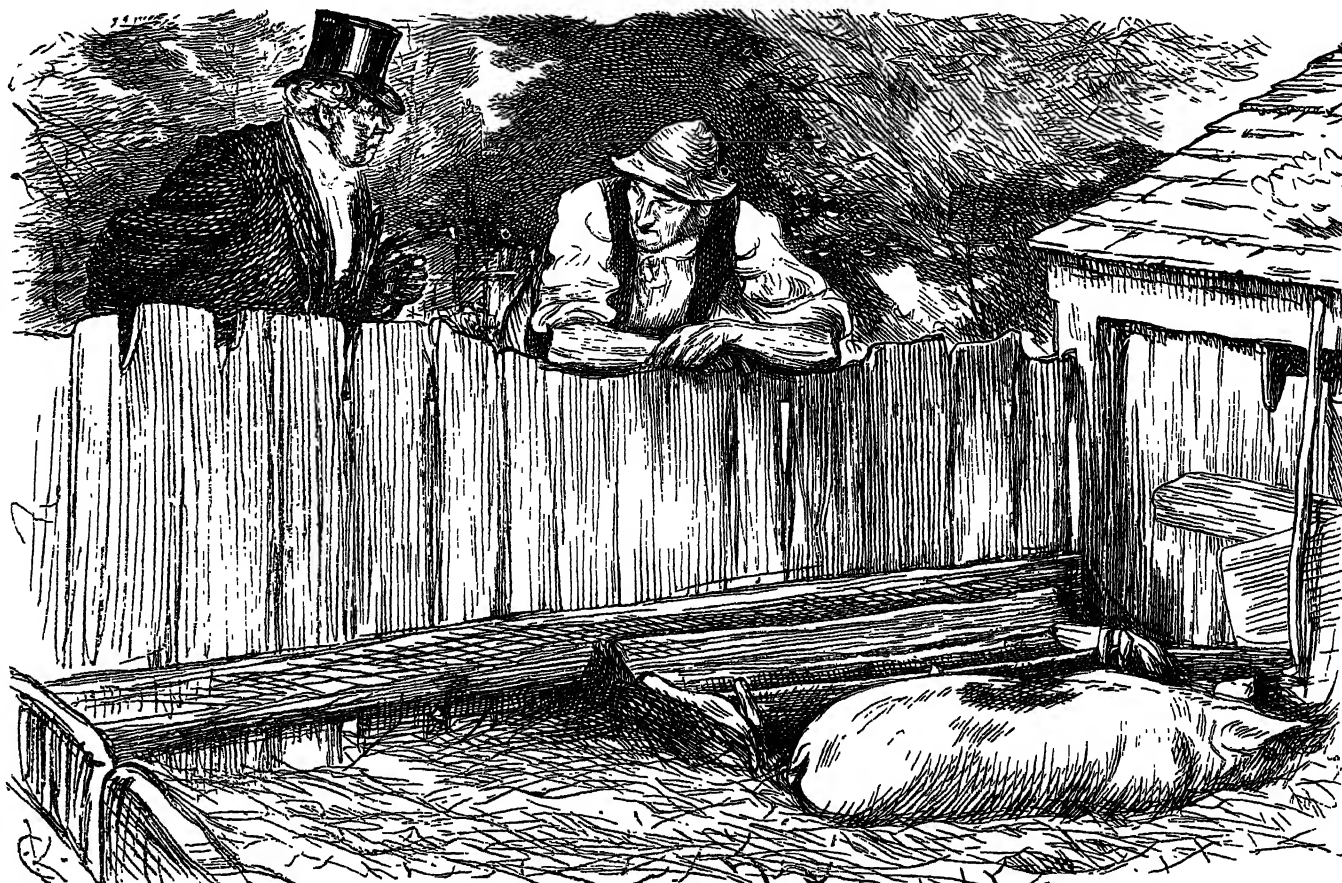
*Piscator.* It is as different from it as would be baiting with a worm, and, what a Hibernian gentleman would term, bating with a stout oaken cudgel—as you shall soon perceive.

*Venator.* Nay, good Master, bear with me, and I will undertake your charges at the next Inn we come to; and, indeed, I would that this rain were finished so that we might be there now.

*Piscator.* Now I will tell you somewhat about angling. And, first, as to the Perch. The length of the Perch is five and a half yards, as you may see by your tables. The best time for fishing for Perch is by moonlight. Ere I proceed further, I must tell you that for my discourse on Perch fishing my charge is ten shillings, whether it last ten minutes, or as many hours.

*Venator.* I fear me I lost my purse in the water.

*Piscator.* No; I have it here in my pocket, where I bestowed it



### A RUSTIC MORALIST.

*Rector (going his Rounds). "AN UNCOMMONLY FINE PIG, MR. DIBBLES, I DECLARE!"*

*Contemplative Villager. "AH, YES, SIR, IF WE WAS ONLY, ALL OF US, AS FIT TO DIE AS HIM, SIR!!"*

for safety when you were disguising yourself in order to catch the Chub. I will take, therefore, the sum due on each discourse as I proceed. Now for the manner of dealing with live bait. Catch me that choice beetle.

*Venator.* That black one with large claws, red feelers like those of a shrimp, and a sharp-pointed tail in which there is, I am told, a sting! O, Master, I am afraid. O, he is biting me! O!

*Piscator.* You probably imagine a pain which, I confess, I myself do not feel. Now nip his head partly off, and pull off one of his legs: now take your sharp knife, and betwixt the neck and the first joint of his tail make an incision, or such a scar as you may put the wire of your hook into it.

*Venator.* O, Master, the knife has entered my finger! O! O!

*Piscator.* There are few pleasures without some alloy. But you cannot possibly feel any hurt, as the learned SIR THOMAS DE BEDLAM has shown that the sensation produced by running a knife into a finger, cannot cause any pain to the person who so uses the knife.

*Venator.* But, good Master, it is my own finger.

*Piscator.* That is a detail which the learned Bethlehemite has not thought it worth his while to consider. Now draw the wire through the insect's body, and bring it up again through the third joint of his tail.

*Venator.* He is stinging my hand with his tail! See—O—Master—see how my wrist is swollen.

*Piscator.* This beetle has no sting in his tail. Now pass this fine needle and silk through the upper part of his hind leg, and sew it to the arming wire of the hook; and in so doing use him as though you loved him—that is, harm him as little as possible, that he may live the longer, and afford you the more sport.

*Venator.* O Master, I have sewn the beetle to my finger, and I cannot rid me of him.

*Piscator.* I can do so with my sharp knife. Yet as I would not perform such an operation hastily, and as an honest angler, however experienced, should be always ready to learn something new, do you go down to the river, and hold your hand, thus baited, in the water. Then we shall see if one of the more voracious sort bite at the morsel. Should he fulfil my expectation, you will at once be able to secure

him without rod, line, or landing-net. Come, we will make the experiment. To the river.

### A QUERY FOR COMMENTATORS.

IN an admirable review of a meritorious poem, *Mr. Punch*, you refer to the virtue ascribed by SHAKESPEARE to potatoes. When he made *Falstaff* say "Let the sky rain potatoes," think you he meant the tubers of the *Solanum tuberosum*? The divine WILLIAMS most probably never ate a potato; probably knew of potatoes and their properties only from hearsay. The potatoes which we eat are simply esculent. Do not the Irish rejoice in potatoes? Ireland is no Paphos; the maids of Ireland, equally with the men, are potato-fed, and they are celebrated for the peculiar attribute of Diana.

But the haums of the potato, and the fruit, *Mr. Punch*, have other qualities than those of the tubers. These qualities apparently resemble some possessed by others of the *Solanaceae*. One member of that medicinal family, the tomato (*Solanum lycopersicum*), goes by the *alias* of love-apple. Why? Perhaps by reason of a supposition like that which caused SHAKESPEARE to put the words above-quoted into the mouth of *Falstaff*, when the fat Knight invoked the tender passion,—as the Bard of all time supposed it to be understood by QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Having weighed these considerations, most excellent *Mr. Punch*, do you think it possible that the potatoes which *Falstaff* wished the sky to rain were intended to be taken as potato apples? Say, if you like, that is a question which might be expected to occur to a

PUMPKIN.

P.S.—Maybe that SHAKESPEARE, by potatoes, meant earth-nuts, or earth-chestnuts, the roots of the *Burium flexuosum*. Is not reason for that surmise afforded by old CULPEPER in his *English Physitian Enlarged*?

AMENDED SAYING.—"When France is tranquil, the World is satisfied."



## AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

*Flippant Lady.* "YOU SEEM DEPRESSED, MR. BEAULIERC! NO BAD NEWS, I HOPE?"

*Romantic Gentleman.* "AH! IF ONE COULD ONLY FORGET!"

*Flippant Lady.* "DEAR ME! HADN'T YOU BETTER TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT? AND I'LL FORGET IT FOR YOU!"

## CONFESSORS AND COXCOMBS.

THE REVEREND ALOYSIUS REREDOS, representing a deputation of four hundred Clergymen of the Church of England, waited yesterday on the BISHOP OF FLEET STREET at his Official Palace, 85, to solicit his Lordship to use his immense influence to induce Convocation to request the Legislature to pass an Act of Parliament empowering the Bishops to license Confessors in order to supply the demand for them occasioned by the gratifying increase of the practice of Auricular Confession in the Church of England.

THE BISHOP OF FLEET STREET said that every Clergyman was officially a licensed Confessor already. Everybody also was free to confess—if he chose. What REREDOS and his party seemed to want was that the existing licence of all the Clergy should be restricted to the licence of a select number.

THE REV. MR. REREDOS did not see the matter in that light.

The Bishop supposed the only light REREDOS could see by was wax candle-light. The Church of England did not recommend the liberty of Confession to be exercised except in exceptional cases. He supposed REREDOS wanted to make the exception the rule, and establish Auricular Confession as it prevails in Popery. He that exception took for rule, would in the mirror see a fool. Whence was Auricular Confession derived?

MR. REREDOS said from Catholic antiquity.

THE BISHOP OF FLEET STREET said that doctors differed about Catholic antiquity; and who should decide if not the POPE? REREDOS had much better go to Rome. What did the word "Auricular" come from?

THE REV. MR. REREDOS knew that. From *Auricula*, a little ear.

## PRECAUTION FOR THE POCKET.

BEHIND my time, I took a fly;  
The fare was to be eighteen-pence.  
At leisure, and in weather dry,  
I never dream of such expense.

And when the driver set me down—  
Ill-luck has ever been my curse—  
I found that, bating half-a-crown,  
There were but shillings in my purse.

Of course no change the flyman had,  
So I two bob was forced to pay,  
Which, like old PEPYS, did make me mad;  
For "bang went sixpence" thrown away.

Two sixpences in value range  
Above a shilling, careful friend;  
So when thou canst a shilling change,  
O, ne'er do thou a sixpence spend.

## PARTIAL JUSTICE.

A BILL before the House of Commons, the Harbour Dues (Isle of Man) Bill, affords a fresh illustration of the political injustice justly resented by the strong-minded of the weaker sex. While the Rights of Man are cared for by Parliament, even in a matter of such comparatively small importance as Harbour Dues, the Legislature still refuses to recognise the Rights of Woman.

In connection with this subject it may be noted that, whereas the British Dominions include an Isle of Man, there is no Isle of Woman in the whole of the United Kingdom. There is, to be sure, an Isle of Wight, but, though Wight means Person, it is at most of common gender. The French, marry, are more gallant; they have their Belleisle.

## Reflection at Lord's.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON did or did not say that the Battle of Waterloo had been won in the Eton cricket-field. That was in the old time; but if the cricket of those days was a pastime equivalent to military training in skill, courage, coolness, and endurance, how much more so is it now in this improved age of swift and over-hand bowling, which really amounts to a cannonade?

[Our Correspondent says he was proceeding into some further improving meditations, when a ball flew at him viciously and laid him on the turf.]

THE BISHOP.—Why a little ear? Why little?

REREDOS.—My Lord, I don't know.

THE BISHOP.—You are an ignoramus; and I have a great mind to pluck you by the ear. *Auricula*, as regards the Confessional, is a little ear by comparison. The ears of the Priest are short compared with those of the Penitent. Popery takes care that the former shall be no donkey. That, at least, is the Protestant view. As for you, however, who want to play at Popery without the POPE, and whose Confessional, according to the POPE, is good-for-nothing, there is no disparity of ears in the Confessional on either side.

MR. REREDOS said his Lordship was disposed to be pleasant.

The Bishop replied that he wasn't, and told REREDOS not to use words in a non-natural sense. Did he (REREDOS) believe in Development?

THE REV. MR. REREDOS.—DR. NEWMAN'S?

THE BISHOP.—No. MR. DARWIN'S. Because (continued his Lordship) the simiousness of Anglican mock-Papists made him blush for their common origin, as to which he feared DARWIN must be right. Protestant monks, anyhow, might well be thought to have descended from monkeys. *A propos* of monks, there was one Romish rite which he thought might be advantageously practised in the Established Church. The tonsure would be a capital thing for hot-headed Clergymen—especially in the Dog-days. He (the Bishop) would willingly undertake to confer that distinction on or would-be Father Confessors. If he (REREDOS) pleased, he (the Bishop) would send instantly to HONEY AND SKEELTON'S for a duly qualified assistant by whom the tonsure would be administered on the spot.

THE REV. MR. REREDOS would not accept the offer at present, but thanked his Lordship as much as if he did, and withdrew.





## OBVIOUS INITIATIVE.

(A lively Native of the Deep Sea seizes hold of a Shepherd's Dog by the Tail, who makes off as fast as he can.)

Fishmonger (in a rage). "WHUSTLE ON YER DOG, MUN!"

Highlander (coolly). "WHUSTLE ON M' DOG? NA, NA, FRIEND! WHUSTLE YOU ON YOUR PARTAN!"

## PUN FOR PUNDITS.

ON the part of the Parsee residents in London, and the Parsees of India, memorials have been presented to the SHAH, beseeching his Majesty to redress the grievances to which their co-religionists are subject in Persia, where their religion, like another in another country, was once that of the State. The creed of Parsees is commonly spoken of as the religion of ZOROASTER, its founder; and many a Briton, who pronounces ZOROASTER in a British manner, will discern a curious coincidence between ZOROASTER's name and his religion in the circumstance that the distinctive feature of that religion is, if not exactly the worship, at least the high veneration of fire. It does not appear, however, that the disciples of ZOROASTER were what, compounding a hybrid word, we may call Zoo-roasters. There was not the religion which signalled itself by roasting heretics alive.

## Good for Trade.

Go and marry, my boy; mind you that's a safe plan  
To employ tailor, shoemaker, butcher, and baker,  
Grocer, draper, and milliner, medical man;  
And, but let us hope not, now and then, undertaker.

## Chignons in Horsehair.

LADIES have proved themselves capable of practising Medicine; would they not be likewise equal to the practice of Law, if they were eligible,—and why should they not be? Nobody would be obliged to retain female counsel who did not choose; and, if ladies of the long robe remained briefless it would be their own affair. The Bar, were it open to ladies, would possibly attract many, if not by the expectation of being made "dashing" black "serjeants," at least by the hope of obtaining a silk gown.

## A WORD IN SEASON AND A WORD IN REASON.

(To MESSRS. DIXON AND Co.)

HEAR JOHN BRIGHT, you Nonconformist zealots,  
Hear Plain JOHN's sense;  
Calling all who profit by the Parsons "Church-Helots,"  
You talk nonsense.  
The fight's 'twixt School and No School; not 'twixt Church and Chapel,  
Pace friend DIXON:  
And the worst-named League is that which Discord's apple  
The School-Board kicks on.  
For Liberal Members, to vote the Liberal Lobby in,  
Of duties the first is:  
And of all the fields to ride a kicking hobby in,  
The "School-field" the worst is.

## Sympathy with Spaniards.

SPAIN has sought a Saviour of Society in the person of PRY MARGALL, invested with the "Extraordinary Powers" of a Dictator by vote of the Federal Cortes. The old, old story of Republicanism! But what does that signify to Patriots and Tribunes of the People? If a Monarchy is overthrown, during the succeeding provisional anarchy there is usually more or less of pillage and murder, in which Demagogues can participate and slake their avarice and malice. Finally one of them, superior to the rest in the qualities applauded by the ruffianry, comes to be promoted, for a season at least, during which he can feather his nest, to the Presidency of Pandemonium.

PROVERB FOR THE HOUR.—The Course of True Love never is kept clear.



## THE SERVANTS.

*Mistress.* "JANE, REMEMBER YOU MUST GO FOR THE CHILDREN AT NINE O'CLOCK, AS THE PARTY BREAKS UP AT THAT HOUR."

*Under Nurse.* "PLEASE, 'M, I DON'T THINK I CAN GET THERE TILL MY BOTANY CLASS IS OVER, AND THAT'S SELDOM BEFORE HALF-PAST NINE!!!"

[The Mistress of course "knew her place," and said no more!]

## HYDROPHOBIA INSURANCE.

WHAT a pity it is that the Government have given a merely local application to their grand discovery that hydrophobia is preventible by preventing dogs from going into the water! To be sure the Dog-days continue to be so named because we now know that dogs go mad in them less frequently than anywhere else; but still a few cases of canine rabies may occur for want of, whereas they might have been assuredly precluded by, sufficient precaution. At present the only sure precaution taken against that horrid disease is limited to the Parks. There, indeed, it is rigidly enforced by the Police, who are empowered to restrict the liberty of dogs and their masters with a high hand, if they are instructed to let demagogues, supported by mobs, spout sedition unmolested. But no steps whatsoever have been taken to prevent persons from sending their dogs into the Thames, and there dogs go in and swim away without restraint, how hot soever the weather is. Even the Thames, though, is only a partial tract of water, whence the exclusion of dogs could only hinder the generation of hydrophobia to a corresponding extent. Totally and entirely to accomplish that important purpose, it is necessary that official notices should be posted all over the United Kingdom warning all owners of dogs never to wash them, and not to let them go into the water ever at all; and, moreover, to make these measures the more certainly efficacious in keeping dogs from going mad, it might be as well to append to them a recommendation to let no dog have any water to drink. At present, to be sure, any admonition to the foregoing effect would be merely hortatory; but, before the end of the Session, in thin Houses, when none but Ministerial Members attend, and they attend to nothing but Ministerial designs, it would be easy to push a short Bill through each House of Parliament to deprive dogs of access to water; imposing penalties for disobedience to its provisions, for the observance of which to issue an edict instantly would doubtless be to MR. AYERON, if authorised, a labour of love.

CLASSIC EPITHET FOR A USEFUL CLASS.—The London Carmen—"Miserable Carmen."

## FAUSTUS SECUNDUS.

No, thank you, Mephistopheles; no;  
Not were it gratis, and although  
Yourself Saint Michael, would I drain  
That cup and live life o'er again.  
I played my best; should I rehearse  
The game, perchance might play it worse.

Nor would I, at an angel's hand,  
The gift, could I obtain, demand  
Of youth restored in this new day,  
On its fresh course to make my way.  
Could I have wealth, too, then, in truth,  
I'd choose the wealth without the youth.

For I have lived, and lived to see  
Out much of all life's good for me.  
And each succeeding day destroys  
Some remnant of my former joys—  
Wilds are enclosed, and towns increase,  
With thralldom under the Police.

I envy not the boys I know.  
They trespass now where I could go,  
In better days, with rod or gun,  
Best days of life now nearly done!  
Then Prigs' and Pedants' petty rule  
Restricted no one out of school.

Poor struggling lad, condemned to cram  
For, as the clipped word goes, "exam,"  
Not to pursue his mind's own bent,  
But plod in grooves for dullards meant,  
Then in the crowded fold to strive,  
Or scramble in the swarming hive!

Of making money there's no end  
Now the rule is to grasp and spend.  
I would not have my lease of life  
Renewed, that I a house and wife,  
With ceaseless wear of heart and brain,  
In ostentation might maintain.

Yon vision tempts not me; doth scare  
With high-heeled hoofs and storied hair.  
I need no angels to defend  
And save me from the "Grecian bend."  
Besides, would not again be taught  
How fast all beauty falls to naught.

When you the draught of youth could sell,  
A brave world 'twas wherein to dwell.  
Its traces, left within my day,  
Have faded well-nigh all away.  
No, Bogy; not for this old man  
Youth's potion; though 'twere Chambertin!

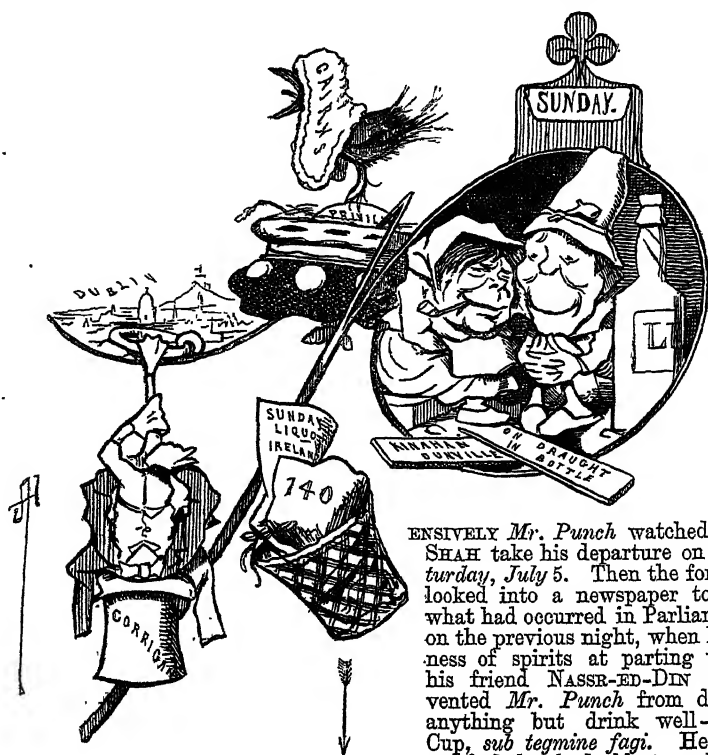
## FINAL CAUSE OF A FIRE.

HERE is a cutting from a newspaper:—

"ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The *Gardeners' Magazine* proposes that the ruins of the Palace on Muswell Hill should be preserved, and that another site within the grounds should be selected for the new building it is intended to erect. Our horticultural contemporary appears to regard the ruins as providentially provided for a display of ivies and other climbing plants proper to ruins and historical sites."

Assent to the idea of a special providence, as proposed by *Hamlet*, is consistent with scepticism as to that of a particular instance of providential design, imagined by some one else. Ivies and climbing plants, by pre-arrangements of creation, spring upon ruins; but that certain ruins have been "providentially provided" by a calamitous fire to accommodate future creepers is open to doubt. If they are allowed to stand for that purpose, assurance should first have been obtained, from a careful survey, that they may be trusted for standing. Or else, one of these days, when the People are wandering, or picnicking, or dancing among the ivy-clad ruins on the historical site of the Alexandra Palace, the ivy-clad ruins will perhaps tumble down upon the People's heads, and somebody will then take occasion to say that "for this among the rest were they ordained."

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ENSILVLY Mr. Punch watched the SHAH take his departure on Saturday, July 5. Then the former looked into a newspaper to see what had occurred in Parliament on the previous night, when lowness of spirits at parting with his friend NASSR-ED-DIN prevented Mr. Punch from doing anything but drink well-iced Cup, *sub tegmine fagi*. He did not find that he had lost much by indulging in manly sorrow.

LORD REDESDALE moved an Address for the creation of certain Legal Life Peerages in favour of high-officials. LORD SALISBURY made an able speech in its favour, and declared that the House of Lords, within its own walls, was the most Democratic Assembly in the world, being full of men who had won their way by their own abilities. But he complained that the Lords by no means attended sufficiently to their duties. LORD GRANVILLE opposed the Motion, and it was rejected.

The Judicature Bill made progress in the Commons, and young gentlemen of the legal persuasion may like to know that there are to be "modifications" of the Long Vacation, at the discretion of the Judges. It may not in the future be quite so easy to get away to raffle at Margate or to flirt at Ryde.

MR. PRUNKETT moved a Resolution to the effect that Irish Civil Servants are insufficiently paid, and ought to have the same reward of labour as their English brethren, and though MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE made vehement fight against the Motion, the Government was beaten by 180 to 117.

MR. WHALLEY tried for upwards of three-quarters of an hour to bring on a Tichborne Motion, and being twice informed by the SPEAKER that he was out of order, the M.P. for Peterborough talked about a "Reign of Terror." His fears of this appear slightly superfluous, as during that Reign the only persons in danger had heads. Persevering, MR. WHALLEY was told that the SPEAKER would have to take the sense of the House on his conduct, whereon he expressed his regret that his feelings had overcome his judgment. Well, that contest was unequal.

**Monday.**—LORD SHAFTESBURY promoted a Bill for putting down "dummy" Charitable Societies, which are really swindles. He says that the benevolent but silly public are cheated out of £400,000 a year by the concocters of these frauds. The provisions, however, which LORD SHAFTESBURY proposed to make were so stringent, that the LORD CHANCELLOR declared that if the Bill passed nobody in his senses would have anything to do with any charitable institution. LORD SALISBURY said that if fools could not be protected except at the expense of innocent and charitable folks, fools should go without protection. The Bill was withdrawn. We doubt whether "fools" would be at all grateful for it. There is a large class that believes itself charitable, but is only vain and pig-headed, which chooses to dispose of its sham-charity in every way but that approved by the rational. Between the she-fool who chucks a shilling to a filthy organ-grinder down to the he-fool who sends a five-pound note in answer to a canting advertisement, there is a mass of propertied idiotism which ought to be dealt with by the criminal law, rather than protected by wise and kindly persons like LORD SHAFTESBURY.

WHALLEY on TICHBORNE again. "An ironical cheer." Peterborough ought to be very proud.

MR. GLADSTONE, appealed to by LORD SANDON on the subject of Mr. Punch's Cartoon of the Primates, admitted that the principle of protecting the Church against the innovations and ceremonials introduced by priests was a sound one, but that the subject was one for the Ecclesiastical Courts. This was not a

Gladstonian answer, but rather one that might have been made by the pococurante GALLIO.

The PREMIER then massacred a few innocents. Among the list was the Public Prosecutors Bill, which is more valuable than any other Government measure except the Judicature Bill.

On the Motion of MR. WHARTON, a whipping was added to the punishment ordained by a new Bill in case of certain wicked outrages on the helpless. The lash was carried by 39 to 25, but MR. PETER TAYLOR announced that he should try to get the decision reversed. We should like this done as the CHANCELLOR, in TITUS OATES' days, wished the sentence that doomed that miscreant to be flogged from prison to Westminster reversed—namely, that the offender should also be flogged "back again."

**Tuesday.**—Mischief in the wind. LORD CAIRNS (was he acting on a hint from the Leader of Opposition elsewhere?) had discovered from BLACKSTONE that the Commons had committed a breach of the Lords' privileges, and from his own sagacity that they had violated the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland. The point is that by the Judicature Bill, as sent down from the Peers, the Appellate Jurisdiction, abolished for England, was retained for the two provincial kingdoms (we hope that is respectful enough), but Government, on consideration, introduced a general abolition. This LORD CAIRNS regards in the grave light above described. The LORD CHANCELLOR said that the matter should receive all attention, but he earnestly hoped that if the Lords had any such rights as were suggested they would be waived, rather than endanger so valuable a measure. He, however, contended that there was no ground for the complaint. It remains to be seen whether the Opposition will be patriotic enough to resist the pleasure of throwing out the best Bill of the Session.

WHALLEY on TICHBORNE again. "Murmurs." Peterborough ought to be very proud.

MR. H. RICHARD did then astonish himself and the world by defeating the Government. He moved an address in favour of a system of International Arbitration. He said all the highly true and proper things about the wickedness of war, of which he declared that nations were weary. They are nothing of the kind.

"War's a game that, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would not play at."

MR. GLADSTONE made a very sensible speech in reply, and did not see that European opinion on the subject was sufficiently advanced.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON wondered what the SHAH thought of us. We had shown him everything of a fighting sort, but had not taken him to church to hear that our religion bade us love our enemies, and if we had, he would not have believed it. A very good clap-trap for the houses so much hated by SIR WILFRID, but hardly worthy of the House of Commons. But, on division—what the Members of the Government and the Whips were about we should like to know—the Ministry were beaten by 98 to 88. "Nice management," we dare say that MR. SPEAKER privately remarked to the Mace, perhaps adding, "I never made these blunders."

**Wednesday.**—In the Commons two things were done. The Commons, by 140 to 83, threw out a Bill for prohibiting the Sale of Liquor, in Ireland, on Sunday. LORD HARTINGTON, in opposing it for the Government, said, fairly enough, that the constant repetition of such attacks on a certain trade went some way to justify the "aggressive self-defence" of our friend Bung. MR. BERSFORD HOPE, by an effort of oratory, "talked out" the Bill for allowing people to be buried in Churchyards with almost any kind of service their friends might think proper to perform. The Bill itself is buried, but MR. O. MORGAN, its parent, thinks he may write *Resurgam* on the tombstone, and that MR. DISRAELI's magic spells may one day revive the defunct.

**Thursday.**—Something in the Lords about the cost of salutes to the SHAH. LORD CARNARVON had heard that each cost £1000. LORD CAMPERDOWN (descendant of the glorious Admiral first named in the lines

"All for the Land-Service,  
Forgetting DUNCAN, NELSON, HOWE, and JERVIS,")

said that Pebble Powder had been used, which, if we made it, cost £3 3s. 5d. a barrel, and if we bought it of

contractors. £415s. Do not these contractors want something unpleasant done to them—blowing away from guns, or some such gentle hint about profits?

On the Judicature Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE very elaborately defended the course which he had taken in regard to the Irish and Scotch Appeals question. But he thought it respectful to the Lords, who had behaved so well about the rest of the Bill, to make things easy for them, and he proposed to retain the words which completed the jurisdiction of the new Court, but not those which extinguished the Lords' jurisdiction. Then the Lords would find a Court ready made for the three kingdoms, but nothing to impair their own privileges. The device seems neat, and if the purpose be effected, what matter how circumbendibusly it is done. We regret to say that Mr. DISRAELI begged for time to digest the "queer propositions" of the Government. We went into Committee on other parts of the Bill. In the course of the debate Mr. CAYENDISH BENTINCK said that he was not to be put down, to which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL replied that nobody supposed he was, "especially after dinner." Laughter. But we should have preferred to hear Weeping, considering what was implied in SIR JOHN COLERIDGE'S "suckasm."

**Friday.**—LORD HALIFAX stated that Government intended to repair our defensive works at Alderney. At present they have cost only a Million and a Half, Madam. They will be useful, it seems, for "watching Cherbourg" when we go to war with France.

In the Commons there was a Scene. You know, Madam, that if any Member calls the SPEAKER'S attention to the fact that there are Strangers in the House, he must turn them out. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY did this, and the Reporters were excluded. Half-a-dozen pencils, of course, were instantly ready to take notes for the newspapers, and just as satisfactory a report appeared in every journal as if Mr. HENRY had abstained from his absurd act. His alleged reason was that the papers did not report the Irish speeches with the fulness the speakers desired.

MR. BOUVIERIE warned Mr. HENRY that such capricious exercise of power would lead to its being taken away, and Mr. GLADSTONE had something of the same kind to hint.

Of course the "folly's crown of folly" was woven by Mr. WHALLEY, who declared that he was very scantily reported because three-fourths of the gentlemen in the gallery were Roman Catholics. From anybody but Mr. WHALLEY the imputation involved here would be an insult. Now, of course that is out of the question. But, if the gentlemen in the gallery were really his enemies, they would lose no opportunity of recording his utterances. He was rebuked by the SPEAKER for the line he took. Peterborough ought to be very proud.

After this the reporters were re-admitted. In the O'Keeffe case, Mr. GLADSTONE virtually gave a victory to Mr. BOUVIERIE. We went through a good deal of business.

Lastly, WHALLEY again on TICHEBORNE. He complained of the proceedings for contempt of court. Mr. BRUCE had hoped that WHALLEY, having relieved his mind, would not again have troubled the House. Mr. BRUCE is a sanguine person. He added that it was the offensive language used by the friends of the defendant that had got them into trouble.

WHALLEY up again, but up sprang another Member, and got him "Counted Out." Peterborough ought to be very proud.

#### ANGLO-SAXON DIGNITY.

THE Paris correspondent of a contemporary represents the SHAH as enjoying, for one thing in that capital, the advantage of not being mobbed. This expression implies a comparison which is odious to a Briton who sympathises with the masses of his fellow-countrymen. It is true that whenever they could get at the SHAH they pressed upon him in their thousands, and sought the gratification of a noble sentiment in trying to touch him bodily, inasmuch that they made His Majesty smile to witness the enthusiastic veneration excited by contiguity to a despot in the minds of the free. But this physical manifestation of delicate respect towards the SHAH should be called thronging, not mobbing him. Of course he has had no such polite attention paid him in Paris. And perhaps, how flattering soever it would have been to his higher nature, he did, in a sense, enjoy exemption from it in the hot weather.

We are also told that the SHAH, who has the newspapers read to him occasionally, expresses his surprise at the trivial details recorded about himself and his movements. The journals referred to in this statement are, of course, the British. There are none other in Europe the bulk of whose readers have humility enough not to despise such small matters. In the United States, however, the SHAH, if he went thither, would be surrounded, watched, and interviewed, and reported with a degree of minuteness evincing, even more than any similar manifestations have shown in England, how profoundly the majority of individuals constituting a great people are impressed with a sense of their own littleness.

#### CONJURORS AND NO CONJURORS.



men, how clever soever, is not a clever way to prove Spiritualism humbug. What is there to imitate?

#### PREACHEE PREACHEE.

It is too true that the affairs of nations, other than our own, are not regulated by amiable sentiments. There is more than enough reason to fear that, while human nature continues to be human nature, all other people than ourselves are likely to be swayed by their blind and brutal passions, uncontrolled, and ungovernable, by considerations of reason and justice. So long as they remain subject to the frailties which they share with the gorilla, the tiger, the hyæna, and other ferocious beasts, that is to say, so long as the world endures, it will be idle to invite them, as Mr. RICHARD proposes, to settle their disputes by arbitration instead of war. It is sentimental folly to think that a merely verbal appeal to the better feelings of mankind, Her Majesty's subjects excepted, will ever succeed in elevating those feelings, or rather the rudiments of them, to any degree of predominance over the animal propensities. But, mind, except the exception, namely, Her Majesty's subjects. For if you announce, as a proposition universally true, that there is no use in preaching to reform and convert offenders, evilly disposed; the subscription-payer will, if he believes you, immediately cry, "No more missionaries!" and the Church-goer will likewise shout, "No more sermons!" Unless, indeed, the latter regards the utility of a sermon as consisting, not in any possible reformatory effect it is absurdly credited with, but in supplying a deficiency which, without it, might justly be objected to by adversaries to Protestant discipline. For, unless in the case, here and there, of an instructive and interesting discourse, something else than a string of cant and platitudes, do not sermons constitute the penance of the Protestant Church?

#### PROJECTILES AND POWDER.

SUPPOSE that, sixty or seventy years ago, some one gifted with clairvoyance had read in a newspaper of the present day, ~~metaphysically~~ expanded to his prophetic vision, that a question had been asked in the House of Lords about firing a salute in honour of the SHAH with pebble powder.

Not endowed with the faculty of interpretation as well as that of prevision, that clairvoyant may be conceived to have been puzzled by the statement which he may be imagined to have foreseen.

The presence of the SHAH in this country would probably have struck him as a fact not clearly intelligible. Viewing the future as the past, he would perhaps have conjectured that the SHAH had involved himself in a war with the East India Company, got captured by the British troops, and conveyed to England. But then what to make out of firing a salute in honour of the SHAH, must have perplexed him. Would a salute be fired in honour of a prisoner of war? And then how could a salute be fired with pebble powder? Pebbles might be made into gun-flints, but by what means could gunpowder be made out of them? Perhaps the clairvoyant would ultimately have taken refuge in the conclusion that the SHAH had been saluted by the populace with a volley of pebbles.





A SURREPTITIOUS WHIFF.

## SALVATION FOR SHIPPING.

UNDER the heading of "Baptism of a Ship," the *Times*, one day last week, contained some account of "a singular mediæval ceremony," which "was revived by the christening of a newly launched vessel, in the neighbourhood of Greenwich." The vessel was the *Tolten*, built by order of the Chilian Government; baptist the REV. MR. O'HALLORAN, a Priest of St. Mary's, Greenwich: sponsors for the ship "a MR. AVES," and "a young lady of Chilian parentage":—

"Instead of breaking a bottle of wine against the bows of the vessel, as is the usual custom among us, MR. O'HALLORAN went round the upper and main decks, preceded by a body of acolytes and choristers, who sang the *Benedictus*, while the priest sprinkled the timbers of the good ship with holy water, in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity, and the 'baptism was complete.'"

The baptism of a ship is, we see, performed by aspersion. Immersion, of course, would not do; would do the reverse of the desired good. Indeed, the object of the aspersion is to avert the immersion.

It is to be wished that the custom of baptising ships were general in the case of vessels built for Roman Catholic owners, public or private. Instructive inferences might then be drawn from the comparative losses of baptised and unbaptised shipping. The baptism of a vessel would plainly appear to be of great use, or of little, or none. Accordingly, either faith would be vindicated and confirmed, or superstition exploded; and it is a wonder that confidence in the former of those two possible results has not long ago been evinced in a Papal Bull imposing the obligation to have all their vessels baptised on the faithful.

It is not, however, easy to see the necessity for godfathers and godmothers in the baptism of ships. What can they promise and vow? The ships have no evil works to renounce, and a MR. AVES and a young lady of Chilian parentage, for example, can obviously not answer for the behaviour of the *Tolten* in a storm. Neither, unless at least one of the sponsors of a vessel is a principal owner, will her godfathers and godmothers be able to take care that she is not dangerously overloaded with cargo, or sent afloat in an unseaworthy condition and heavily insured, to the intent that the loss of

passengers and crew only, with clear gain to surviving proprietors, shall be the sole result of her going to the bottom. To be an efficient godfather to a ship her sponsor should combine the character of MR. PLIMSOLL with the position of the gentlemen who accuse him of libel.

## SUPERLATIVE SAVEALL.

LOWE, low as may be cut Clerks' salaries down;  
Whilst you hire slaves sufficient what care we,  
Constrained by famine, if they serve the Crown,  
Rather than steal, in hopeless drudgery?

Scrape LOWE, scratch low, pare, lower still and lower,  
Your living cheeses; pare them to the quick.  
To make the public income slightly more,  
Grind individuals, screw them, pinch, and pick.

What, of small thrift shorn from the stinted few,  
If no man feels the boon o'er millions spread?  
And what if, while these owe no thanks to you,  
All those invoke disaster on your head?

Do cynic Savealls win a Statesman friends?  
So does your Chief appear to think, nor know,  
Nor care, if popularity descends  
From LOWE to lower, lowest, or most low.

## A Costermonger's Question.

It has been announced that arrangements are in course of being made at Vienna for "International Horse Races," to come off there, on the Prater, in September. A question of some interest to a portion of the People arises in connection with this news. Are the quadrupeds which will compete in the International Horse Races to include Jerusalem Ponies?

A PROVERB REVISED.—Too many Cooks spoil the—Police.



“TIRED OUT!”

BRITANNIA. “O, YES, EWART, EVERYTHING HAS GONE OFF QUITE CHARMINGLY, AND I THINK OUR GUESTS WERE PLEASED. AND, BY THE BYE, EWART, AS SOON AS YOU’VE SETTLED *THOSE BILLS*, WE’LL SHUT UP THE HOUSE, AND BE OFF TO THE SEA-SIDE. YOU UNDERSTAND?”

CHIEF BUTLER. “YES, MY LADY.”



## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On an Advertisement—A Popular Play—Matters Theatrical—The SHAH—And an Interesting Incident.



SIR.—Your Representative, while driving about London in search of anything resembling a comfortable Hansom, with a fast horse and a civil Cabman, has been struck by the novelty of using a reference to a text of Scripture as the sensational advertisement of the Theatre where the *New Magdalen*,—a title to which even the not over fastidious playgoer may take exception,—is being performed. Bad taste, to say the least of it, though, according to the dictum of *Jeremy Bentham*, we have only a right to say, "It may not be to your taste, Sir, or my taste, but we cannot assert it to be bad taste." Suffice it for the moment that it is not to the taste of Your Representative.

We all know who it is that possesses the happy knack of quoting Scripture to his purpose, and it is odd that only quite recently *ALEXANDER DUMAS, fils*, in

his preface to *La Femme de Claude*, made use of a similar reference in support of his doctrine of "True-la!" which is, of course, the very opposite of that which the author of the *New Magdalen* may be taken as wishing to inculcate.

Both play and novel are undoubtedly clever, especially the play: indeed, their cleverness is but an aggravation. And here, analogously, is the difference between the late *Eugene Aram*, which the tender-hearted management has prevailed on MR. IRVING not to play any longer, and this *New Magdalen*.

The former was, morally and dramatically, bad; the latter has the first-mentioned defect, but, excepting the finish, is throughout dramatically excellent.

But, at best, who and what are the hero and heroine? A priggish parson, who succumbs to the first impulse of an undignified passion, and an unprincipled adventuress, who only speaks truth when a lie will no longer serve her, and whose superficial penitence would cause Angels to weep rather than rejoice. And it is this woman who marries the parson, and whom the author has called the *New Magdalen*! A very new style of *Magdalen* indeed!

There's just one thing about *Mercy Merrick* and the Curate—they're uncommonly well matched. When the curtain falls on the union of this charming pair—"so justly formed to meet by nature"—one feels that, after a year or two, *Mercy Merrick*, the false penitent, will lead that Pecksniffian young clergyman such a life, as would move his neighbours to pity, were it not for Society's perfectly correct verdict of "Serve him right:" for he had literally courted his Fate, and now he must put up with her as best he can.

But, when you come to think of it, as Your Representative went and came to think of it, what a prig that ecclesiastic is. Let those who know the *New Magdalen* in novel, or play, mark this. That wonderful preacher, *Mr. Julian Gray*, had a very limited repertoire of discourses. My conviction is that he had only one, and preached it everywhere, and on every possible occasion. *Mercy Merrick* first heard this sermon—(I wonder whether it was his originally? I don't believe it was, myself, but no matter)—at the Refuge. When she meets him again, and when ceasing to eat *pâté de foie gras*, and talk chit-chat (always of a priggish and egotistic character), he suddenly deems it necessary to speak professionally,—what happens? Why, she recognises the very words she heard, years ago, in that sermon at the Refuge. He'd learnt it by heart, and preached extempore.

The author makes his pet parson give his own version of why he was chased from his country cures. *Julian* tells of his having sided with the poor, starved employed, against the bloated, grinding-down employers; and that, therefore, the parishes where he ministered had become too hot to hold him—though, as *Father O'Leary* told the Protestant Bishop, who denied the existence of Purgatory, "he might have gone farther and fared worse"—and he

had been compelled to leave. But do I, as representing Your Acuteness, believe such a story as this? No, Sir, not for one second.

The true history of the *Rev. Julian Gray* (however he may have imposed himself on MR. WILKIE COLLINS) is that of a Clergyman with one sermon. He went into the country, and on the first Sunday the parishioners exclaimed, "Lovely!" *Mercy Merricks* were in tears all over the place, and there was no end to the dinner invitations. Next Sunday the congregation thought they'd heard what he was preaching to them before. The third Sunday they were certain of it, and complained to him. The fourth Sunday they complained of him to the Bishop; and the fifth Sunday, when, after cunningly beginning with a different text, he commenced precisely the same discourse as they had been hearing for more than a month of Sundays, my belief is that the infuriated congregation rose en masse, and chevied him across country out of that parish, the next, and the one after that. This happened wherever he went, and then he returned to town, took odd jobs (where the sermon came in capitally) on sharing terms of half after the first two-and-sixpence in the plate, and made a very tidy income.

However clever, however dramatic, however powerful a piece may be, however admirably played, I do not like—I cannot admire—either on artistic or higher and separate grounds, a play where our sympathies are intended to be enlisted on the wrong side throughout. The Parson *Julian Gray* is positively despicable at the last, when he embraces the *New Magdalen*; and if he has been *Julian* the Apostle up to that time, he finishes by being *Julian* the Apostate. Had *Mercy* been made to refuse this impulsive ecclesiastic, whose haste and warmth are most unseemly, and to devote herself to a life of penitential works of charity and mercy, the end would have been worthy of the beginning, where we saw her tending the wounded with the red cross on her arm. But that these two—the unctuous, spoony, undergraduate kind of Curate, with his one sermon on the brain, and the superficially penitent Refugee—should, at the fall of the curtain, be left hugging one another, and settling where good places are to be reserved for them in Heaven, is a damaging finish to one of the most cleverly dramatised stories that has for some time appeared on the London Stage.

By the way, I am not more fastidious than Your Representative should be, but I take leave to say that there is something worse than bad taste in the Olympic placards, which seek to attract attention to this play by giving a reference to a text from St. Luke. What is MR. DOWNE about? And I wonder who could have told a theatrical advertisement-maker anything about St. Luke.

*Charles the First* is walking and talking for a few nights again, and a *Juliet* appeared at the Haymarket, twinkled brightly, and disappeared.

The SHAH played old gooseberry with all the Shows; and the London Managers ought to have presented him with an address of self-congratulation on his departure.

Before concluding, I will recount what I saw a week or so back, and what the SHAH didn't see. In the neighbourhood of Russell Square, I heard a band approaching. It was on a cart. There was a huge drum: also several brass instruments, all played energetically by men in a sort of whitey-brown-holland uniform, turned up with blue. Following this last, came seven or eight other carts, with more men in uniforms, and filled (the carts, not the men) with large milk-cans. On the carts were the words, "The Express Country Milk Company"—or some such title—implying that the Company guarantee to bring milk from the country express to London. The train that brought this quantity of milk may have been express; the carts weren't, for they were going at a processional walk, in order to allow the drumming and trumpeting to be done comfortably. But what a way to bring milk to town! I wonder if the Express Milk Company does this every day, or if this was only an exceptional occasion. What a poetic halo would be thrown around, and in some instances what grandeur would accompany, our provisions, were they all thus brought to our doors! Bakers' and butchers' processions in the morning with bassoons and ophicleides; grocers with violoncellos; and fishmongers with harps. The subject is endless, and so will my letter be if I do not at once finish, and sign myself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

MRS. MALAPROP rejoices in a nephew who has lately taken orders, as a Clergyman, observe, not as a Commercial Traveller. She says that the Bishop has promised to collocate him to a living when eviscerated by the present incubus.

## CONTROVERSY AND CHEMISTRY.

WHY is absolute Dogma, your Reverences, like absolute Alcohol? So please you, because it is utterly above proof.





**"SENSE AND SENSIBILITY."**

*He (imaginative).* "I ALWAYS THINK IT A PITY TO BE IN LONDON WHEN THE COUNTRY AND GARDENS ARE SO LOVELY. YOUR FLOWERS MUST BE SPLENDID JUST NOW."

*She (practical—taking Tea).* "YES, MAMMA SAYS SOME OF US OUGHT TO GO DOWN FOR A DAY OR TWO, JUST TO PLEASE THE GARDENERS."

**PUNCH'S WHISPERING GALLERY.**

It is no secret that the brilliant success at croquet of one of the best known and most popular Prelates on the Bench, at many of the recent lawn parties, has been the theme of universal admiration.

Now that the season is drawing to a close, rumour is busy with the names of several members of the *haut ton* who are about to contract distinguished alliances. A list of these engagements in high life will shortly be published in the *London Gazette*. Autumn Manœuvres at watering-places, country houses, &c., will go on as usual.

There will be no match this year at Wimbledon between the Philosophers and Poets.

It cannot possibly be construed into a contempt of Court, or breach of privilege, to publish that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is sea-bathing, MR. JUSTICE MELLOR fishing, and MR. JUSTICE LUSH lying on his back on the grass, gazing at the blue sky, and doing nothing. The Jury, who are inseparable, have been enjoying some pic-nics. MR. HAWKINS is haymaking.

The fireworks at the approaching coronation of the KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, and the forthcoming celebration of the silver wedding of the GRAND LLAMA OF THIBET, will be of surpassing splendour, and supplied by English pyrotechnists of the highest celebrity.

Daily telegrams as to the health and condition of the Grouse are now received and posted at both Houses of Parliament.

Great preparations are already being made for the next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science (and prices). It is in contemplation to whitewash some of the principal ceilings both in shops and private dwelling-houses; and it is hoped that a sufficient quantity of philosopher's stone will be available to repave one or more of the principal thoroughfares.

There will be no Ministerial fish-dinner again this year, but the Cabinet will take some refreshment together at their last conference before the Recess. Only one toast will be proposed—"To our next merry meeting."

The project of a Penny Subscription for gilding the exterior of the dome of St. Paul's is warmly taken up by the leading Bankers, Merchants, and Traders of the City of London.

There is no foundation for the report that the Board of Trade have instructed the Town Clerks and Clerks of the Peace throughout the country to collect statistics as to the number of caged birds kept in England and Wales, with a view to future taxation.

It is understood that the attention of Convocation will shortly be drawn to the practice, now become almost universal, of the Clergy wearing a softer and more comfortable description of black hat than the Laity.

A Petition, signed by 94,615 single ladies, is about to be presented to the Archbishops and Bishops of both provinces, praying them, whatever other Romish practices they may suffer to pass unchecked in their dioceses, that they will sternly repress any attempt to revive celibacy amongst the Clergy.

There is a rumour of further retrenchments in the Civil Service. A Departmental Committee is likely to be appointed to inquire into the lavatory arrangements at present existing in our Public Offices. Fears are openly expressed, in quarters likely to be well informed, that the Treasury may put a check upon the supply of Towels, and a report is current that only the commonest and cheapest description of Soap will, in future, be issued.

Arrangements are in progress for holding International Exhibitions, between now and the end of the century, at Teheran (under the special patronage of the SHAH), Cairo, Pekin, Jerusalem, Rio Janeiro, Heligoland, Hong Kong, and the Cape of Good Hope.

**Prudential Philosophy.**

ASSUME all men to be honest whom you do not know; but never put it in anyone's power to cheat you in case he should be a rogue.

For instance, never take shares in a joint-stock speculation of which a prospectus, sent you from a Board of Directors, whose honesty, if you trust them, you must take for granted, contains more than you are certain of.



## APPLIED SCIENCE.

Driver (to Conductor). "MY HEYES, BILL! SEE THAT OLD GENT! WHAT A 'EAVENLY WATERBUTT HE'D MAKE IF HIS 'ED WAS TOOK OFF, AND HE WAS 'OLLERED OUT!"

## PREDICTION FOR PRELATES.

PROPHECY is latent among old Nursery Rhymes. For example:—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
Dame has lost her shoe.  
Master has lost his fiddling-stick,  
And doesn't know what to do."

These lines refer to the present state of discipline in the Established Church. The first of them expresses the triumph of a party therein. It is the crow of the Ritualists—in their view, that of the Church triumphant; themselves constituting the Church. They cry cock-a-doodle-doo over the baffled opponents of the practices by which they set the law at defiance. This exultation is occasioned by the circumstances stated in the three succeeding lines. Dame, meaning old woman, is the Church as represented to the Ritualists' mind by the Protestant majority. Her shoe, which she has lost, is her understanding, of course. Master stands for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and the fiddling-stick, which he has lost, for his crook, the symbol of his authority. In subordinate application it signifies the other Archbishop and the Bishops generally, all of whom have lost their fiddling-sticks, and don't know what to do. That fiddling-stick does certainly mean crosier is manifest from the contumely which the Ritualist fry, whilst they magnify the episcopal office in the abstract, display towards their concrete Bishops. Theoretically they regard the crosier with the highest veneration; in practice they account it a fiddle-stick.

Master doesn't know what to do, indeed; then let him learn. No doubt there are some monkeyisms for which Master, the Keeper of what ought to be an ecclesiastical Happy Family, would find it difficult to pull the Ritualist monkeys up. But, as though by a happy provision of Nature, the ecclesiastical endemic which simulates Popery resembles the original in symptoms most of which are concomitant. The worst of them—a mania for the confessional—seldom goes alone. It is almost always associated with ideas which vent themselves in practices concerning lights, or postures, or

## THE DELIGHTS OF SUMMER.

FLIES.  
Freckles.  
Thirst.  
Thunderstorms.  
Tight Gloves.  
Dog-days.  
Dusty Roads.  
Hot Nights.  
Milk turned.  
Meat spoiled.  
Irritability of Temper.  
Liquefaction of Butter.  
Crying Children.  
Crowded Balls (for Chaperones).  
Public Dinners.  
Black Hats.  
Red Faces.

## Donkeys and Duellists.

CASSAGNAC fought with RANC of the Commune;  
But neither of them sated his *rancune*.  
To honour's wound the scratch of skin succeeds,  
RANC is disabled, and CASSAGNAC bleeds.  
So now the combatants, who doubly smart,  
Unsatisfied with "satisfaction," part.  
With rankest hatred RANC remains possessed;  
Still rancour rankles in CASSAGNAC'S breast.

## The Anti-Tobacco Line.

THE wisdom of the Legislature is signally displayed in the Act which exceptionally exempts the Metropolitan Railway Company from the obligation to furnish their trains with smoking carriages. A line in a tunnel which reeks with unpleasant effluvia, is the only one on which the passengers are disallowed the disinfectant and fragrant weed.

## GAME FOR SUMMER.

AN old game has been lately revived, called "Lawn Billiards." Evidently to be played in Kew Gardens.

gestures, or in some other overt acts that bring the performers of them within the prohibitions of the Privy Council. By duly applying the repressive treatment to any one of the tangible symptoms of mock-Popery, it would be easy, in any case, effectually to counteract the whole disease.

## CONSCIENCE AND COCKER.

WE have received information that MR. DIXON will call the attention of the House to the shameless Denominationalism of the Arithmetic now taught in our Elementary Schools. He will point out that it is impossible to turn over three or four pages of the text-books employed without coming on the most offensive allusions to Higher and Lower Denominations—some Denominations being even stigmatised as Lowest. He will propose that an unsectarian Committee be appointed to revise such works, and that the said Committee be instructed to cut out altogether that form of Division where Divisor and Dividend are both Compound; the rule for this requiring that both numbers shall be reduced to the same Denomination—a proceeding plainly subversive of Religious Liberty, and inconsistent with the Rights of Conscience.

## "Too Bad."

A POOR girl gets hurt amid a crowd gazing at the SHAH. Thereupon a MR. YOUNG sends a memorial to His Majesty of Persia, asking for money, and the good-natured SHAH (perhaps supposing that it is a law in England that a great person shall compensate anybody who is injured while staring at him) forwards a handsome sum of money. The girl's friends, of course, are not of the class that sees any objection to asking for anything; but MR. YOUNG appears to be an educated person, and he writes in a way that shows he is "as pleased as Punch" with himself. *Punch*, however, is not pleased at all, and has rarely noticed a more inhospitable bit of bad taste than this supplication to a visitor, and he hopes that somebody will translate this to the SHAH.



### "GENERAL UTILITY."

SCENE—Hotel Stables, North of Ireland.

*Captain.* "HULLO, PAT! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOING TO THE OLD MARE?"

*Pat.* "WELL, YOU SEE, CAPT'IN, OUR OLD BLACK HEARSE HORSE WENT LAME YESTERDAY THAT WAS WANTED FOR SQUIRE DOHERTY'S FUNERAL, SO I'M PAINTIN' UP THE OULD GREY FOR THE SERVICE. YOU SEE HER BODY WON'T SHOW, BY REASON O' THE HOUSIN'S, AND I'LL HAVE TO WASH HER CLANE AG'IN FOR MISS MCGINNETY'S WEDDIN' ON THE MORROW!"

### MR. PUNCH AND A PRIMATE.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, speaking at the Cloth-workers' Hall last week, made graceful reference to *Mr. Punch's* recent Cartoon, in which the Primates are depicted as the allies of MR. MIALL. The Archbishop observed that he had seen an "effigy" of himself in company with an M.P., who did not at all like the toast—Church and State—which had just been proposed, and DR. THOMSON suggested that this was probably the first time in history that an Archbishop of York had been portrayed as an enemy of the above Union. "But," he added, "whatever may be the effigy's sentiments, the living Archbishop earnestly urges you to preserve that Union." May Primate *Punch* respectfully submit to his most reverend brother that the latter could hardly have examined the Cartoon with the accuracy habitual to his Grace. *Mr. Punch's* suggestion is that, by neglecting the representations of real Churchmen, and by tolerating the audacious antics of Ritualism, the hierarchy is playing into the hands of the Church's enemies. Doubtless DR. THOMSON has since inspected the picture at the Athenæum Club, and has discovered that his reference to the satire did not really touch it. But *Mr. Punch* is full of hope that the Primates, warned by their faithful brother, will shortly carry out the spirit of DR. TAIT's memorable threat to the "Ritualist little Boys":—

"I'll flog you soundly if I see  
You ever bring your Toys to Church."

### A Bargain with Britannia.

FRIEND SHAH, henceforward we are sworn allies.  
If Russia give you any molestation,  
As sure as she's alive, I will advise  
Her to submit your case to arbitration.

### GENUINE "HAPPY THOUGHT."

THE following advertisement lately appeared in the *Hampshire Advertiser*:—

**AN INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN** (an Artist), struck by a great grief, would much like to TRAVEL AT SEA for two or three years, in a YACHT, along the coasts of the Mediterranean: or to go and LIVE in the SOUTH OF ITALY. To accomplish this purpose he would be glad to MAKE the ACQUAINTANCE of a LADY having the same tastes, independent, and free, to whom he would be the humble and respectful COMPANION. Address, in French and Franco, to Monsieur —, Paris, France.

Comment is unnecessary. Observe, however, how the man of business crops up in the last line. "*And Franco*,"—*Anglicé*, prepay your letters. That he may get what he wants must be the sincere wish of all who read the above ingenuous effusion.

### Music and Medicine.

At a national singing match the other day, in the Crystal Palace, the Tonic Sol-Fa Association Choir contended with the South Wales Choral Union. The palm of excellence was awarded to the Cambrian vocalists, a result which will not astonish those who consider that, whereas simple Welsh music consists of sweet sounds, the notes of the Association called Tonic Sol-Fa may be conceived to be of an opposite quality, as tonics are mostly bitter.

### Bos, an Ox.

By the capture of Khiva, it is said, Russia commands the Oxus. This looks ominous to the canine Latin scholar. Will not the command of the Oxus lead to that of the Bos-phorus?





### SCRUPLES.

*English Tourist (having arrived at Greenock on Sunday morning). "MY MAN, WHAT'S YOUR CHARGE FOR ROWING ME ACROSS THE FRITH?"*

*Boatman. "WEEL, SIR, I WAS JIST THINKIN' I CANNA BREAK THE SAWBATH-DAY FOR NO LESS THAN F'ITEEN SHULL'N'S!!"*

### A SWAIN ON ST. SWITHUN.

In thunder and rain come St. Swithun this year.  
He christened the apples; withal turned the beer.  
South-westerly winds purvailed most ways about;  
And the showers must ha' been purty general, no doubt.

So now we shall see if the old sayun's true—  
More or less rain to fall forty days and nights through;  
Or, on the contrary, 'twill turn out a lie  
By them days and nights, moor or less, beun' dry.

But this infarmation's what I wants to know;  
How fur do St. Swithun's authority go?  
Is 't all the world over, or, s'pozun 'tis not,  
Whereabouts is the line draa'd to mark off the spot?

There was once some folks somewhere, as I've a heer'd say,  
Tried to hedge in the cuckoo; some wise men like they  
Could p'raps, too, St. Swithun contrive to fence round,  
The weather unless he commands without bound.

St. Swithun, all on un there is to regard,  
Lies buried in Winchester Cathedral Churchyard.  
The room he takes up there by no manes ben't wide;  
But have 'a got broader dominions outside?

I doan't half believe they extends no gurt way;  
Med be not so fur off as Botany Bay.  
St. Swithun o' no Botany Bay didn't know;  
Thought there was a wus place than that down below.

To think we should git tins o' cooked mate from there,  
'Ood old Swithun and Dunstan, and them, ha' made stare!  
From sad sooperstition how 'tis to be free,  
Droo ziunce and zivilization, like we!

### PHILOSOPHICAL BALL.

A GERMAN Professor has been giving a ball "to celebrate the 2302nd anniversary of the birth"—of Terpsichore? No—"of PLATO"! The connection between the famous Greek philosopher and quadrilles and galops is not strikingly apparent, and, so far as we are aware, no commentator or scholiast has started the theory that PLATO'S Academy was a Dancing Academy. But a dance in his honour was better than a dinner with toasts and speeches, and we hope the Platonists of both sexes enjoyed the evening, and that no such dangerous thing as a Platonic attachment was originated in the room.

It is understood that the admirers of ARISTOTLE, determined not to be behindhand, have held a meeting to consider the most suitable way of commemorating the birthday of their great sage and master. It seems likely that an open-air *fête*, concluding with a grand display of fireworks in the evening, will be the programme of the Committee. Other commemorations are spoken of—EUCLID, PYTHAGORAS, SOLOON, &c. Further particulars will be duly announced.

### A Clerical Example.

A SERIES of charges against a clergyman in the Diocese of Chester having been investigated by the Bishop at Wigan, the defendant, convicted of "certain charges of drunkenness," was on Saturday last week suspended for three years and condemned in costs. Thus it appears that a Bishop of the Established Church is quite able to deal decidedly with Ritualists, if he pleases. Here is a Ritualist whose peculiar idolatry consists in celebrating the rites of Bacchus. This one is not allowed to continue at the same time his orgies and his ministrations. Why need any other be?

### Specimens of Silex.

PERSONS who take pleasure in examining the minute results of mechanical dexterity applied in the process of reducing small salaries and little items of necessary expenditure, should go to the South Kensington Museum, and inspect the interesting assortment of skins of flints, which has been contributed to the economic department of that Institution by Government.

We wants a few showers for to swell out the grain,  
Or else you 'll hear most o' we farmers complain.  
St. Swithun, thee bring us that much, and no more;  
If thee ca'st, make it rain, but doan't cause it to pour!

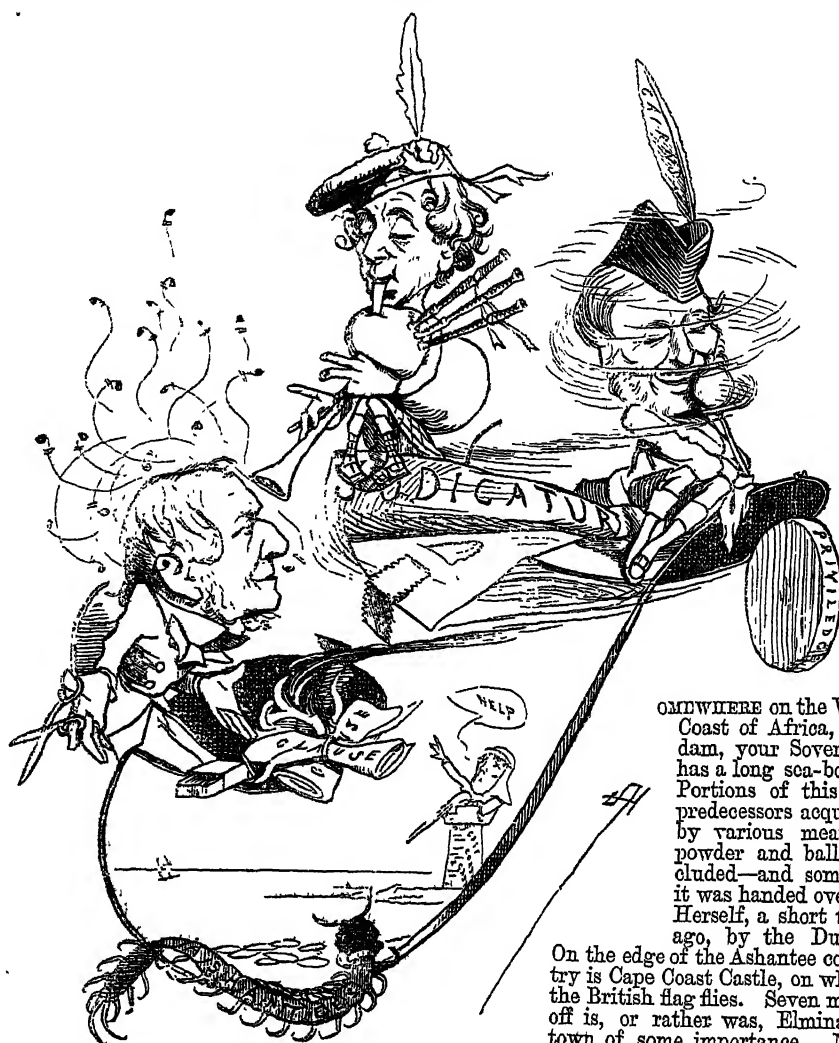
### A NOBLE FAILURE.

EVERY true Liberal will commiserate a generous Government for the peculiarly bitter mortification it has experienced in the Guildford County Court. Before that tribunal, JAMES GREEN, twelve years a Warder at Woking Prison, of irreproachable moral character indeed, but guilty of serious illness, and, because thereby incapacitated, having been dismissed without a day's notice, or a day's pay, sued the Directors of Her Majesty's Prisons for wages due during his illness. With characteristic magnanimity this suit was resisted, not on its merits, but, by the help of the Law Officers of the Crown, with a series of ingenious quibbles. Alas, however, judgment was pronounced in favour of the plaintiff for one month and three days' pay, the costs of attorney and plaintiff two days, and the plaintiff's witnesses one whole day! All the costs and damages thus incurred will have to be paid out of the national Exchequer; and, therefore, Her Majesty's Government will not only not have succeeded in the endeavour to save the country some shillings, if not pounds, by the technical evasion of an ex-official's demand for his just wages, but they will have let in the nation for the additional expense of the costs incurred in that great attempt wherein they have had the glorious but sad misfortune to fail. Are they not, feelingly, deeply, to be pitied?

### A STRIKE WITH SOME GOOD.

THE threatened strike in the Building Trade did not displease a hater of the spread of bricks-and-mortar about London. He says to the Builders, "A plague of all your houses!"

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OMYWHERE on the West Coast of Africa, Madam, your Sovereign has a long sea-board. Portions of this her predecessors acquired by various means—powder and ball included—and some of it was handed over to Herself, a short time ago, by the Dutch.

On the edge of the Ashantee country is Cape Coast Castle, on which the British flag flies. Seven miles off is, or rather was, Elmina, a town of some importance. Now the Ashantees of the interior hate us, because we have stopped the slave trade, and they are always showing hostility. This year they have showed it in a very marked manner, by invading your Queen's dominions. But our officers have been equal to the occasion. Elmina was full of sympathisers with the Ashantees. Like Troy, *Elmina fuit*. (We could not help introducing this effective classicism; in point of fact, only a part of the town was destroyed, but what is exactitude compared to a quotation?) Land and sea force co-operated, and pitched in shells, and if the gunpowder did not run out at the heels of the Elminians' shoes, it exploded in so many houses that it was made clear that they were stores for the benefit of the Ashantees. These savages came down three thousand strong, upon our men, but though they were few, they had the Snider, and knew how to use it; and the Ashantees, fighting well, had to retreat with great slaughter. This narrative of English pluck was told to the Lords to-night, Monday, July 14, by LORD KIMBERLEY.

LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE demanded a Committee to consider what could be done to prevent Ritualists and other foolish persons from imperilling the Church. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY did not think that the Motion ought to be agreed to. But he did not deny that there was just cause for alarm, yet he considered that those who had signed the petition for Confession were fools. A similar petition from Oxford he thought more seriously of, and wondered what sort of people the University Professors of Theology were who had joined in this. Also, what sort of people had appointed such Professors. The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY thought that the matter might be left to the good sense of the people of England. Well, as LORD SALISBURY, a magistrate and a legislator, says that if Paterfamilias, finding a canting *Tartuffe* trying to wheedle the ladies of a family to confess to him, may

"Take him by his right leg,  
Take him by his left leg,  
Take him by his two legs,  
And throw him down stairs,"

(a course Mr. Punch would applaud and defend), not much more need be said. The Motion was negatived.

LORD GRANVILLE explained in reference to the Persian concession to BARON REUTER, that the Government had not guaranteed that the capitalists should do their work in the best manner, or that the SHAH should be bound to the terms of the concession. And really,

Madam, we do not see how the nation could properly interfere in a business transaction with which we have no direct concern.

MR. PETER TAYLOR had a grievance about a Cock-fight at Weatherham. That a gentleman bearing his Christian name should take an interest in the animal in question, may be natural. But there was nothing in the grievance, the report on which Mr. TAYLOR's question was founded being, of course, "incorrect in all essential particulars." MR. WHALLEY could not, at all events did not, speak on the subject, though it would have been out of order for him to do so. But we dare say he hates all Cocks, because of

"The Cock that crowed in the morn  
And waked the Priest all shaven and shorn."

A bird that would act as servant to a miserable shaveling of Rome must be enough to make the whole *Gallus* race intolerable to the Member for Peterborough.

The artist of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's is again at work, and the monument may be completed in 1874. *A propos* of nothing, the Duke (who was born on the 29th of April, 1769, at 24, Upper Merrion Street, Dublin) died on the 14th September, 1852, at Walmer Castle. If we get the monument as promised, therefore, it will have been twenty-two years in hand.

MR. C. READ had a telegraph question, which as a legal friend had drawn it up for him, he said that he could not understand, so he would put it in his own way. Postal telegrams are delivered free within a radius of a mile. But beyond that the Post Office charges sixpence a mile, measuring not from the end of the free delivery, but from itself. The Post Master admitted that he did not think this was right, and that is something for a Minister to say.

Then we had Judicature. We explained, last week, Madam, how that LORD CATRNS had raised the banner of Privilege. To-night MR. GLADSTONE promised to state, next day, how he intended to deal with the matter.

MR. DISRAELI made one of his smartest speeches thereon, and certainly pointed out some inaccuracies in the historical statement, by which MR. GLADSTONE, the week before, justified the course he had taken. He objected to MR. GLADSTONE's impoliteness in telling him that he had not "a rag of an argument." He was deeply interested in the privileges of the Commons, but he would never denounce an assertion of privilege by the Lords, and then yield to it.

*Tuesday.*—The BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, referring to a personal matter, did thus give it to LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE.

"I hate and abhor the attempt to Romanise the Church of England; and I will never hear myself charged with it, without telling him who makes such a charge to his face that he is guilty of a gross misrepresentation, especially when that charge comes from one who has been endeavouring to his utmost to get the Prayer Book altered to make it suit his views on Ireland."

The declaration was manly and well-timed, but, dear Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself? Don't deny it, now—we see the words on the tip of your tongue—"brown"—"blue." Shut up, dear Madam.

MR. GLADSTONE announced, in regard to the Judicature Bill, that he would not recommit it. He adopted the language of a leading article in the *Times* of that morning, and said that "it was better to have a greater certainty of having an imperfect Bill than to run risks for the sake of a more

perfect Bill." A would-be contributor, of the Irish religion, once sent *Mr. Punch* a splendid war-song, beginning—

"Up with the Banner that never went down."

As LORD CAIRNS is an Irishman (one of whom Ireland should be proud), he may like to chant this noble tune in honour of his Banner of Privilege.

We talked about Rating and Rattling. This is not a foolish play on words, Madam; we despise and condemn such frivolity, but it is a record of fact. There was question of rating anything considered good for sport, and MR. GOLDSMID said that he knew a place where rat-killing was much admired. Would we tax Rats? Yes, and Ratteners. At least, we would make both nuisances into subjects for the Taxidermist. [Rather happy, that.]

MR. CHARLEY had a grievance about our Ecclesiastical Policy in the Windward Islands, and he was supported by LORD JOHN MANNERS and MR. NEWDEGATE. Affair! MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, *dissipati sunt*, the Windward Champions. Madam, that does not mean that they are "dissipated." A more virtuous nobleman, and two more virtuous gentlemen, exist not.

With considerable promptitude a Committee for considering what changes should be made in the Criminal Law Amendment Act was refused, by 39 to 35. We should not wonder if the artisans who "demand the repeal of all Criminal Law," make some little disturbance over this.

Wednesday.—Take comfort, Madam. The Metric System of Weights and Measures is not to be enacted this year. So you may continue to employ your dear old clumsy arrangements, and have your Troy and Avoirdupois-weights, and your barleycorns, rods, poles, perches, furlongs, and all the rest of it.

Talking a Bill out of the House is not always a legitimate manoeuvre, but MR. THOMAS HUGHES employed it, with perfect

propriety, in order to get rid of a measure about Cumulative Voting. It is an important subject, and not one to be taken up when we are all yawning, and writing for houses by the Sea.

MR. BARCLAY brought in a Bill for dealing with Wild Animals in Scotland. The wildest we ever saw there were a group of rosy English children suddenly turned loose upon a Highland Moor, and a good sight it was, and we did not want an Act of Parliament to deal with them. But perhaps MR. BARCLAY wants to regulate fiery Scotch Calvinists. He had better let 'em burn themselves out.

Thursday.—MR. WHALLEY gave notice of a Tichborne question. But there are times for all things. He should have foreseen that there would be no interest for anything he could say about his friend the Defendant, when everybody was curious to know how DR. KENEALY intended to blow away the Cloud of Witnesses.

HER MAJESTY'S answer to the Address obtained by the victorious MR. RICHARD touching Arbitration, was read by LORD OTHO FITZGERALD. It was the calmest intimation that the QUEEN was favourable to the principle of Arbitration, and would resort to it when likely to be attended with effect.

Education again. MR. FORSTER, supported by the Conservatives (who, as MR. HOPE said for them, sat there all night to protect the Government against their own party), carried the Second Reading of the Amended Education Act by 343 to 72—majority 271. But MR. FORSTER had modified his modifications, and he abandons the proposed payment for other poor children than those of parents taking out-door relief, and makes it a condition of such relief that the children shall be sent to school. This, at any rate, provides for teaching 200,000 children. The anti-denominationalists made fight, but victory went to the Children's Friend, and *Mr. Punch*, pleased, went into the country, saying with *King Henry the Eighth*,

"These little ones shall make it holiday."

## THE RIFLES AT WIMBLEDON.



WIMBLEDON, this year, has seen England win the International Challenge Trophy, signally defeating Ireland and Scotland. But England has lost the great Prize, the Queen's, which is carried off to Edinburgh. As JAMES HOGG sings,

"MENZIES is crowned with garlands gay,  
And bears the envied prize away."

We would gladly give a portrait of the Winner, but have not seen him, and have found some difficulty in constructing a likeness out of our own consciousness, and these two descriptions,

from capital articles by two of our contemporaries. One says,

"MENZIES is a thick-set, sandy Scotchman, half-way between thirty and forty."

Another must have seen the gallant Sergeant in another light—and the lights did shift a good deal that Tuesday.

"Presently above the medley is hoisted a good-looking dark-bearded young fellow, who, smiling all the while, appears to be chiefly concerning himself in the investigation whether he has not been torn limb from limb. It is SERGEANT MENZIES, of the 1st Edinburgh."

However, that is a detail. *Mr. Punch* heartily congratulates him, and the 1st Edinburgh, and Auld Reekie, and Caledonia stern and wild, upon the victory. It was won by a sort of accident—that is to say, the splendid marksman, CORPORAL PULLMAN, of the 2nd Middlesex, with two shots to win, managed to miss both, to the astonishment of everybody, and we hope to the dismay, confusion, and utter discomfiture of the "pestilent busybody" who, as the *Daily News* says, came up to him at the last moment to make him nervous by telling him the exact state of the score. But *Punch* is too loyal and open-hearted a Party to think of trying to explain

away the Scotch victory. A miss is as good as a mile, and Middlesex was not

"Within a mile of Edinburgh town."

The Edinburgh Sergeant shot admirably, and deserves his good luck, if PULLMAN did not deserve his bad luck. Three cheers and a tiger for the North—we have not the least idea what a tiger is, but the Scottish Lion, that "ramps in gold," may know. The Lion's health in a dram—that's plain English, we hope.

Winchester "tunded" all the other Public Schools, and the Commons beat the Lords with the help of a Lord, which conduct LORD CAIRNS probably will construe into a breach of privilege. We were very happy to see the Canadians, and agree with COLONEL PETERS, one of them, who kindly acted as umpire at the International contest, that his folks ought not to be called our cousins, but our brothers—though *gratia fratrum rara est*—and some friends are stated, on the best authority, to stick closer than brothers. The Dragon Cup goes to Cambridge, thanks to CORPORAL HEMERY, who, when it gets dull, can rub it up with hemery powder. Not a bad fancy, that the money prize should be paid in Dragon sovereigns. If it had been shot for with "Joe" Mantons, we suppose it would have been paid in fourpenny pieces.

Justice to Ireland! We have always been her best friend, and the quantity of good advice we have given her is astounding. We will offer her a little more. Let her adopt, in all matters, the golden rule of patience and perseverance which has this year given her the Elcho Shield. She has beaten England and Scotland, and, in the name of both, *Punch* heartily congratulates her. To her health, in a glass of Paddy-Shah, which she knows better as L.L. Nay, if 'tis t'other liquid, we scorn to be particular on such an occasion. Hooray for Hibernia!

One word more. Hearty congratulations to all who were in the great tent on Sunday, that they were out of it before the storm blew it down. But is there not something out of taste in this Wimbledon Church business? Does not the Service seem rather like part of the Pic-Nic? If it were only for the Volunteers it would be most proper, but how many of the 2000 in that tent were Volunteers? Then, as to the mode of celebration. Have our readers seen a French regiment at religious duties—drawn up in the open air, on three sides, with the modest altar on the fourth? That is, to our eye, more like what is fitting, than a holiday crowd in a tent.

Leaving this to the consideration of those concerned, we have nothing to add but congratulations to the Volunteers, and to their Lady and Mistress, on the capital muster and magnificent marksmanship of 1873, when

"All the gods and goddesses descended from their spheres,  
Exulting in the shooting of the British Volunteers."

WHAT is the comparative of "sweet night?"—Evidently sweet nitre!



### "DAWN OF GENIUS."

"WHAT'S THE USE OF TALKING TO BABY, MAMMA?—HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU!"  
 "WHY CAN'T HE UNDERSTAND ME?" "WHY, HE'S GOT NO TEETH!"

### CELTIC SELF-GOVERNMENT.

O, LET an affectionate People advance  
 Their eyes to the glorious Assembly of France,  
 And see how the noble surpasses the base,  
 And a warm-hearted nation a cold-blooded race!

No craven respect for mean order is there.  
 Debate's free as fightin' at Donnybrook Fair.  
 And that shows the world how the freeman behaves,  
 Hurlin' scorn and defiance at traitors and slaves.

United in discord the Patriots engage,  
 Mighty uproar drowns all but the taunts of wild rage.  
 Away, crawling patience, and calm self-control,  
 And don't dam the tide of the eloquent soul!

The clenched fists are flourished, the glowin' eyes glare,  
 The whoop, and the howl, and the hiss, rend the air.  
 The grin of fierce fury that speaks in a sneer  
 Displays the teeth gnashing betwixt ear and ear.

The President shouts for tame silence in vain,  
 For the soul of the French scorns the scourge and the chain;  
 Their Parliament trembles at no Speaker's nod:  
 They won't cower, they won't crouch whilst they kiss the black rod.

The Saxon oppressor may scoff at the free.  
 But the Celt in his own way self-governed will be.  
 Let Old Ireland but conquer Home Rule, and the scene  
 Of Versailles shall be soon played in proud College Green.

### A FEARFUL SAYING.

EDUCATION produces great results in the United States. It is said to make good children even out of the Sinsinnati boys.

### THE EUROPEAN MELODRAMA.

How remarkably are the real Kings, Leaders, and Generals, of the so-called "Latin Races," who figure on the political stage of Europe, like those accustomed to strut and fret their hour on that of a British minor theatre. A telegram from Bayonne, the other day, announced that DON CARLOS had re-entered Spain on the previous night, and issued the following proclamation to the Carlist volunteers:—

"Listening to the voice of suffering Spain, I come to fight for my country and for God. I will not remain idly looking on during this expiatory and heroic struggle. I deplore the blindness of the army which is forgetful of fifteen centuries of glory under the monarchical flag. . . . Spain seeks help from us. Volunteers, forward! Spain says she is dying! Volunteers, let us save her."

As the utterer of this bombast, DON CARLOS, one fancies, must necessarily have been attired in a frogged green tunic, a slouched hat and feathers, long ringlets, and russet boots. One seems to have heard it all in one's youth every time one went to the Surrey Theatre, but has read it still more frequently since reported in the newspapers amongst foreign intelligence, during the repeated revolutions and insurrections which have occurred on the Continent.

### Another Great "Lion."

THE SHAH OF PERSIA has departed (except from the Opéra Comique, where he is likely to remain for some time to come), and the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR has not yet arrived. Meanwhile sightseers are not left without proper provision for their wants. In a notice of the opening of the magnificent new Architectural Courts at the South Kensington Museum, this announcement above all delighted us—"The famous Buddhist, Sanchi Tope, is here in white plaster and full size." The "white plaster" is rather puzzling. Perhaps it is some humane contrivance for protecting "the famous Buddhist" from the caprices of our changeable climate?





## "THE OLD, OLD TUNE."

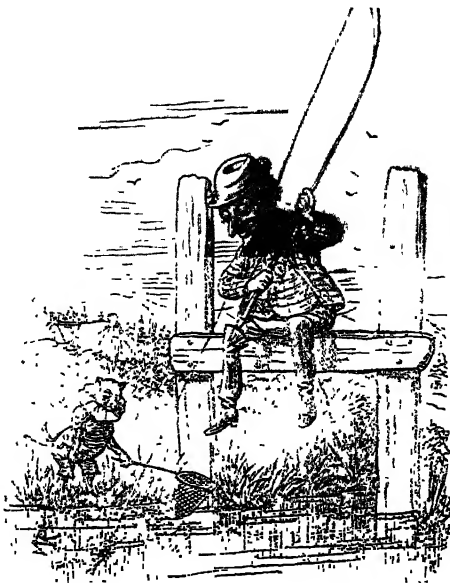
"PRINCE ALFRED WOULD A WOONG GO!"

"THERE CAME A FIDDLER HERE TO PLAY,  
AND O BUT HE WAS JIMP AND GAY,  
HE STOLE THE LASSIE'S HEART AWAY,  
AND MADE IT ALL HIS AIN, O."—Song.



## THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

## CHAPTER IV.



ow the Scholar caught  
a Pike.

## THE SAME DAY.

*Piscator.* So we are once more at the river. Now thrust your hand in, baited as it is with the hook and the red beetle, which you have so cunningly sewn to your finger; lie close, keep yourself out of sight, and, surely, one of us will have sport.

*Venator.* O! O! Master, O! I have disturbed a red ant-hill! O!

*Piscator.* Nay, no wonder, my loving Scholar, since your crying is enough to disturb whole villages. I fear me you have not yet a spirit suitable to

anglers. How sung the pious SIR THOMAS DE BEDLAM?

Though wasps may sting me through my hose,  
Though ants and beetles bite my toes,  
Though swarming bees hang from my nose,

Yet would I  
Quiet lie  
A Fishing.

Though snakes should bite, and leeches suck,  
Though stags should jump at me and buck,  
Though me in air fierce bulls should chuck,

Yet would I  
Quiet lie  
A Fishing.

*Venator.* I thank you, good Master, for the sweet verses of the good SIR THOMAS, and I do perceive that he did not introduce the "quiet lie" into his song without intention.

*Piscator.* True. But I pray you use this occasion, while you are silently awaiting a fish, to remember some catch, for to-night I will take you to the Fishers' Folly, where my Hostess expects my brother PETER, a good angler, and a cheerful companion, who will bring a friend with him. There we'll rejoice, tell tales, or sing ballads, and pass away a little time without offence.

*Venator.* A match, good Master; let's be going; for I am very hungry, my clothes are still wet, and the red ants are wandering about me, and I would fain move the bait and hook from my finger.

*Piscator.* Nay, stay a little, good Scholar, for I would make you an artist. We shall have a bite presently. So do you lie prone with your hand in the river, as I bid you, while I consult my book of conceits and ballads, so that I may be even with brother PETER and his companion to-night.

*Venator.* O, Sir, I see you have finished your study. I have lain here the while—these two hours—and not seen a fish stir. O me! O! O! Master! A fish! A fish! O! He has caught me! O! He is biting my hand! O!

*Piscator.* Ay, marry, Sir, you may well be proud of being taken by the hand by such a monarch of fishes as he is. He is an overgrown Pike, the biggest that ever I saw.

*Venator.* O, Master! O! Will he pull me into the water? O!  
*Piscator.* If he have firm hold of you, and prove the stronger, 'tis more than probable he will. And I would have you to know that this fish is the mighty Luce or Pike, and is commonly called the Tyrant of the fresh water. So, do you keep a firm hold of the tree, and with dexterous jerk you may land this fresh-water wolf, as he is called by some writers.

*Venator.* O, Master, he is biting my arm! O! I feel as though he were becoming heavier every minute! O!

*Piscator.* He is only assisting at his own capture, as the more of your arm he contrives to lay hold of with his teeth, the firmer grasp will you have of him when the moment for drawing him forth from his native element arrives, and the surer will be his taking. Nay, Scholar, you cannot be in pain, for the beetle, as I have told you,

suffers not in the least, either when he conceitedly writhes on the hook, or when he is taken by the fish.

*Venator.* But O, Master, if he remain as he now is, will not this Pike that hath hold of me die? O!

*Piscator.* I will tell you, Scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live: and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and so it will gently wear away. And now, while he hath hold of you thus, I will sit down at ease, and tell something more about the Pike. The learned GOSLING observes, that a maid in Tartary was swallowed whole by a Pike, and was never heard of again. The poetic THOMAS hath sung of him—

O'er dale and dyke,  
O'er splint and spike,  
Away! away!  
To catch the pike!

The pike, the pike,  
The fish I like,  
Is worth a dozen cheven.  
In sooth, I mean,  
He's worth thirteen,  
But that would be uneven.

If upon a bank he lies  
For two hours, then he dies.  
Mourn the birds, and weeps the shrike,  
All the fishes go on strike  
At the death of Old King Pike.

Also my friend, MR. WAGSTAFF, affirms that the gaiters of two Polonian gentlemen, who disappeared about the same time and place, were found near a pond on a high road, where formerly there used to be a well-known pike, which had been known to stop horses, cattle, carts, and everything that came its way. The venerable BISHOP STORTFORD relates how he used to catch these voracious monsters, after dark, by fastening himself to bladders and floating down the stream with a reading-lamp fixed to his girdle, and a spelling-book in his hand. Sometimes he carried bottles of hay, and the flags of the various countries, through which he floated. There are no pikes in Spain, and the roads are in a very bad state.

*Venator.* Would I were in Spain. Master! O!

*Piscator.* So! Take him in his leap!—You have him. I tell you, Scholar, fishing and catching are two separate arts.

*Venator.* O me! I am content. Shall we eat him, Master?

*Piscator.* Nay, that will we not. Honest brother PETER and his companion will bring a fine salmon trout with them, so we shall not want for fish. But see! there in the meadow are two simple milkmaids tending the sheep. We will speak them so fairly, that they shall be glad to give us a leg of young lamb in exchange for our Pike. So do you carry the fish, cans, nets, and tackle, while I hold the rod, and will presently address these maidens.

*Venator.* O, Master, the more buxom of the pair would be a fit helpmate for an angler!

*Piscator.* Why so?

*Venator.* She is so Chubby. O, Master! I will never again make so sorry a jest! O! O! O!

## MARTIAL ORGANISATION.

LORD ELCHO is reported to have told the House of Commons that the *physique* and age of our soldiers enlisted of late years are lamentably below the standard held to be essential in Germany. If this is so, what wonder? Where military service is compulsory the State can pick and choose recruits, and chooses grenadiers accordingly. "Of all the gallant heroes," sings our anonymous *quasi* TYRÆUS, "there's none for to compare (with a ri-tol-de-riddle-iddle-lol) to the British Grenadier." But now it appears that, in a general way, the German Grenadier does, in stature at least, without the qualification in our TYRÆUS's lyric, excel the British. On the other hand, however, let it be considered that, in these days of rifle-shooting with precision, the soldier's stature is of less importance than it was; and that, if our recruits are short, they are voluntary, and bear great minds in little bodies—the latter, nevertheless, quite big enough to serve the former efficiently in drawing the "bead" and the trigger. But there is another greatness of mind often actuating a great body. Bodies and brains are not always commensurate, but great brains do in many cases go with great bodies, and generally great minds with generally great brains, and then greatness of mind is intellectual as well as impulsive. Thus a greatness of brains is apt to be accompanied by a great mind, amounting to a strong determination, to take every possible care never to put the brains in the way of being blown out. Hence, whilst little men with little brains enlist willingly in the army of their country, or any other, great men with great brains, too many of them, require coercion to make them soldiers.



### ÆSTHETICS.

*Jabberly.* "WAS AWFULLY SNUBBED BY MRS. DULCIMER, LAST NIGHT, AT THE OPERA, FOR TALKING TO HER WHILE THEY WERE SINGING."

*Maria.* "I THINK SHE WANTS TASTE, THEN. A HEAVY, ROUGH VOICE CONTRASTS SO WELL WITH MUSIC, AND ADDS FLAVOUR TO IT, AS AN OLIVE DOES TO CLARET."

### PEACE IN SALEM.

SALEM means "Peace." Jerusalem probably means the Foundation of Peace. After which proof of the fact that *Mr. Punch* possesses DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S invaluable *Dictionary of the Bible*, the former learned man proceeds to show how Peace is kept in Salem.

A person named DELOS HEFFEREN (we know not how he came to bear the name of the birthplace of Apollo and Diana—which is fastened to the bottom of the sea by chains, to which we invite the attention of the Admiralty, as they must be miracles of workmanship) had recently the misfortune to murder a person of the name of HALSTED, at Salem. Perhaps it is unfair to call him a murderer, as he was not tried, he may have been only a manslayer. However, he found Salem no City of Refuge.

About two in the morning of the 30th ult.,

"A body of masked men entered Salem, seized and held prisoners the town patrolmen, and, proceeding to the gaol, demanded the keys of DEPUTY-SHERIFF CRAYCROFT, who resides in the building. The Sheriff refused to give up the keys under any peril, when he was seized and confined, and a sledge-hammer procured, with which the mob proceeded to force its way into the cell of DELOS HEFFEREN."

The Sheriff appears to have behaved like a man, and much as the brave Governor of Newgate did during the Gordon Riots—see *Barnaby Rudge*. The mob (the word is not ours; we should not venture so to describe a body of free and enlightened Citizens) found that the cell was strongly protected. But two doors, one of iron, were broken open, and "the murderer stood face to face with the Vigilants." Yes, that is a more gracious name for them. DELOS'S vigil had not been a pleasant one, for

"HEFFEREN had watched the progress of the mob, which came thirsting for his blood, and had prepared himself as well as he could for desperate resistance. Knowing death awaited him if taken, he determined to fight to the last, with some pieces of the furniture of his cell. He stood like a tiger at bay, and guarded the door."

Or, rather, the doorway. It was not left for him to do as the vassal is ordered to do in one of JOANNA BAILLIE'S powerful dramas:—

"Rise,

And set thy brutal strength against the door,"

for it was already forced. Still, he was not yet vanquished.

"The mob, knowing the desperate character of the man, and that the first who entered would meet certain death, hesitated to attempt an entrance. They procured balls of twine, saturated them with coal oil and turpentine, and threw some of them into the cell, and threw others forward on the ends of long poles and set them a-blaze. Having thus lighted up the cell, bringing the victim into full view, the mob opened fire upon him."

If, like the classic hero, he prayed to "die in the light," his prayer seemed likely to be granted. There was considerable ingenuity on the part of the Vigilants in contriving this *chambre ardente*, in advance. Well, twenty shots were fired at him, and one broke his right arm, so that he could not use the only weapon he had—a chair. Then a "rock" was hurled at his head. This sounds Homeric, but we fear it was only a big stone; anyhow, it brought him down.

"Before he could recover, he was seized, tied, and dragged out of the cell and of the gaol. 'What are you going to do with me?' he asked. 'Hang you,' was the reply. 'I will go along with you,' he said. He was immediately taken to a covered railroad bridge, about thirty feet high, about two squares from the gaol, where he asked time to pray, but the lynchers replied *they could not wait*."

Dying in Salem is "parting in Peace," we suppose, so the Vigilants, who seem to be resolute theologians, held that no special religious preparation was necessary.

"The rope was put around his neck and thrown over a rafter of the bridge. HEFFEREN was then pushed off. As soon as he was dead the lynchers returned to the gaol, gathered up everything they had left that could afford a clue to their identity, released the Sheriff and guards, and scattered in every direction. None were recognised, and no person knows by what road they entered or left town. The body was hanging till 4 o'clock, when it was taken down and brought home."

The work was certainly not done negligently. The Vigilants had





### MAKE YOUR MASTER'S INTERESTS YOUR OWN.

*First Flunkey.* "GOING TO WAIT HERE LONG?"

*Second Ditto.* "NO—WE'RE OFF TO A GARDEN PARTY, ON BUSINESS."

*First Ditto.* "WHICH ONE IS IT?"

*Second Ditto.* "OH, THE ELDEST, AS USUAL."

*First Ditto.* "ANY GOOD THIS TIME, DO YOU THINK?"

*Second Ditto.* "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. WE'RE A TRYING PRECIOUS 'ARD."

thought of everything. And as SHAKESPEARE says, "He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours," for the excellent good reason that "he shall see none to fear." The late DELOS has no cause to dread the colour in which his difficulty with HALSTEAD may be represented to his late fellow-citizens. Possibly, as he is stated to have had a "home," it may now be discovered that he was a martyr-soul, and that he died for having avenged some outrage on his Lares and Penates. However, that will not materially alter matters. We know nothing of the circumstances, and it is possible that the Vigilants may have simply destroyed a ruffian who might otherwise have escaped *moyennant* some of the merciful eccentricities of the criminal law of the country.

For this Salem is not the place of which MELCHIZEDEC was King, but is in Indiana, U.S., 40° N., 86° W.; Pop. 33,809: and is inhabited by people who speak the language of SHAKESPEARE (more or less), and who look down with Republican scorn upon the effete institutions of a rotten old Monarchical country. Jera—Salem! Yes, Sir. Yet, on the whole, considering that the most vigilant Vigilants, being mortal, might confer immortality by mistake, we rather prefer the Sworn Box and the Black Flag.

### THE MUSIC OF INNOCENCE.

THE life of MOSCHELES, lately published, contains an interesting story about MENDELSSOHN and QUEEN VICTORIA. The Composer had paid the QUEEN a visit, during which he played several pieces before HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE CONSORT. "You have given me," said our Sovereign Lady, "so much pleasure, now, what can I do to give you pleasure?" MENDELSSOHN, "himself the head of a household, felt mightily interested in the QUEEN's domestic arrangements; in short," ventured to ask "that he might see the Royal children in their Royal nurseries." Whereupon—

### SLIPPING THROUGH SLIPPERS.

[Have you read MR. TROLLOPE'S "Three Clerks?" Then, read it again.]

YES, well I know your words are true,  
I promised this last dance to you,

The fact I can't deny:  
Yet do not deem a maiden false,  
Nor think she'd with another valse  
While you are standing by.

Think not because my card I've lost  
That something hath my temper crost,  
Nor judge me a coquette;  
Fain would I in the giddy whirl  
With you my partner madly twirl,  
And all my grief forget.

But ah! to-night my joys are o'er,  
No more I tread the polished floor—  
(I thought you never frowned?)  
For (whisper) satin is not strong,  
And, HENRY, having danced too long,  
My toes are on the ground.

### PEBBLE POWDER AND PEPPER.

At the late Naval Inspection at Spithead, the yacht *Lynx*, according to a letter in the newspapers from her owner, had the misfortune to get accidentally in the way, and close ahead of, a gunboat which was firing salutes in honour of the SHAH. The salutes were fired with pebble powder, and "the result may be more readily imagined than described. The vessel was riddled as with a charge of grape-shot, five persons severely wounded, and one burnt with the explosion." Of course. Not all the pebbles of pebble powder, when a charge is fired, explode; some, like some grains of common powder in like case, remain entire, and are discharged as projectiles. Consequently the gunboat astern of the *Lynx*, in saluting the SHAH with the report of pebble powder, also saluted the unlucky *Lynx* with a shower of pebbles, to the effect above mentioned. Moral for yachtsmen—Give the mouths of guns supposed to be firing blank cartridge a wide berth, lest they should possibly salute you with pebble powder, which is both powder and shot.

PROBLEM FOR FINANCIERS.—To convert a Floating Debt into a Sinking Fund.

"THE QUEEN at once entered into the spirit of his appeal, and in her most winning way conducted him herself through the nurseries, all the while comparing notes with him on the homely subjects that had a special attraction for both."

The notes which the QUEEN compared with MENDELSSOHN on the subject of the nursery were worth preserving. It is known that HER MAJESTY is well enough skilled in music to be quite capable of comparing notes with a Master. Very likely MENDELSSOHN did jot her notes down, and they still exist among his papers. Had he lived, possibly he would have availed himself of them in the composition of a symphony on a theme which has never yet received musical treatment. That is, unless we may regard as savouring of harmonious effect the suggestive lines, which you know, boys:—

"Continuo audite voces, vagitus et ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo."

But, considering the place on whose threshold this concert was heard by the pious ÆNEAS, we may suppose that the mind's ear of the Poet imagined other sounds than those of the nursery as they would have been rendered by the Musician had he composed a Nursery Symphony. According to Phrenology, the German Composer's "Philoprogenitiveness" appears to have equalled his "Tune," but much less of the former organ than of the latter is evinced by the Latin Poet. A Nursery Symphony by MENDELSSOHN would have breathed the sweetness of "The Cradle Song." But perhaps VIRGIL's less pleasant conception of that sort of music is the more natural. We can fancy such music, as conceived by VIRGIL, just now attending the Massacre of the Innocents.

PAWNBROKERS' "DUPLICATES."—Their Twins.





## WIMBLEDON, 1873.

*Volunteer Mounted Officer (Midnight).* "HULLO HERE! WHY DON'T YOU TURN OUT THE GUARD? I'M THE FIELD-OFFICER OF THE DAY!"

*Volunteer Sentry.* "THEN WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOIN' OUT THIS TIME O' NIGHT!"

## A FALSE ALARM.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD is too keen-eyed to lose an opportunity of making a Catholic point. He has been referring to the Judicature Bill, and, after stating that a tribunal which is not ecclesiastical is to decide on ecclesiastical questions, he asks—

"What does this point to? It is the absorption by the State of the religious independence of the Church of England."

DR. VAUGHAN was speaking to a Catholic audience, and he was very properly cheered. The BISHOP OF FLEET STREET, addressing sundry millions who are not Catholic, will, with equal propriety, be cheered when he replies that there is no "absorption" of the kind. The new tribunal will make no law, but will simply declare the law. The new tribunal has nothing to do with the State, except that it will receive salaries provided by the arts of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Judges who have received a legal and logical education are much better qualified to expound law than are Bishops, who have been able schoolmasters, popular preachers, or devoted country parsons. English Protestants will be quite satisfied with such ecclesiastical judgments as may be given by men of the school of LORDS SELBORNE, CAIRNS, and HATHERLEY, and will not sigh for spiritual judges, even if we could get men like the gracious CULLEN himself. We do not add a mocking compliment to DR. VAUGHAN for being so kind as to interest himself in the welfare of the Church of England, because the BISHOP OF SALFORD is a gentleman, and not merely an able priest of Rome. *Distinguo*, says that awful Jesuit, *Father Punch*.

## A NOMINAL SOLECISM.

THERE are really no Jesuits among our Parsons—be it said to the Jesuits' credit. They are all disciples of LOYOLA; those of the Anglican clergy imagined from appearances to belong to them are disloyal.

## DANGER!

THIS is a serious matter. The attention of Parliament ought to be called to it. The various Conservative Associations throughout the country ought to meet and deliberate without a moment's delay. All who are sincerely attached to the British Constitution should lose no time in openly declaring their sentiments. The Press should speak out. The platform should not be silent. Petitions, public meetings—every legitimate means of arousing public attention, must be at once employed. The Third Estate of the Realm would seem to be menaced with imminent danger. So much so, that it has been found necessary to form a "Commons' Preservation Society." Members are shaking in their seats.

## A Citadel at Command.

ALL Roman doctrine, Ritualists, you hold,  
Except the POPE's dominion o'er the fold.  
We have your word you that exception make;  
And every gentleman your word must take.  
Why not, since your subscription's a pretence,  
Take your word, too, in its non-natural sense?  
Your Reverence writes yourself D.D., M.A.;  
Why to those letters not adjoin S.J.?  
No reason can forbid but one alone—  
That's the POPE's honesty, and not your own.

## Like for Like.

At the present season hay fever is prevalent in some districts. Homœopathy supplies the remedy for this complaint. The natural antidote to hay is straw. It is best taken in the form of strawberries, of which, as all the straw they contain has only a nominal existence, the patient need not limit himself to infinitesimal quantities, but can eat any amount.



### "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM."

*Enthusiastic Pedestrian.* "AM I ON THE RIGHT ROAD FOR STRATFORD,—SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN, YOU KNOW, MY MAN. YOU'VE OFTEN HEARD OF SHAKESPEARE?"

*Rustic.* "EES. BE YOU HE?"

### NEW CODE OF HEALTH.

MR. PUNCH sees advertised "The Ten Laws of Health." He has not read the little work, and disclaims all intention of rivalry in putting forth his own views on the all-important subject of which it treats. But the interest he feels in every sanitary movement must be his excuse for making known to the world a few simple rules which he has never known to fail, when rigidly observed, and perseveringly attended to:—

1. Winter and summer, spring and autumn, always take your breakfast in bed.
2. In eating and drinking, deny yourself nothing which you fancy. Inclination is the only safe rule in these cases.
3. A light supper is your best safeguard against sleeplessness, indigestion, dreams of unpaid bills and poor relations, and other nocturnal disturbances. A lobster, or a buttered crab, or some pickled salmon, or a nice veal cutlet, or, if there is nothing else at hand, a hearty meal of toasted cheese, will have a wonderful effect upon you, and cause you to feel in the morning quite another man.
4. Thick soles to boots and shoes would be a laughable mistake, if they did not lead to such deplorable consequences. They make the wearer uncomfortable, and cause the feet to present an unsightly appearance. Besides, the noise they produce inflicts positive harm on persons of sensitive nerves.
5. Never get up later than twelve. Never go to bed after three. Nine hours' sleep is enough for anyone. Perhaps a simpler rule is never to get up or to go to bed until you feel disposed.
6. If you have the chance of riding, do not waste time, and tissue, and boot and shoe-leather by walking. Those old-fashioned notions which some people still entertain about the necessity of exercise only show how long a superstition will linger on.
7. It is only necessary to think of the incredible number of young and delicate females who go out to dinners, dances, and other evening entertainments, at the most inclement periods of the year, lightly

### IMPERTINENT YOUTH.

(A Song of Sympathy.)

RETURNING home one eve, of late,  
I mused on life's decreasing span.  
There passed by me a living freight  
Of parish children in a van.

How they did laugh, and cheer, and shout!  
Had liquor loosed each infant's tongue?  
I never laughed and roared without  
Having had too much, old or young.

And, as I cast at them an eye,  
They waved, as though to catch my sight,  
Their hands and handkerchiefs on high,  
In testimony of delight.

But on my mind there dawns a thought,  
Whose truth may probable appear;  
Perhaps those children had been taught,  
And schooled, and drilled, to shout and cheer.

More joy than children can contain  
I understand, if that can be,  
That they might vent in acts insane;  
But why make signs of it to me?

SMELFUNGUS.

### WORSE THAN "A PLAIN COOK."

"Plain Woman wanted, to assist a Lady in Housework, for Two Rooms rent-free. References."

THE lady who publishes this Want must be of a highly sanguine temperament if she expects to receive a single answer to her advertisement. She cannot but be altogether ignorant of her own sex, to imagine for one moment that any member of it would ever acknowledge herself to be that "impossible she"—a "plain woman"! The "references" will not be required. It would be idle for us to give the address. It will never be wanted.

### THE DONKEY'S QUESTION.

THE announcement of every new discovery of which the use cannot be at once foreseen is met with a bray. The Latin for ee-haw is "Cui bono?"

and airily clad, to be convinced that it is sheer nonsense to take precautions against damp and the night air.

8. If business, or some other disagreeable necessity, compels you to breakfast early and dine late, on no account be induced to eat anything in the interval. Dinner is far too important an occurrence to be encountered with a demoralised appetite.

9. Always sleep after dinner, and, if you have the opportunity, after luncheon (which should be hot and heavy) as well.

10. If you must pay attention to your diet, restrict yourself to pork, veal, curries and other highly-seasoned dishes, broad beans, pickles, pine-apples, salmon and cucumber, ices, sweets, filberts, buttered toast, pastry in profusion, and all sorts of cool cups and summer beverages.

### Platform Amalgamation.

It is proposed that the United Kingdom Alliance, the Temperance League, the Anti-Tobacco Society, and all the other confederacies for minding other peoples' business, shall amalgamate themselves together into one comprehensive band of busybodies, under the name of "The Pragmatic Association."

### THE LOVED AND LOST.

THEY whom the gods love die young; so 'tis said,  
Yet they are mostly mourned by friends bereft.  
But very few lament old people dead,  
Save some they leave behind with nought else left.

### CURIOUS AND TRUE.

CONSIDERING the antipathy to swine which is the characteristic of the ancient Hebrew religion, it is at least strange that the place chosen by the Jews for their cemetery should be at West Ham.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERTAINLY there was nothing in either House on *Friday, July 18*, that made *Mr. Punch* regret his having taken holiday on that day. The single thing which perhaps he might have liked to hear was MR. GLADSTONE's reply to MR. WHALLEY. The latter Statesman's mind had been exercised by an account of a visit of some Catholics to Canterbury Cathedral—the history of which was explained to them by a Jesuit gentle-

man. This awful Popish outrage MR. WHALLEY brought before the House, and MR. GLADSTONE, for the sake of fun, answered him in the most elaborate manner (an attention entirely thrown away on MR. WHALLEY), and assured him that if he, the great Protestant, desired also to lecture in the Cathedral, and would undertake to do so in a becoming way, there was no doubt that he might. Perhaps the satire was a trifle ponderous for so hot a night, and the House ought to have been the more grateful to MR. GLADSTONE for taking so much trouble.

*Monday.*—The DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX, stating that 2245 Military Officers have, or think that they have, reason to complain of the way in which the Abolition of Purchase is being worked out, moved for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the subject. LORD LANS-DOWNE, for Government, resisted the Motion, alleging that it was based, not on any real grievance, but on the old Army feeling of hostility to the Abolition. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF declined to interfere, having accepted the new system, but he thought that discontent in the Army was most detrimental to the interests of the Country. Government were beaten by 129 to 46, and might as well have conceded what was certain to be taken.

But the Comedy of the evening came next. We must go back to history a little. Our most religious and gracious King, CHARLES THE SECOND, showered the beams of his royal favour upon various charming persons, and among these were a lady known in France as LOUISE DE LA QUEROVILLE (but in England, *vide* PEPYS, as MADAME CARROL), and a lady known to most persons as NELL GWYNN. The children of these respected ladies, as MR. SAVAGE says, "Lived to build, not boast, a generous race." His gracious Majesty conferred certain peerages, which, at the present time, are held by the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, and by the DUKE OF RICHMOND, leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the House of Lords. To-night these Dukes amused themselves and the world with a little family wrangle. The Falconer, recently talking at a banquet, referred to the fact that the QUEEN had been educated, politically, by LORD MELBOURNE, and he expressed satisfaction that HER MAJESTY had always been a Liberal.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND, as a Tory, objected to this, and to-night demanded of his remote relative what he meant by claiming the QUEEN as a political partisan, a course which his GRACE OF RICHMOND described as unconstitutional.

The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS replied with spirit, but introduced an anecdote which he might as well have omitted, as it was rather in the style of his distinguished ancestress than in that of a noble Peer. He had been able to make a precise answer, just as some witness had been able to do, when interrogated about a certain distance. "I measured it, in case any Fool might ask me the question." This might have been a repartee by "poor NELLY."

The DUKE OF RICHMOND left it to their Lordships to decide whether he were a Fool or not. But no division was taken upon this question, and

The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS had not the least intention of being personal or offensive. He explained that LORD MELBOURNE's counsels to the QUEEN had borne the best fruit, HER MAJESTY having always rendered the most impartial and sincere support to any Ministry whose services she had required.

The MARQUIS OF SALISBURY thought that the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS had aggravated his original offence. He made a joke about MAUNDER ("maundering" being the moral), which induces us to say that if he will apply at 85, Fleet Street, he may hear something to his advantage. He added divers caustic criticisms on the banquet in question, and objected to its having been said that an irresistible majority in the Lords put up "inferior men" to debate. By some statistical process the Marquis seems to have convinced himself that there is about 2½ per cent. of folly among the Clergy and in both Houses of Parliament. But for fear of breach of privilege we should say that this was rather a low average.

This was the scene of the evening. The hot weather had, perhaps, something to do with it.

"O Sarcasm, how Whig and Tory lours,  
When the rich blood of Peers is set on fire!"

Much time was taken up in the Commons in fighting over arrangements for finishing the business of the Session. Something was done, however, and then

MR. GLADSTONE explained a Bill for removing a legal doubt as to the power of the Crown to bequeath Landed Estates to the Heir-Apparent. Rather an interesting debate ensued, some constitutional theories being ventilated, and a few Members getting a little out of the ordinary Vestry tone. The Bill was read a Second Time by 167 to 35.

*Tuesday.*—In the House of Lords, tributes were paid to the memories of two eminent Members of that House. DR. WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Winchester, had been suddenly taken away, by a fatal accident, in the fullness of his energy and intellect. LORD WESTBURY, more aged, but not less able, had been stricken with paralysis. On the previous Saturday the Bishop, and on the Sunday, the ex-Chancellor, had died. Here, it is fitting to do no more than record these great national losses.

In the House of Commons, in the morning, there were long and fierce fights on the Education Question, and they were renewed in the evening. The enemies of the Government Bill were routed all along the line, and the Bill went through Committee.

We have the honour of congratulating the country on the fact that to-night the Commons passed the Judicature Bill. MR. GLADSTONE intimated that, important as the Bill was, it would be incomplete until its provisions were extended to the whole kingdom. Incidentally, MR. ANDERSON, a Scotch Member, endeavoured to remove the impression that the representatives of Scotland get all they want by attending to their own business. Their constituents abuse them for not making themselves as disagreeable to Government as the Irish do. Without wishing to be rude to anybody, *Mr. Punch* may remark that, for reasons, the Scottish gentlemen are disqualified for doing anything of the sort, and their constituents are unreasonable.

*Wednesday.*—We shall boil down today's proceedings like spinach, but they will expand like isinglass. MR. TREVELYAN had a Bill for giving votes to the Agricultural Labourers. The question was "an open one" for the Cabinet, but MR. FORSTER, expressing his own approval of the scheme, read a letter from MR. GLADSTONE (temporarily ill), who had asked him to inform the House that the PREMIER'S

opinion was that such extension of franchise was just and politic, and could not be long avoided. There was much sensation caused by this announcement that a new Reform Bill would soon be heard of, and there was some sarcasm about a "Message from the Minister." The feeling was that the matter was taken out of MR. TREVELYAN's hands, but the Bill was talked over until the fatal 5-45.

The Bill for letting persons be buried in the State-Church-yard with any rites which their friends may devise was withdrawn.

*Thursday.*—LORD CAIRNS complained of language used in the other House by two Ministers, who, he thought, had implied that he and the late LORD WESTBURY had accepted private business which interfered with their duties in the House of Lords. He satisfactorily explained that they had done nothing of the kind, and LORD SELBORNE assured him that no imputation had been intended. This was no doubt the case, but enough had been said to justify LORD CAIRNS in being very prompt in defence of himself and his lately departed friend.

The Lords received the Judicature Bill back. The Bishops complain that they have not been sufficiently consulted in regard to the change of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but they do not get much comfort from LORD SALISBURY, who seems to have more reverence for the piety than the brains of prelates. LORD REDESDALE tried to get rid of the Bill altogether, but was defeated by 61 to 34, and then, with an exception, the Commons' amendments were agreed to.

Something which the majority of folks will take more interest in came up in the Commons. You all know how useful and handy Postage Stamps are, as currency. You want to send a small sum in charity, or to buy a book, or, Madam, some little fancy-work pattern, or to tip a schoolboy, or to pay for an advertisement,—in fact, what has well been called the People's Paper-Money is really a universal convenience. Well, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL and his accomplices have issued an edict that if a letter contains stamps, and it is not registered, it shall be charged Eightpence, in addition to postage. The idea is too preposterous to be tolerated. MR. MACFIE and MR. MONK had both given notices on the subject, and at the very first warning MR. MONSELL (who appears to be in a very blissful state of unawareness as to the affairs of his office) promised that the new edict should not be enforced until the House had debated upon it. He had better withdraw it at once, before Mr. Punch advises the People to "go down into the Streets." It would be a pity that the handsome new building in St. Martin's-le-Grand should be given to the devouring element, and that MR. MONSELL should have to fly, disguised as a sub-sorter.

We have a new Treaty with France, and we are, once more, a Most Favoured Nation. Mersy, Moosoo, noo som tray oblijay, noo som soor, ay noo esperong our voo voo portey behang. Vote santé dans un coop der beair. Icy est Luk!

Hot fighting over the Endowed Schools Bill, and a sort of fray between MR. HARDY and MR. GLADSTONE. We were glad that the latter was well enough to fight, and sorry that the former thought it worth while in such weather.

On the Education Bill LORD SANDON proposed that if anybody took into service an uneducated child under thirteen, that person was to be deemed its Parent, as regarded the duties of education. The proposal was withdrawn, but it was manifestly a right one, and MR. FORSTER said so.¶

*Friday.*—We have had to make a good many references to the Rating Bill. In a sense, all the trouble we and the Commons have had over it is thrown away, as to-night the Lords declined, by 59 to 43, to consider it at the fag-end of a Session.

MR. GLADSTONE firmly refused to extend mercy to a couple of Fenians who are in gaol for treason-felony. He desired no such popularity as was to be gained by pardoning crimes that might have led to bloodshed. He would hold out no hope of amnesty. Well said and well done.

The next event is too delightful to be described in mere prose. A lofty flight of Poesy can alone do justice to our feelings.

"To-night, to-night, to-night, at last  
The Education Bill was passed."

The officers of the Indian Army have serious and undecidable grievances of a pecuniary kind, having been led into "miscalculation;" but Government are strong enough to refuse to enter into a question on which the House is apathetic.

#### Insane Rhyme.

As I was walking in the Place called Woburn,  
I saw our noble LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN;  
I fancy he was going towards Holborn.

"KISSI-KISSI."

Motto for the Lord Chamberlain's Office in all Matters of Dramatic Licensing—"What's Donne can't be un-Donne."

## IN MEMORIAM.

Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester.

BORN SEPTEMBER 7, 1805. DIED JULY 19, 1873.

Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury.

BORN JUNE 30, 1800. DIED JULY 20, 1873.

THEY pass, together, from the bustling scene,  
Where, opposites, they played such leading parts,  
Banding wits so bright and words so keen,  
Masters of divers aims but equal arts.

Two great lights quenched, so sudden and so soon!  
The one, in his full flush of genial life,  
Even as he drank the wine of summer noon,  
Sweet air, swift motion, scenes with beauty rife.

While the apt speech rang from his ready tongue,  
And the glad light played in his eager eye,  
A stumbling hoof—a careless rider flung—  
And death had claimed what of that life could die!

Less startling—sudden came the other's call:  
Yet 'tis but yesterday that, clear and hard,  
That brain for which no task was great or small,  
To dupe and trickster meted their award.

These two, for peace or war, no more shall meet.  
The Bishop to a higher Synod goes;  
The Judge to a more awful Judgment-seat—  
Where He that judges judges as he knows.

Meanwhile our petty Court of Claims below  
Is loud in verdict on these famous dead;  
While they were with us it was noways slow  
To deal harsh sentence upon either head.

The priest was sly and sleek; all things to all:  
His unction served to smooth his upward way:  
His earthly aims were large, his heavenly small:  
His labour less to save souls than to sway.

The lawyer was incarnate sneer and scorn:  
A bitter hater, and a doubtful friend;  
His ermine showed a soil as soon as worn;  
His mincing scoff good cause and bad would blend.

So, through their mingled web of good and ill,  
We traced, as is our wont, the darker woof;  
Reading their chequered record backwards still;  
Doubtful of good, of ill scarce asking proof.

But now the kindly hand of Death comes in  
To turn away the black side of the shield:  
For its bright face more kindly eyes to win;  
To soften shadows and show lights revealed.

Now, first, we learn how hard this Bishop toiled;  
How dove with serpent still in him was blent:  
How, in the world, not of it, hands unsoiled  
And heart unspotted to his work he bent.

To all his mitred brethren what a guide;  
What a sustaining presence unto those  
Who came beneath his overseeing wide;  
To friends how genial, courteous to foes!

And of this scoffing judge and sneering wit,  
We hear the gentler words and kinder deeds;  
How even he could praise as well as twit,  
And service do that grateful memory breeds.

Life found them parts, and dresses, and stage-room,  
And skill among their fellows chief to stand,  
But Death was needed to correct the doom  
Of hasty hiss or censure-pointing hand.

And so, Life's judgment set to right by Death's,  
Lay busy Bishop and keen Judge to rest;  
And, by their coffins, think, with 'bated breaths,  
How good the worst of us, how bad the best.





## TWO VANITIES.

(Amateur Vocalist and his Wife, alone together after an Evening Party.)

"DID I LOOK NICE TO-NIGHT, LOVE?"

"O, NO END. H'M! WAS I IN GOOD VOICE?"

"FIRST-RATE, LOVE! TELL ME, DO YOU PREFER ME WITH A RIBBON IN MY HAIR, OR FLOWERS?"

"O, EITHER! LOOK HERE. WHICH STYLE SUITS ME BEST, DO YOU THINK!—THE FERVID PASSION OF *SANTLEY*, OR THE THRILLING TENDERNESS OF *DE SORIA*?"

"O, BOTH! DON'T YOU THINK A *YELLOW RIBBON* WITH *BLACK LACE*," &c., &c., &c.

## THE CORONET AND THE COUNTER.

THE proverbial effect produced by certain communications on manners of an opposite character appears to have been illustrated by the following extract from a speech reported to have been made by the UNDER SECRETARY OF WAR, in answer to the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Motion for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into certain grievances complained of by Officers in the Army:—

"If the position of the officers was so unbearable as had been represented, an exodus from the Army might have been expected; but nothing of the kind had occurred, though those gentlemen would have been entitled to the full value of their commissions."

Had this language proceeded from the mouth of some occupant of the Treasury Benches in the House of Commons, it would not have been remarkable, that is, not more remarkable than a similar utterance of ideas relative to officers and gentlemen by a member of a parish vestry, or a poor-law guardian. Spoken in the House of Peers, it shows what sentiments a nobleman may unlearn, and what notions he may acquire, by accepting service which brings him in contact with employers who conduct their business as though it were that of a commercial firm, consisting of partners whose views are bounded by commerce.

That the foregoing specimen of parochial and mercantile eloquence is altogether unworthy of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE'S name cannot be affirmed, but that only because he bears, for one name, the name of PETTY. What the noble Marquis calls "an exodus from the Army" might indeed have been expected to occur if the Army were supposed to be officered by gentlemen incapable of any higher than pecuniary considerations. But in that case the term "exodus" would be objectionable. It would remotely imply an illiberal imputation of avarice and meanness to gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion.

## DIABOLICAL DAINTIES.

An advertisement, in the columns of a contemporary circulating chiefly among the higher orders, invites the attention of refined readers to a delicacy entitled:

**PÂTE AU DIABLE**, for making Devils of Biscuits, Legs of Poultry, Meats, &c.

The archæological reader will find, in the earlier numbers of *Punch*, reference to a notification once posted in the shop-window of a certain man, who, in the days long ere Holborn Valley Improvements were thought of, kept an eating-house on the slope of Holborn Hill, and the right hand as thou goest up. This legend offered the hungry and indigent or economical wayfarer:—

"A devilish Good Dinner for Three-pence."

It will, perhaps, be recalled to the memory of ancient friends by the advertisement above quoted. The dinner, however, of which the diabolical nature was suggested by its purveyor as a recommendation, consisted of a bason of soup and a hunch of bread. There is a broth mentioned in *Macbeth* which that dinner may be supposed to have resembled. No doubt, however, the *Pâte au Diable* is deservedly so called in the figure of speech whereby things are facetiously described as their opposites, signifying in plain English Paradise Paste. Accordingly, by the statement that it is meant for making devils of biscuits, legs of poultry, and other nice things, we are to understand it to be, in fact, a substance by whose means all those good creatures can be made better, and converted, so to speak, into the angels, cherubim, and seraphim of gastronomy.

NOTE BY A CHIROPODIST (in the Country for the first time).—  
"Must be very painful—corn in the ear."





## AN "AWFUL" SUGGESTION.

WORKING-MAN. "AIN'T SATISFIED, AIN'T YER, MY NOBLE CAPTINS? WHY DON'T YER '**STRIKE**'? THAT'S 'OW WE 'WORK THE HORACLE'! YAH!!!"



## THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

## CHAPTER V.



THE same Afternoon. PISCATOR and VENATOR walk across the Meadows towards their Inn, and fall in with two Milk-maidens.

Venator. O, Master, tell me, as we walk along the meadows, is it true that, while one is fishing, the angler should never speak and scarcely even breathe?

Piscator. Marry, Scholar, he should indeed be silent, and breathe lightly. For, you must know, that a proficient can catch as good a fish as swims, with a fine line from one of the poets, if he be but careful to let it fall with 'bated breath.

Venator. What books should a fisherman read?

Piscator. I would recommend for your study *Bleak House*, *Dr. Newman's Lectures on Angle-can Difficulties*, *The History of the*

*Rod*, *Hook's Remains*, *Hook's Archbishops of Fishing Canterbury*, *The Gentle Life*, *Line upon Line*, and many others of a like nature.

Venator. Truly, my loving Master, I could listen to your learned discourse for ever. But resolve me this, which I have heard proposed as a difficulty to fishermen. When does a Trout exhibit fatigue?

Piscator. Well, Scholar, I should reply when he sleeps.

Venator. Nay, Master, were you to make such an answer you would err, for the right solution of my question is to this effect, that a Trout shows his fatigue when he stops to take a fly. \* \* O, Master, O! it hurts!

Piscator. Such is my intention, and this use of the rod is to impress, on your memory, the remark of the venerable ALDERMAN GUTTLE, that "he who would play a fish must not play the fool."

Venator. I thank you, Master. These words are worthy to keep a room in every brain where, as the Lawyers say, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. But I think it is now milking time, and yonder they be at it.

Piscator. On my word, a handsome milk-maid that hath not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to know the distinction between a pike and the leg of a harmless lamb.

Venator. Ah, my kind Master, how beneficent is Nature who has made the lamb 'armless and not legless. \* \* \* O, Master, O! \* \* I will never offend again.

Piscator. Exchange is no theft: so, as we have no use for this pike, we will persuade her to give us flesh for the fish. She is indeed a blooming rose.

Venator. This rose is near an elder, Master; for, look, she is in company of an old maid.

Piscator. An old milk-maid, but, as I think, her grandmother. Yet, for all her age, I warrant her as open to fair speaking as is her comely daughter or grand-daughter. And for a little confirmation of what I have said, I shall repeat the lines of DE BARNACLES—

"Flattery's sweet to the youthful and youthless;  
Flattery's toothsome to even the toothless."

Good morrow to you, Ladies. I have been a fishing, and am going to my supper at The Fisherman's Folly. We have caught more fish than we need, and I will bestow this pike on you and your sister, for I use to sell none, if you will do me a courtesy.

Milk-woman. Marry! we, that is me and my grand-daughter, Sir, and no sister, will eat it cheerfully. We both love anglers; they be such honest, civil, quiet men. And, in the meantime, as we be a bit thirsty-like, what will your Honour give us to drink?

Piscator. What you will, if your grand-daughter will sing us a song.

Milk-woman. Come, MAUDLIN, sing to the gentlemen with a merry heart.

Maud. Nay, Grandmother, never call me "Maudlin" before these gentlemen.

Milk-woman. Marry! young CORIDON, the Shepherd, calls you so.

Maud. Nay. Your "Maudlin" has nothing to do with a Corri, or a Donne. You shall not call me "Maudlin."

Milk-woman. Well, if you will not be so called by CORIDON, you

harkened to your COLIN's voice, when he played on his pipe, and called you "Maudlin."

Maud. You are wrong, Grandmother. COLIN's called me *Magdalen*, not *Maudlin*, and brought me out at the Olympic. But for his playing on his pipe, I never yet saw him with a pipe.

Piscator. Save when he was puffing his Cavendish. But sing! my honest, innocent, pretty MAUDLIN, sing!

## THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

The milk-maid ne'er is in the dumps  
While there is water in the pumps,  
While she the briny breezes sniffs  
Seeing the chalk of England's cliffs.  
Merrily ho!  
The milk-maids go,  
Singing their roundelay,  
Milk below!

The milk-maid has a smiling face,  
She walks the town with matchless grace,  
She carries cans, and those who pass,  
If Scotchmen, cry "The canny Lass!"  
Merrily ho!  
The milk-maids go,  
Singing their roundelay,  
Milk below!

Of her pet cow she sings in praise  
A song, "The light of Udder days,"  
The milking-maids know, far and wide,  
The tune whereof the old Cow died.  
Merrily ho!  
The milk-maids go,  
Singing their roundelay,  
Milk below!

She loves the sky and all that's blue,  
And to her COLIN she'll be true.  
O, if you'd lead a happy life,  
Go take a milk-maid for your wife.  
Merrily ho!  
The milk-maids go,  
Singing their roundelay,  
Milk below!

Venator. Well sung, sweet MAUDLIN.

Maud. Nay, Sir, you must pay me for my entertainment. And see, Grandmother, while you were sleeping, and I was singing, the other honest civil angler has run off with a lamb.

Venator. I will run after him.

Maud. Nay, that shall you not, while I and my grandmother are here, I give you warning.

Venator. I intend to call upon you again.

Maud. Marry, that you shall, with all my heart; and though you pay me a five-pound note now, I will still be your debtor with a hay-fork when you come this way.

Venator. Good night, good night, MAUDLIN. . . . O Master! let's lose no time—let's move towards our lodging. Oh, I am sore all over.

Piscator. That's my good Scholar. You will be a sure angler for a fish before long, for you are always catching it. But yonder comes mine Hostess to bid us to supper. How now, Hostess; has my brother PETER come?

Hostess. Yes, and a friend with him. They long to see you and to be at supper, for I would give them nothing till you came, and they be very hungry.

## Home and School.

THERE is a book just now a good deal advertised under the title of *Heaven our Home*. If Heaven is our home, we may conclude that Earth is our school, and look forward to the holidays; yet not many of us much like the idea of breaking up.

## SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE thermometer, some days last week, averaged 84° in the shade. At this temperature the constituencies at large entertained the most sanguine hopes of an immediate dissolution of Parliament.

## CANARD OF THE CAMP.

THERE is no foundation for the report that the troops destined to take part in the coming Autumn Manœuvres will include the Horse Marines.





## PARSING, AND NO MISTAKE.

"O, AUNTIE!!" "WELL, DEAR?" "WHY, HE SAID, 'WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE?'"  
 "WELL, DEAR?" "WHY, HE SHOULD SAY *NOUN*, NOT *ARTICLE*."

## A DREADFUL SCENE OF DRINKING.

THE annual National Temperance *fête* was celebrated on Tuesday last week at the Crystal Palace. According to the *Times*:-

"By arrangement, no beer or other intoxicating liquors were supplied to the places open to the general crowd, although in the dining-rooms and the saloons circumstances in this particular were as 'on ordinary days.'"

There was nothing to drink but "a warm fluid about four or five times the cost of public-house beer, and leaving the drinker more thirsty than before." This nectar "was variously called lemonade, gingerade, and such fine names." The *Times* continues:-

"It was pitiful to see young persons, after tasting this stuff, and finding their pockets and stomachs not to agree with it (all the supplies in the water-tank being gone), walk to the lake, and bale out and drink water a little less wholesome than the dustheap-adulterated tanks of some of our 'Water Companies.'"

The writer of the above touching passages is to be pitied. Poor fellow! The *Times* correspondent in the Crimea at least never suffered the drought which appears to have been experienced by the *Times* correspondent at the Temperance festival in the Crystal Palace. But he, perhaps, contrived to "make it out" in some one of the dining-rooms or saloons, where circumstances, in the particular of something to drink, were "as on ordinary days," and not as on days of the full moon in a lunatic asylum.

But saloon and dining-room charges for a glass of ale are sometimes preposterous: and next year any gentleman of the Press, not commissioned by the *Band of Hope Review*, or some other organ of the Pump and the Reservoir, who may have to report the orgies of the Teetotallers, had better take pattern from the Working Man who sings in the popular ballad concerning Malt Liquor, with a burden

imprecating no end of blindness on those who attempt to deprive a poor man of it, and says:-

"Of all things thirst is far the worst,  
 And I holds it in such fear,  
 That I never goes out but I carries about  
 My little quart bottle of beer."

The portable wooden barrel, slung on to the back of the reaper about this time at work, will be requisite as the occasional companion, or *vade mecum*, of the journalist *habitués* in *sicco* among the fanatics in the abode where no beer is.

The managers of the National Temperance *fête* at the Crystal Palace displayed much less intelligence than was to be expected of them in not taking care that their constituents and associates should be provided with at least an ample supply of Nature's own provision for quenching thirst. If they interdicted them from BASS and ALL-SOPP'S ale, they ought at least to have secured them a sufficiency of ADAM'S, and that good. The Ass, although the proverbial emblem of stupidity, has at least the sense, in respect of drinking, to be very fastidious about his water.

## Punch Dixit.

THE truth about the Sparkling Glass  
 Thus to your heart consign:  
 Who drinks too little is an Ass,  
 Who drinks too much, a Swine.

WHOLESOME NOTICE (by a Local Board of Health at a Watering-place).—No Crab allowed, on the beach, undressed.

## IGNATIUS IN CONTEMPT.

(See *Todd v. Todd*.)

O CONTUMACIOUS  
 FATHER IGNATIUS,  
 Not a sagacious  
 Donkey, to fly,  
 Bumptious, audacious,  
 My goodness gracious!  
 Slap in minacious  
 Chancery's eye.

To pertinacious  
 Coxcombs, vexatious,  
 MALINS mordacious  
 — Teeth can apply.  
 Pooh, coriaceous-  
 Headed, fallacious  
 Mock-Monk IGNATIUS,  
 Eat humble pie!

## Two of a Name.

MRS. MALARROP has had a great disappointment. In the advertised programme of the International Exhibition she read, "Organ Performance (MR. GLADSTONE), 1.30." She immediately started off to Kensington, full of delight at the thought of having her long cherished desire to see and hear one of whom she had heard and read so much at last realised. After the music was over, some officious busybody destroyed all the poor old soul's pleasure by telling her that the performer was *not* the PRIME MINISTER.

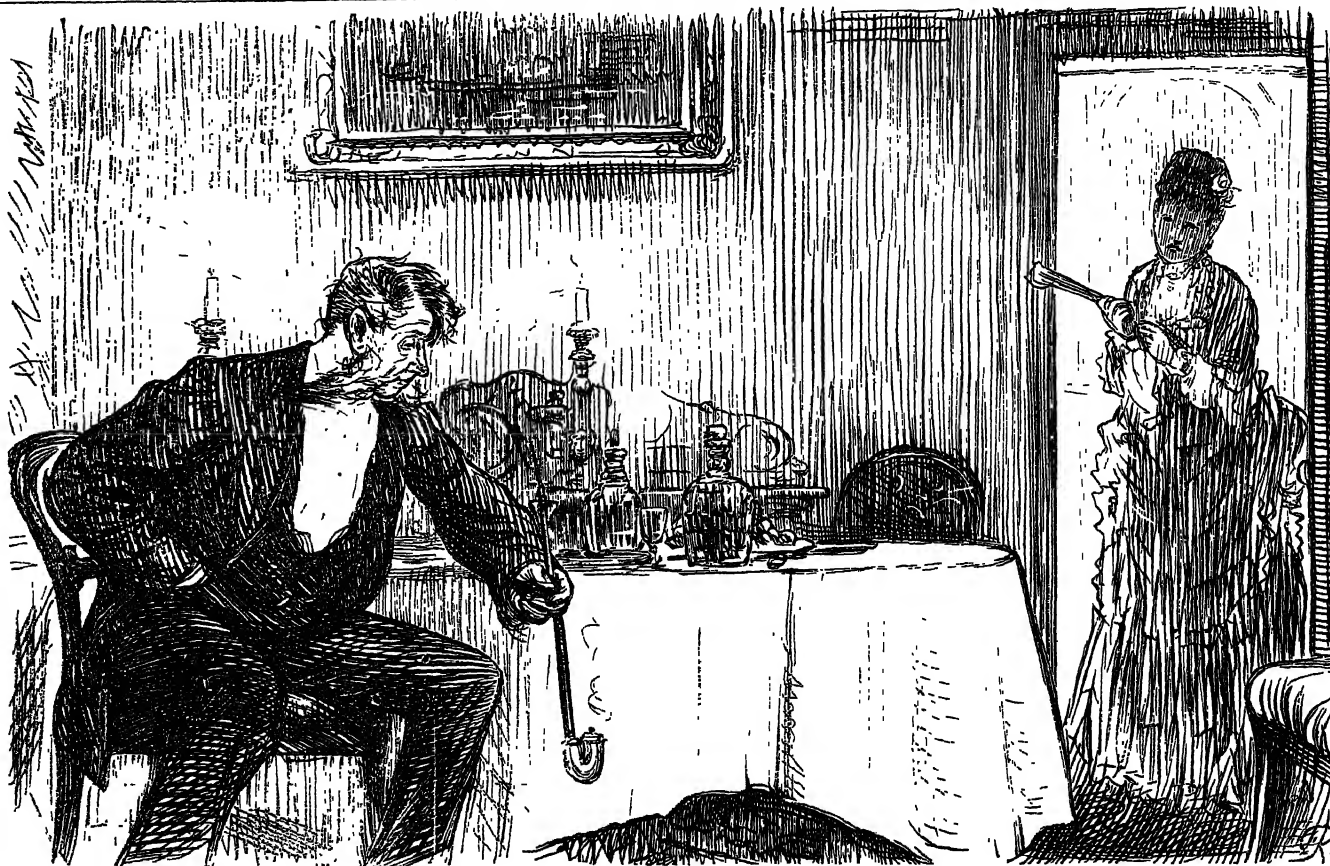
## NONCONFORMIST DELUSION.

So the friends of MR. MALL have presented him with a testimonial in the shape of £10,000. They evidently flatter themselves that the Honourable Gentleman has done a valuable deal of mischief to the Established Church.

## MEM. BY A COUNTRY COCKNEY.

A COCKNEY drops his "H," and a Countryman carries his A.





## WHOSE FAULT ?

Wife (reproachfully). "O, CHARLES!" (She had returned to the Dining-Room, wondering why he had not come upstairs to Tea.)

Charles (who had evidently taken a little too much Wine). "V'Y WELL, MY DEAR! 'SH NOT MY FAULT! 'SH YOUR FAULT! 'COOKSH FAULT! 'BISQUE SOUP WAS SALT! SH'PREME D'LA V'LAILLE WAS SMOKED! AND ORANGE FRITTERSH 'TOUGH AS LEATHER! WHAT DID CAPT'N DU CANE SHAY? BAD COOKERY CAUSE OF ALL SORTS O' CRIMES. 'SHAMED OF YOURSELF!"

## POST-OFFICE ECONOMY.

THE Postmen are imploring a little increase of their ever, but now, in these dear times, more than ever inadequate salaries. Their agitation for higher wages is stifled by threats of dismissal. Happily, these menaces are effectual, and our letter-carriers do not strike. Unhappily, on the other hand, too many of them are tempted to eke out a subsistence by stealing the contents of money-letters. This practice is, however, in a great measure checked by the registration necessitated for letters which contain money. But the registration of letters containing money in the form of postage stamps is not as yet imperative; so some of the straitened letter-carriers sometimes steal even postage-stamps out of letters. To stop this pilfering also, what expedient can be more obvious than that of extending the registration system to letters in which postage-stamps are enclosed? Accordingly, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has announced that he proposes to institute this arrangement on the 1st of August, to continue thenceforward. MR. MONSELL, however, as a simply economical Minister, seems not to be so thorough as his principal colleagues. He has stated that his proposed new rule will not be enforced until the House of Commons has had an opportunity of recording an opinion on its expediency.

It is to be apprehended that Parliament will condemn it, as subjecting letter-writers to an inconvenient and vexatious impost without sufficient reason. The purpose of preventing underpaid postmen from being tempted to steal will, perhaps, hardly appear sufficient to Honourable Gentlemen. Too many Honourable Gentlemen, probably, are unprepared to go so far in parsimony as to agree in the proposition that anything is preferable to the slightest increase of subordinate officials' wages.

## ARMY AND NAVY EXAMINATION.

- Q. WHAT, on shore, corresponds to tarring a rope?  
A. Pitching a tent.

## A GLUT OF DIAMONDS.

THE increased price of coal coincides with a reduction of the cost of a purer form of carbon. Whilst black diamonds are quoted at high figures, the rates commanded by diamonds proper are very low. Amongst commercial intelligence it is announced that "the market for diamonds continues in a very depressed state, owing to the abundance of the supply." Some of our wealthier readers, heretofore wont, at this time of the year, to be apprised by their coal-merchants of their usually reduced prices for the season, may have received, instead of that accustomed notice, a circular from their jewellers, recommending them, on the assumption that they most likely have, or are in the way to have, wives, daughters, or other female relations, to seize the present favourable opportunity of laying in a stock of diamonds. The wisdom of taking this provident forethought will be manifest from the statement that, "with the exception of stones of very large size, and brilliants and small rose diamonds of the very finest quality, the fall in value has been general, and in some descriptions, such as rose-cut diamonds of mediocre to middling quality, equal to from 30 to 40 per cent." Should the supply of diamonds go on increasing in excess of the demand, it may be that they will sink to a point of depreciation which will give cause for regret that the diamond, although combustible, is not sufficiently so as to allow diaphanous diamonds to be substituted for sable, and burnt instead of coals. Otherwise this is the result which might ultimately ensue from a progressive augmentation of the output of diamonds.

## MAXIM OF A MICAWBER.

THOSE kinsfolk I account our kind relations  
Whose ready loans our frequent needs avail;  
Who still encourage all our speculations,  
And take the consequences when we fail.



### A 'APPY DAY.

*Stout Party (looking on at the al fresco Dance). "THEY 'OP TOO MUCH, IN MY OPINION, 'ARRY."*

*'Arry (a Connoisseur). "NOT A 'A'PORTH! THEY'RE BOUND TO!"*

### FORTUITOUS JUSTICE.

Two lives are in danger. One of them is that of a young woman, one MARY WILLIAMS, the victim of robbery with violence in Richmond Park; of whom it is reported that:—

"The poor girl is frightfully disfigured, her eyes are completely swollen over, her upper lip cut right through; there are two large wounds over the left eye, two over the left ear, the lobe of one ear is completely cut off, three front teeth knocked out, one fearful wound at the back of the head, and eight cuts on the top of her head."

The other life in danger is that of a person not as yet known, but likely to be. MARY WILLIAMS, mangled in the manner above described, had, under treatment at Richmond Infirmary, "rallied sufficiently to give a few important particulars which, it is hoped, will lead to the detection of her murderous assailant." That murderous assailant, therefore, is another whose life is in danger too. The danger of her life endangers that ruffian's. He is likely to be caught, and, should she die, will no doubt be hanged. In case she gets well, however, he will escape the gallows he deserves. Mark here the wisdom and justice of the law which determines the capital punishment of a criminal by a contingency, the decision of which he has nothing to do with. In the case of MARY WILLIAMS, "the great danger that is feared is that erysipelas will set in." Should that happen, and death ensue, then her "murderous assailant" will be legally guilty of murder, and not otherwise; but, whether she live or die, he will remain equally murderous and equally meritorious of the rope. The absurdity of making his punishment depend on the strength of his victim's constitution would be utterly revolting to reason and justice but for the consideration that, in a case of robbery and attempt to murder, the ruffian who is a murderer to all intents and purposes incurs, if convicted, a doom perhaps worse than that of death. By the zealous exertions of a prison chaplain the exhortations of the rev. gentleman, is, we must believe, rendered "hire and salary, not revenge." Whereas the hire of robbery with violence is a good flogging, and the salary is penal servitude for life. Should MARY WILLIAMS survive, it may be that the savage who has maimed her will have to pass as bad a quarter of an hour under the cat-o'-nine-tails as he could in the noose, and, after that, to exist at least for many years in a state which will permit nobody to think that he is in Paradise, but will be as far from it as any condition almost in this world, except, perhaps, that of the Workhouse.

### BAXTER'S UN-REST.

QUOTE the representative of Dundee  
(My Lords' laborious *Secrétaire*),  
Whose gamut of Gospel is £ s. d.:—

"Economy, I grieve to say,  
Is no more the order of the day,  
And cutting down will no longer pay;

"The Government no more can command  
The support it requires to strengthen its hand,  
When as guard of the public purse 'twould stand,

"To protect the contents of JOHN BULL's pockets  
From Parliamentary *Peachums* and *Lockets*,  
Who'd send the estimates up like rockets.

"I little thought 'twould be e'er my lot  
To meet a man who admitted not  
That 'a penny saved' was 'a penny got.'

"But now a pestilent heresy stirs,  
Which all but next door to folly avers  
Such wisdom of our ancestors.

"The sainted name of JOSEPH HUME  
No longer exhales a sweet perfume;  
Some the motto of 'Not for Joe' assume!

"Contend that advisers of the Crown  
May deserve Commons' and Country's frown,  
Though never so closely they cut down.

"Maintain that the test of economies  
As oft in spending as saving lies:  
That the greatest fool may be penny-wise.

"This heresy doth so prevail,  
It draws a larger and larger tail,  
Till to lighten the darkness e'en save-alls fail.

"In Economy's teeth majorities go,  
And when a manifest saving we show,  
Cry, short and snappish, 'Be hanged! that's Lowe!'

"Won't stand by us, when, sharp and slick,  
We take the Treasury scissors and—click!—  
Shave Clerks and Writers to the quick.

"Strange Lowe and the House aren't better friends,  
Such a wholesome course as he recommends—  
Nice cheese-parings and candle-ends!

"When asked a botched job of his to cobble,  
Our friends won't help him out of his hobble.  
E'en AYRTON prefer, in an office squabble.

"All which," says the Member for Dundee,  
"As against my gospel of £ s. d.,  
Exceedingly amazes me.

"Shakes, whiles, my saving faith so stout  
In penny wisdom, and makes me doubt  
Its power to keep pound-foolishness out;

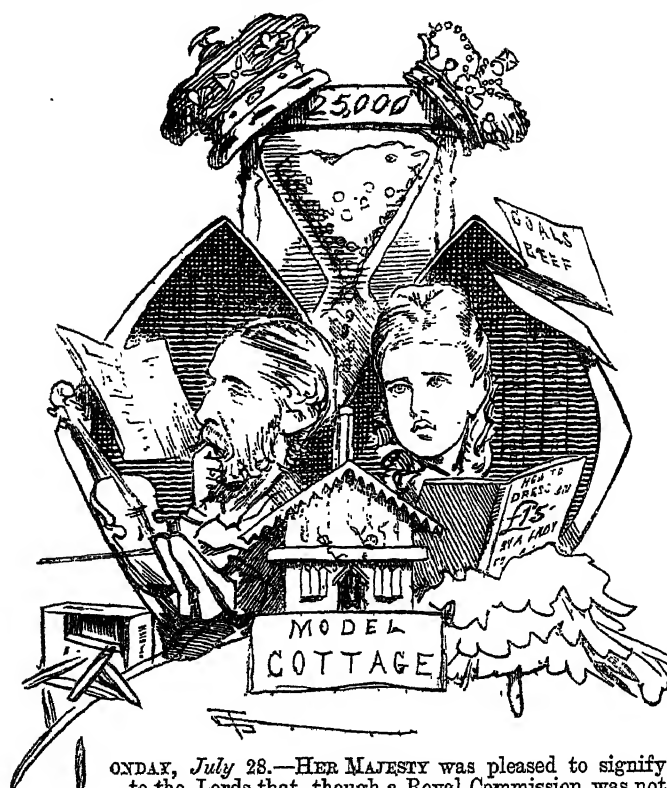
"Nay, sets me asking—O grievous sin!—  
If penny wisdoms, while flints they skin,  
May not have let pound-foolishness in?

"Till in the House a suspicion grows  
That a saving's low because it's LOWE's;  
And Economy's bad in the public nose!"

### The Hunger for Gold.

WE have all heard of morbid appetites for coal, chalk, slate pencil, and other uninviting morsels, but never can we have heard, seen, or read anything so prodigious in this abnormal way as a statement made this Friday, August the 1st, 1873—the exact date deserves precise record—that "the public have absorbed nearly £200,000 of the gold which arrived during the week"! We shall look with some curiosity into the Registrar-General's report, to see whether jaundice has not been a very prevalent complaint of late.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAK, July 28.—HER MAJESTY was pleased to signify to the Lords that, though a Royal Commission was not to be granted in the matter of the Abolition of Purchase, the grievances of complaining Officers should be most carefully considered by the Government. Let us hope that the Cabinet will be more open to conviction than was the Cow of song.

"There was an old man, and he had an old cow,  
And he had no victuals to give her.  
So he took out his fiddle, and played her this tune,  
'Consider, old Cow, consider.'"

This poem might seem frivolous, but for the political meaning which underlies the words, to which *Punch* invites the attention of Correspondents of *Notes and Queries*. We remark, *d'avance*, that the King George and Lady Walmoden theory is untenable, as the verses had been written before the time of that King's predecessor—if that argument have any weight with the ingenious.

HER MAJESTY sent another Message, to the effect that her son the DUKE OF EDINBURGH being a Person about to Marry, she had not said "Don't," but, on the contrary, had approved his design, and therefore the QUEEN requested that some further provision might be settled upon H.R.H.

Salmon, of course. He is a noble creature, but he really gives Parliament a good deal of trouble. Would it not be better to appoint a perpetual Salmon Committee, with power to fish in all waters, try all sauces, and generally legislate fishily, instead of letting the Salmon flap his tail in the eyes of both Houses all through every Session?

In the Commons, LORD ENFIELD said that though the Carlists had obtained successes in the North of Spain, they had not yet entitled themselves to be called Belligerents.

"CERVANTES smiled Spain's chivalry away,"

and it has certainly not come back, to judge by the brutalities with which all parties to the present civil war are credited.

MR. C. FORTESCUE said that MR. PLIMSOLL had totally failed to substantiate his charges of corruption against certain officers of the Board of Trade, and therefore the public should be left to judge between that Board and the Honourable Member.

MR. GLADSTONE being temporarily indisposed, MR. BRUCE brought the Commons a message similar to that delivered to the Lords, touching the DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

We have frequently referred to the Juries Bill.

"But all that gallant Ink hath gushed in vain,"

for the measure was withdrawn. We wish people knew what they are pleased to call their minds, as LORD WESTBURY used to say.

Of course MR. MONSELL abandoned the ridiculous plan for demanding a registration fee on letters containing Stamps. *Mr. Punch* thundered against it so awfully last week that its doom was certain. His thunder was not heard by the Universe until after MR. MONSELL's announcement had been made, but that is a mere detail. He is not going to publish on a Monday to please all the MR. MONSELLS in the world. But he would remark that the surrender of the plan was as debilitated a piece of business as its invention, for no new argument had been used against it—only the Press had pointed out that the Post-Office must be Colney Hatch to conceive the idea.

A great—well, scandal is hardly the word—but judge for yourselves—"name this child." MR. AYTON, snubbed by his colleagues in regard to a piece of Thames Embankment, or rather the erections to be placed thereon, has disavowed responsibility in a way which is unmistakably unministerial, and over his disavowal there was a fight of some bitterness. He himself is not exactly honey on velvet, and the weather is hot, and altogether—

Tuesday.—LORD GRANVILLE moved and LORD SALISBURY seconded an Address to the QUEEN thanking Her for the communication She was pleased to make about the intended marriage of his Royal Highness ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, EARL OF KENT, EARL OF ULSTER, DUKE OF SAXONY, PRINCE OF SAXE COBURG AND GOTHA, and Her Imperial Highness the GRAND DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, only daughter of His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, and intimating that the Peers will be delighted to concur in any arrangement that may seem desirable. LORD SALISBURY remarked that though Royal matrimonial alliances might not again be the means of dragging this country into war, they might be means towards the maintenance of peace, and that it is a matter of congratulation that the Royal House of England is now connected with the Royal Houses of three great nations, the Scandinavian, the Slavonic, and the Teutonic. Young gentlemen at home for the holidays will please ask their sisters what these names mean, and for explanation generally, and will make note thereof, but not upon their left shirt-cuffs or thumb-nails.

We just note that in discussion on an Education Bill, four peers spoke, LORD POWIS, LORD FORTESCUE, LORD NELSON, and the BISHOP OF LONDON, and that not one of them was audible in the gallery. Really their Lordships should send for MR. WALTER LACY or MR. RYDER, and take a few lessons in the art of not "swallowing the voice," as BISHOP BERKELEY called it.

LORD HARROWBY demanded a list of the signatures to that Petition for Confession. We are sorry that he allowed himself to be talked out of pressing his Motion, as we should like to know the clerical gentlemen who want to break into families and "lead captive silly women." The chief point of his opponents was that many men had been fools enough to sign the petition without exactly knowing what it was about. Certainly such folks are just the persons to be our guides and advisers in the most momentous of all matters! LORD HATHERLEY told a story illustrative of the folly of some petitioners. A teacher in a Sunday School had been convicted of trying to murder her father and mother. If she had succeeded, we suppose she would have imitated the Frenchman, who, having murdered both father and mother, begged the Court to have mercy on a poor orphan. But she failed, and a petition was got up in her favour urging that if sent abroad she would be a useful teacher in some of our colonial schools. Very, no doubt. A class would be much edified by her comments on the Sixth Commandment, especially if she gave details from experience. Another *New Mouldin*.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE announced the amount of the grant which it was proposed to make to the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. He has already £15,000 a year, to which we shall now add £10,000. In the event of the Grand Duchess surviving H.R.H., she will receive £6000 a year. MR. HUNT, for the Conservatives, supported the PREMIER's proposition. MR. PETER TAYLOR, whose mighty mind embraces everything, from a cock-fight to a Royal Dowry, gave notice of opposition. MR. HOLT wished to know the Grand Duchess's religion, and was told by MR. GLADSTONE that he had no business to ask the question. The House was to respect religious convictions wherever it found them.

This brought cheers, and was all very well. *Mr. Punch* detests both bigotry and impertinence. But, all things considered, he thinks that there is a certain mealy-mouthedness in certain Parliamentary utterances. The religion of the reigning family is, at all events, an important matter in the eye of the British Constitution, and it is going rather too far in the way of fastidiousness to say that, when the nation is asked to make a marriage settlement, nobody is to inquire in what faith the children are to be educated. That sort of feeling is more akin to the Philistine "modesty" of under-bred people, who are always ready to be shocked, than to the real modesty of frank, highly-bred people, who know that nobody of their own class means anything shocking.

Then we had the Post Office business. Briefly told, 'tis this. MR. SCUDAMORE, the very able and zealous gentleman to whom most of the efficiency of the Postal and Telegraph Systems is due, wanted



money to work the latter, and took it out of funds which, legally, he was not authorised so to employ. But he made the system go capitally, and as MR. GLADSTONE said, an error prompted by zeal was balanced by the great services he had rendered to the public. We had a long debate about the matter, but it was interesting only as a comic illustration of the adroitness of public men who try to shift blame from themselves to others, and MR. OSBORNE told the House that the scene was evidence of a decaying Government and a worn-out Opposition. He added that MR. SCOTLAND had acted with chivalry, and offered to take the whole blame on himself, but it was MR. LOWE who was in fault. The POST MASTER was merely placid and uncomplaining. By 161 to 111 the House adopted a Resolution by which SIR JOHN LUBBOCK let everybody down with a gentle expression of regret.

The case of the Custom House Clerks at the Outports has been taken up by Mr. PUNCH. LORD SANDON pressed it on the House to-night, and the Government professed a desire to do justice, but seemed terribly disinclined to pin themselves to any sort of engagement as to the amount of such justice or the time of doing it. In fact, the screw had not been put on hard enough, eh, MR. LOWE? But next day MR. GLADSTONE promised that the matter should really receive attention.

Wednesday.—Nothing of interest, except that MR. GLADSTONE publicly explained to MR. AYTON that the latter's theory of Ministerial responsibility would not hold water.

Thursday.—Mr. PUNCH is happy to announce that the Judicature Bill received final attention from the Lords, who agreed to all the Commons' amendments. That valuable measure has passed:—

"So Law and Equity will fuse,  
Or each can wear the other's shoes."

MR. OTWAY, next Session, means to move to shorten Parliaments. A despairing cry from a gentleman in hot weather. But let him get the speeches shortened, and he shall be as famous as his namesake. Who was he? you ask, dear Madam. The dramatist, THOMAS, who lived between 1651 and 1685, and whom you ought to love, for writing—

"O woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee  
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.  
Angels are painted fair to look like you;  
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven—  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

You adore him, don't you? That shows your confiding heart. The willain could write very differently about you. The above is from *Venice Preserved*. But in the *Orphan* he asks—

"What mighty ills have not been done by woman?  
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!"

Let that be a lesson to you never to trust a man because he can say pretty things.

MR. PETER TAYLOR distinguished himself twice to-night, and gave us great comfort, for though MR. WHALLEY is going to America to tout for the man who is being tried for perjury at Westminster, MR. TAYLOR will remain to delight us with his wit and wisdom. To-night he got again upon that cock-fighting cock-and-bull story, and "caught it" from MR. BRUCE, who very easily showed that the grievance was no grievance at all.

MR. GLADSTONE moved the Second Reading of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S Annuity Bill, and MR. PETER TAYLOR opposed it in a long speech, and protested in the name of 10,000 workmen at Leicester against such a grant. COLONEL NORTH, for the Conservatives, and MR. BOUVIERIE, as an old Whig, supported the Bill, and then MR. GLADSTONE very needlessly defended it against MR. TAYLOR, who must have been more flattered at hearing what he no doubt thought were arguments dealt with by such a man as the PREMIER than discomfited at beholding every one of them crushed with the most exquisite ease. However, he divided the House, and 164 voted for the Annuity, and 20 for MR. PETER TAYLOR's ludicrous crotchets.

Then we had the Indian Budget. But as MR. GRANT DUFF said, India is so "ghastly dull" a subject to most people, that we shall merely observe that he has got a splendid balance, and is going to lay out nearly all of it on remunerative improvements in India. He struck the right note, saying that unless we were prepared to go on civilising India, without waiting till the natives asked us to do so, we had better fling up the Empire. MR. FAWCETT moved a vote of hostility to the Indian Government, and said that much of the Revenue came out of Capital. This debate was twice adjourned. We are not in very good humour with India just now. The finest statue in London, MR. FOLEY'S "Outram," is now set up in Waterloo Place, and delights all eyes. And it is to be sent to India. Perhaps, however, this is best, for all the other statues blush through their bronze at the contrast.

Friday.—The Lords reduced the Conspiracy Bill into one affecting only the relations between Masters and Workmen. Government were sweetly "agreeable." Ministers quarrel only with one another.

Commons' Committee on the Duke of Edinburgh's Annuity Bill. It was opposed by SIR CHARLES DILKE, and MR. GLADSTONE said that there was something like Indecency in the course that had been taken. In answer to complaint that the Bill had been introduced late, the PREMIER grew tender.

"Cato's a proper person to entrust  
A love-tale with,"

But our CATO had recollections of youthful feelings:—

"Does my hon. friend think that the sentiment of love can be restrained?"

'Love, free as air, at sight of human ties  
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.'

(Laughter.) These things are not under my control with regard to Royal princes or anybody else. I cannot fix the time at which the invader should be allowed to occupy their hearts, and to bring to an issue these great questions."

Later, he explained that he had used the severe word cited only in reference to the persistent resistance to the feeling of the House. Afterwards, there was question as to the DUKE'S receiving his Annuity when he should have become a German Prince. But MR. GLADSTONE said that His Royal Highness would not thereby cease to be an English Gentleman. The Bill went through Commons.

Saturday.—The Commons passed that Bill, and got through the Indian Budget. "Courage, lads, Land!" as PLATO said when near the end of a dull book.

## A KNIGHTLY ACHIEVEMENT.



EDULOUSEY the Good Templars, modestly self-styled, are engaged among the fanatics under the banner of SIR WILFRID LAWSON in a crusade against the Liquor Trade. As yet, however, they do not appear to have succeeded in closing a single hostelry. Another Order of Knights, who leave their goodness to be demonstrated by their deeds, have been more successful. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, for some years past a publichouse, has been rescued from Bung by the English Order of St. John's Own Knights. Our Knights of St. John have, by purchase, regained possession of that venerable but desecrated structure, and of the freehold whereon it stands. With the devotion of true sons of chivalry they propose to redeem it from the service of Bung and Bacchus, and restore it to its pristine beauty in honour of their Patron Saint, and also that of DR. JOHNSON and his Patron, CAVE the bookseller, DAVID GARRICK, and its other memories, including SYLVANUS URBAN. The birthplace of the *Gentleman's Magazine* has now got into the hands of gentle Knights, and, according to the *Globe*, St. John's Gate, completely repaired at their charge, "will in time face and glorify the new street now being formed from Old Street to Oxford Street." What have the Templars who call themselves Good done in the way of Knighthood to match this achievement of gallantry and largess on the part of those true Knights, the English Order of the Knights of St. John? These are named in full the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; those others we rather associate with Jericho, as the place they should go to.

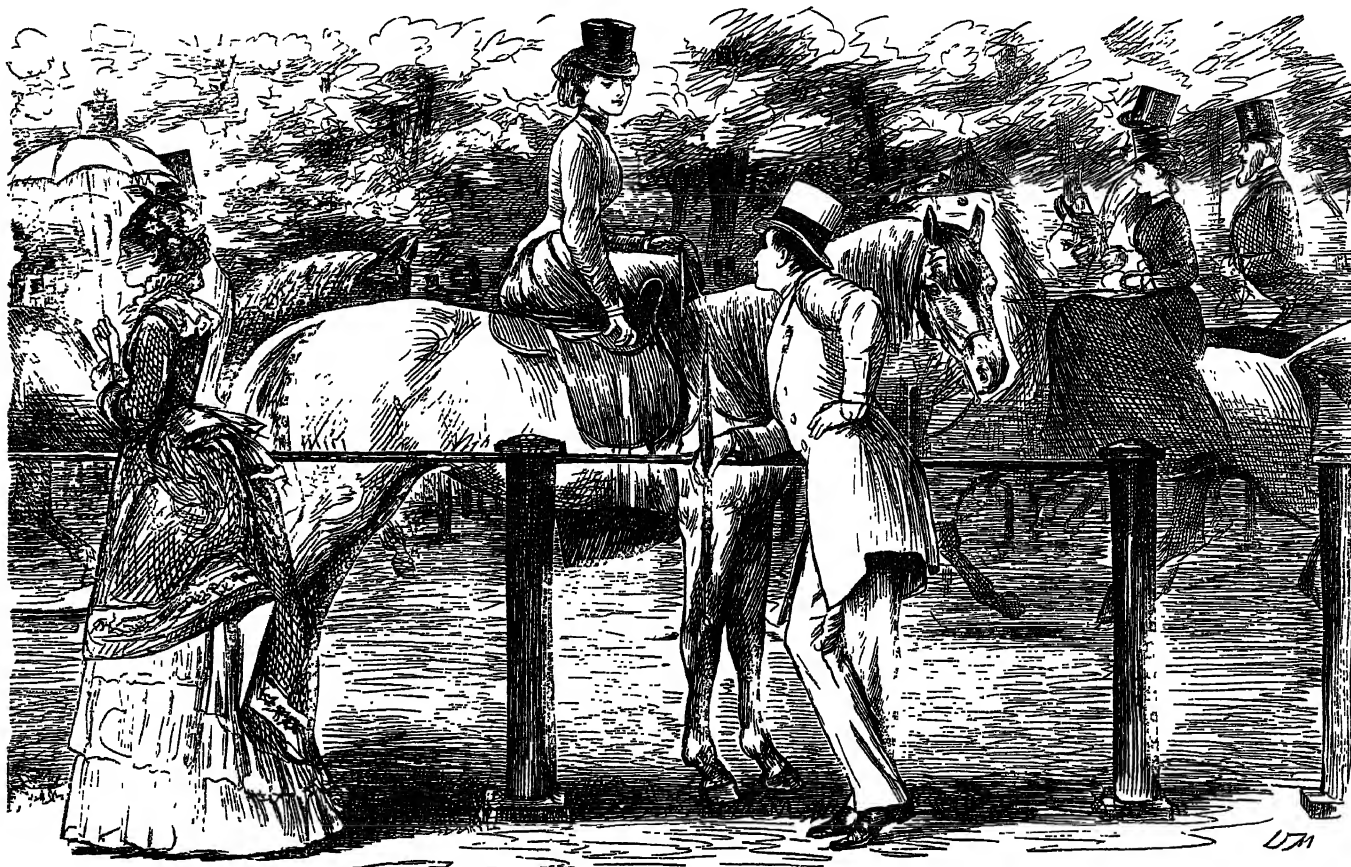
## REASON AND RHYME.

OUR fathers called, in days of old,  
Rome's genuine Priest a Jack Priest.  
His Ritualistic Sham we're bold  
Enough to term a Quack Priest.

## CONVENIENT DENTITION.

In these days of high prices of meat and other articles of daily necessity, folks with increasing families and stationary incomes must be rather glad than otherwise when their children cut their teeth late.





### WHAT LONDON CRUSHES ARE COMING TO.

"BY THE BYE, LADY CROWDER, HAVE YOU MET THE PARTINGTONS LATELY?"

"NOT FOR AN AGE! THEY WERE AT MY BALL LAST NIGHT, BUT I DIDN'T SEE THEM. BY THE WAY, DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE THERE, CAPTAIN SMYTHE?"

"O, YES! ENJOYED MYSELF IMMENSELY!"

"SO GLAD!"

### USED-UP!

THE LAST SONG OF THE SESSION.

AIR—"Faint and Wearily."

DULL and drearily the used-up Minister  
 Drags the chain so wearily, and fit to drop:  
 Bills, he'd fain be stopping, in Committee lopping,  
 Out of hitches hopping—scarce with strength to hop!  
 Votes that once had fired him, and to fight inspired him,  
 Till e'en foes admired him for his pride and pluck,  
 Mild and meekly taking, scarce a protest making,  
 Cuffed ears hardly shaking—down upon his luck!  
 O how often must the used-up Minister  
 Curse the grave mistake he made when he to Office stuck!

Just as wearily, the Opposition Leader  
 Plies his task uncheerily, and 'gainst the grain.  
 What's the use of speeches, that scarce find a reader,  
 What fun in hitting foes too limp to hit again?  
 Where sleep the old thunders (languid London wonders).  
 While such crops of blunders crave their scathing fires?  
 No, our Jove's too lazy,—his bolts are cold and crazy;  
 Party hues look hazy to our weary eyes:  
 Being beat, or beating—neither's worth repeating;  
 Only Lotos-eating is the lot to prize:  
 In or Out, man's *blasé*, by his toils *écrasé*,  
 And the Session *passé* down in dulness dies!

Up then, both of you, stir to life the sloth of you,  
 Blighting the growth of you, measures and men!  
 Go to the country, ask if it won't try  
 Dizzier's effrontery at a pinch again.  
 Tonics, though bitter, medicine most fit are  
 For Liberal twitter, in empty talk that ends:  
*Punch*, wise physician, prescribes Opposition,  
 Back to condition to bring his weakly friends:

DIZZY in office soon will have to doff his

Mask of the scoffer, for deed instead of word:

GLADSTONE out again foes will put to rout again,

Soon knit stout again the weakened Liberal cord—

Hates disappointed, splits repaired, rejoined,

His spear new-pointed, and a new edge on his sword.

### Plate and Portion.

OUR economical Government is not so frugal but that it has asked Parliament to vote £3000 "for presents of plate to the Geneva Arbitrators." To this request the House of Commons assents; LORD ENFIELD having explained that "the United States Government had provided three pieces of plate for the Arbitrators, in lieu of a money payment for their services, and it was now proposed to do the same." There is, however, a difference between the position of the British Government and that of the American. No kind friend can suggest to the Yankees that they should keep their plate to eat their Humble Pie upon.

### "Land and Water."

IN the show of Carriages in the International Exhibition, there is what is called a "Medium Canoe Landau." After much consideration, the only conclusion we can arrive at is that this vehicle has been designed with an eye to the future—for the accommodation and transport of some amphibious race of beings, which the researches of modern travellers and men of science may yet bring to light.

### VERY LIGHT LITERATURE.

OF all publications on any subject Blue Books are the shallowest. Why? Because their readers have to wade through them, and yet they are generally dry reading.



## GREAT AUTUMN MANŒUVRE.

HODGE. "LOR-A-MASSY, ME-ASTER! BE OI TO BE A 'POWER IN T' STE-ATE'? WHAT BE OI TO GET BY THA-AT?"

MR. G. "THAT, MY GOOD FRIEND, IS A MERE DETAIL. THE QUESTION IS, WHAT AM I TO GET BY IT!!"

"In the Debate as to giving a vote to the Agricultural Labourer, MR. FORSTER read a letter from the PREMIER, who declared that such extension of franchise was just and politic, and *could not long be avoided*. The question was thus taken up by Government, which much needs a 'good cry.'"



# THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

## CHAPTER VI.



HE Evening. At the Inn.  
PISCATOR, VENATOR,  
PETER, CORIDON, and  
HOSTESS.

Piscator. Well met, brother PETER. I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night, and that hath made me bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend hath been an angler but this day, and hath caught a Chub nineteen feet eleven inches and a half long.

Peter. Nay, honest Piscator, why not give him the other half inch? Make him twenty feet, and there an end.

Piscator. Trust me, brother PETER, I would not depart from the truth for so small a matter as one half inch. But come, Hostess, give us some of your best, for we have met

to be pleasant, and my honest Scholar will pay you in good coin.

Venator. But, my loving Master—

Peter. Nay, we will all bear our share.

Coridon. And the one that hath the best song shall pay the reckoning.

Venator. A match! a match! for I know but one verse of a song, and that I cannot sing. This is the best liquor that ever I tasted.

Coridon. This is a choice dinner, and rare wine.

Piscator. Trust me, brother PETER. I find my Scholar so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry.

Venator. Ay, my Mas'r—to be silivry merry. This is most excellent liquor.

Piscator. Now we have supped let's turn to the fire. Hostess, the cups and the pipes. So. Come on, my masters. Who begins? Let's avoid contention.

Coridon. I will. I'll shing shong. Hate conten— Hate contenshun.

### CORIDON'S SONG.

Ho! the sweets  
And the treats  
Of a fisher's life.  
Hey, trollie, lollie,  
Let us all be jolly,  
All round the holly,  
Trollie, lollie, lo!

Chorus, please.

Trollie, lollie, lollie,  
Let us all be jolly,  
All round the holly,  
Trollie, lollie, lo!

Second verse:—

Whitebait, Greenwich,  
Ducks and spinach,  
Little fishes  
In their dishes,  
Pickled salmon,  
Then the lamb on  
Table, waiter!  
Bring a tater!

Ho! the sweets and the treats,  
Swells and ladies, take your seats.  
Trollie, lollie,  
Let's be jolly.

And chor's p'ease—

We won't go home till merning,  
Till daylight doth appear.

All. Hip, hip, hooray!

Piscator. Brother PETER, your friend CORIDON hath well sung, and I commend so great modesty in one so young, in that he hath

not waited to receive our compliments, but hath withdrawn himself underneath the table.

Venator. I'll shing shong.

### VENATOR'S SONG.

Tallyho! Tallyho!

Yoicks! to "Ringleader"! yoicks away!

Whoop away!

I know Old TOM, and he knows me,  
And I know him wherever he be.

In the early morn,

By the sound of his horn,

By the sound of his horn, the wind blowing nor'ard.

Hey! Tallyho! yoicks! and Hi! For'ard!

I don't know more. Go bed.

Piscator. Brother PETER, we anglers are much beholden to these two excellent singers. Come, Hostess, another bowl, and let's drink to them. Then to bed; for I will have nothing hinder me in the morning. My purpose is to be away by sunrise.

Hostess. Then, my honest, merry Gentlemen, first pay your reckoning overnight.

Peter. 'Twas a match that the best singer should be at charges for the company. But your scholar is as good a singer as my friend; therefore, divide the score between them. For safety I have CORIDON's purse here, and will discharge his share.

Piscator. And here is my scholar's portion. Hostess, let them both be carried to bed. Good-night to everybody.

Peter. And so say I.

Hostess. And so say I.

Coridon and Venator. An'-sho-sh'-all-of-ush.

### THE NEXT DAY.

Piscator. Good-morrow, good hostess. My Brother PETER and his friend are still in bed. Give me my breakfast, and my scholar a bottle of soda-water and a lemon.

Venator. O me! O Master! O my head!

Piscator. An excellent breakfast. Good hostess, prithee go upstairs, and knock at Brother PETER's door, and give him this note, and bring me the answer down-stairs. So she is gone. Now, Scholar, we will not wait her return, but be going.

Venator. But, my Master, you have not paid for your breakfast.

Piscator. It is Brother PETER's birthday, and the reckoning will be a little surprise for him when he comes down. The learned DOCTOR M. BEZZLER has translated MARTIAL's epigram, "Piscator, fuge!" thus: "O Angler! hook it!" So now we are well on our way—

Venator. Alas! I am not well on our way! . . . O, Master! O! O! I will not offend again.

Piscator. You are better now, my loving Scholar?

Venator. I am, my kind Master. And now, as we go towards the river, will you tell me how to make such a bait as shall catch a dace, or a roach?

Piscator. Take a handful of sour milk like as frumissy is boiled.

Venator. Good Master, what is frumissy?

Piscator. Frumissy, Scholar, the learned BOTTIER explains, is ingeniously derived from the Latin *Fruor*, I enjoy, and *mi*, I have sent; and it is to be understood that the scent is to be enjoyed.

Venator. I thank you, good Master. This truly is what I have heard called in the same learned language a *fummimentum*. . . . O, Master, O!

Piscator. Trust me, I will not fail you on such occasion, for where the rod hath been spared, child and fish have been alike spoiled. Boil this sour milk till it be hard; then fry it leisurely with gentles, sawdust, bluebottles of not more than three years of age, a handful of nettles, which, as you must learn for yourself, shall not have been before deprived of their sting, and half a pound of Cayenne pepper. Make this into a paste, paint it with three coatings of blue colour, and you will find it a tempting bait for a cock-roach, which the pious Dutchman, VAN DANDERBOORTZEN, affirms to be the choicest fish that swims.

Venator. I thank you, my Master, and shall be yet more beholden to you if you will tell me what more you remember that is necessary to the taking of the cock-roach.

Piscator. Well, Scholar, I will stop here unless you satisfy my charges up to this time, whereof I will now give you the score.

Venator. Nay, Master, I have but three sovereigns left; but if you will not again use the rod—

Piscator. That is what no true angler can promise. So. They are good ones. I will now tell you what remains to be done when you have provided yourself with such a bait as I have already taught you to make.

Venator. Proceed, good Master, to your promised direction. I will not fail with my bait; and see, here are the nettles at hand!

Piscator. Pluck them gently, but fearlessly, for they belong to no





### A GREAT FAVOUR.

*Butler (at Luncheon).* "STEAK A LITTLE HARD, MA'AM? (Pause.) WE'VE A PARTICULAR TENDER LEG O' LAMB IN THE HALL—SHALL I INQUIRE IF YOU CAN HAVE A SLICE OF THAT, MA'AM?"

owner, and are the bounty of Providence. The erudite PHACETIUS has said that they do not sting this month.

*Venator.* Do they not? Why then . . . O, Master, O!

*Piscator.* You have indeed a noble handful. And note, with gratitude, that your suffering is the cause of my happiness. For every misery that I miss, is a new mercy, and, therefore, as you should rejoice with your friend, let us both be thankful. So. Put them in your pocket, and listen to what I have to say as to your line of conduct in fishing, and the use of hair, for my instructions draw to a close.

*Venator.* And, O Master, my money is well nigh gone.

*Piscator.* True happiness is not in riches. But for this line I was speaking of. You must dye your hair with a pint of strong ale, a pound of soot, a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, boiled in a pipkin. Lay it on smoothly with your brush, and drive it in thin. It will turn your hair to a kind of greenish yellow. Once doing will serve if you lay it on well, for doubtless such coloured hair is most choice and the most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green. Now we are at the river, go to that hollow tree and throw your line.

*Venator.* It is a beautiful seat in the hollow tree, and I have so craftily disposed my legs in a cleft of the trunk that I cannot be pulled out by the strongest pike. O, Master! . . . here is a wasp!

*Piscator.* Wasps build their nests in hollow trees on the banks of a stream. I will go on quickly to the next meadow.

*Venator.* O, Master! . . . it is a swarm! . . . O! I cannot get out of the tree! O! . . . O! . . . O! . . . I am free! . . . they are pursuing me! . . . O! O! Master! where are you?

### Barbarous.

PARLIAMENT leaves us, and Convocation is not sitting, so we can only appeal to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to satisfy us as to the correctness of a report that students who are undergoing training in practical organic chemistry are allowed, nay encouraged, to "irritate ants on litmus paper"!

### REVERENCE AND CONTEMPT OF COURT.

CONTEMPT of Court, it stands to common sense, Is a particularly grave offence.

And clearly, printed comment on report

Of pending trial is Contempt of Court.

For who can fail to see, if not stone-blind,

How it must prejudice a jury's mind?

Because no moral forces rule the pen,

As wig and gown the tongues of chartered men.

Clad in long robe, and crowned with equine hair,

The Pleader cannot speak one word unfair,

Inspired with reason by the horsehair crown,

With honour and with justice by the gown,

Pure logic flows from his superior part,

While genuine feeling gushes from his heart.

Two things no Barrister did ever do;

Suggest the false, or falsify the true,

By knavish innuendo or pretence,

Cajolery or illusive eloquence.

A witness perjured he will ne'er surmise,

Whilst 'tis himself that lies and knows he lies.

He never, fee'd to play a client's game,

O never, foully tries to blast fair fame!

His earnest words express his firm belief;

For every Barrister believes his brief.

Say what he will, his words can nought avail

Of Justice by false weight to sink the scale.

He only should your jurymen address;

But, sad to say, you can but gag the Press.

In club, at board, in converse, every kind

Of critic has the power to speak his mind;

And their Contempt of Court is freely shown

Not in discussion unrestrained alone;

Contempt that gives the face of Court such kicks

As might the very hair of wigs unfix.

'Twere dreadful such contempt of Court should be,

If it balked justice in the least degree.



## MILLIONNAIRESSES.

Mrs. A. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR. YOU MUST COME AND SEE MY NEW DRESSES FROM PARIS—ONE CHARMING MORNING DRESS, AMONG OTHERS, QUITE SIMPLE, AND ONLY COST SIXTY-SEVEN GUINEAS! YOU'LL COME, WON'T YOU? AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT!"

Mrs. B. "O, MY DEAR, I'M NO JUDGE OF CHEAP CLOTHING, YOU KNOW!"

## LIBERAL CONSERVATION OF COMMONS.

CHELSEA is represented by a very advanced Liberal, who yet may in one particular be accounted a thorough Conservative. But herein he commends himself to every true Liberal. The name of SIR CHARLES DILKE stands next after that of MR. COWPER-TEMPLE on the Committee of the Commons Protection Society, whose signatures are appended to an appeal in the *Times* for contributions in aid of the conservation of Commons. Especially they ask assistance to enable the labouring people at Westerham and Gerrard's Cross to contest the stoppage of their immemorial habit of cutting gorse and heather for their own use; a prohibition effected at Westerham by the success of legal proceedings taken before a Bench of the Great Unpaid by a Colonel, and at Gerrard's Cross by the agency of the rural police invoked by the Lord of the Manor—a Parson.

The truly Liberal Conservatives, who represent the Society above named, in a previous communication addressed to the *Times*, enumerated upwards of nine instances in which the rights of the country people had been invaded by the little tyrants of their fields. These, under the pretence of being Lords of the Manor, had committed various acts of tyranny. Prosecuting people for cutting gorse and turf to boil their pot withal after the manner of their forefathers, Lords of the Manor had got their pals the County Magistrates to fine the poor. They had summoned boys for playing cricket; had perpetrated several abominable enclosures; had erected fences across paths to stop the public; had cut down trees on public land. In attempting some of these atrocities, however, they were successfully resisted. As, for instance, in the course of cutting down trees on a village-green in Hertfordshire, the scene of an annual fair, and the venerable site of the parish stocks around which

the trees had been planted. Some of these, which had been felled, the villagers cut in pieces, which they took away, and defended the rest by main force. Sued in the County Court, though the defendants were declared by the Judge to have no right to appropriate the trees which had been cut down, the plaintiff, on the other hand, was decided to have had no right to cut them down. So a brute was baffled. There is scarcely anything that affords keener gratification to a well-constituted mind than the successful enforcement by commoners of rights against an encroaching Lord of the Manor, especially when they tear down a fence with the law on their side; or do him any other legal damage which puts him to great expense; the greater the more delightful to think upon. This pleasure can be purchased by forwarding subscriptions to the Commons Protection Society. The address of 1, Great College Street, S.W., is given by those public-spirited Conservative Liberal gentlemen. Who, that can, will not contribute his mite to the defence of Right?

## A Short Way with Savages.

THE Ashantees are giving us a great deal of trouble. We have had much ado with the Maories, and with the native tribes of Africa. The Dutch are worried by the Atcheenese; the Yankees bothered with the Red Indians. By-and-by, perhaps, philanthropists of enlarged views will set up an Aborigines Extermination Society.

SPEECHLESS!—It is whispered that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS are not on speaking terms. On such terms with each other, only suppose those two amiable Ministers were on the same terms with the House!

## POETRY FOR PETER TAYLOR.

O UNGRACIOUS P. A. TAYLOR,  
Chieftain of the frugal clan!  
Would you stint our Royal Sailor?  
Most unsympathetic man!

Were he nothing to the nation  
But an ornamental Prince,  
Discontent at his dotation  
You with reason might evince.

But e'en then, and though his Mother  
On her People claim had none,  
One with feeling for another  
Would enrichment vote her son.

Could you, for a single minute,  
Put yourself in ALFRED's place,  
And just think how you'd feel in it,  
PETER!—but you've not the grace.

Else would happiness and pleasure  
Thrill throughout your heart and soul,  
With such force, and in such measure,  
As you scarcely could control.

O what bliss, ere on the shady  
Side of thirty, should be life  
To the lord of a young lady,  
With enough to keep his wife!

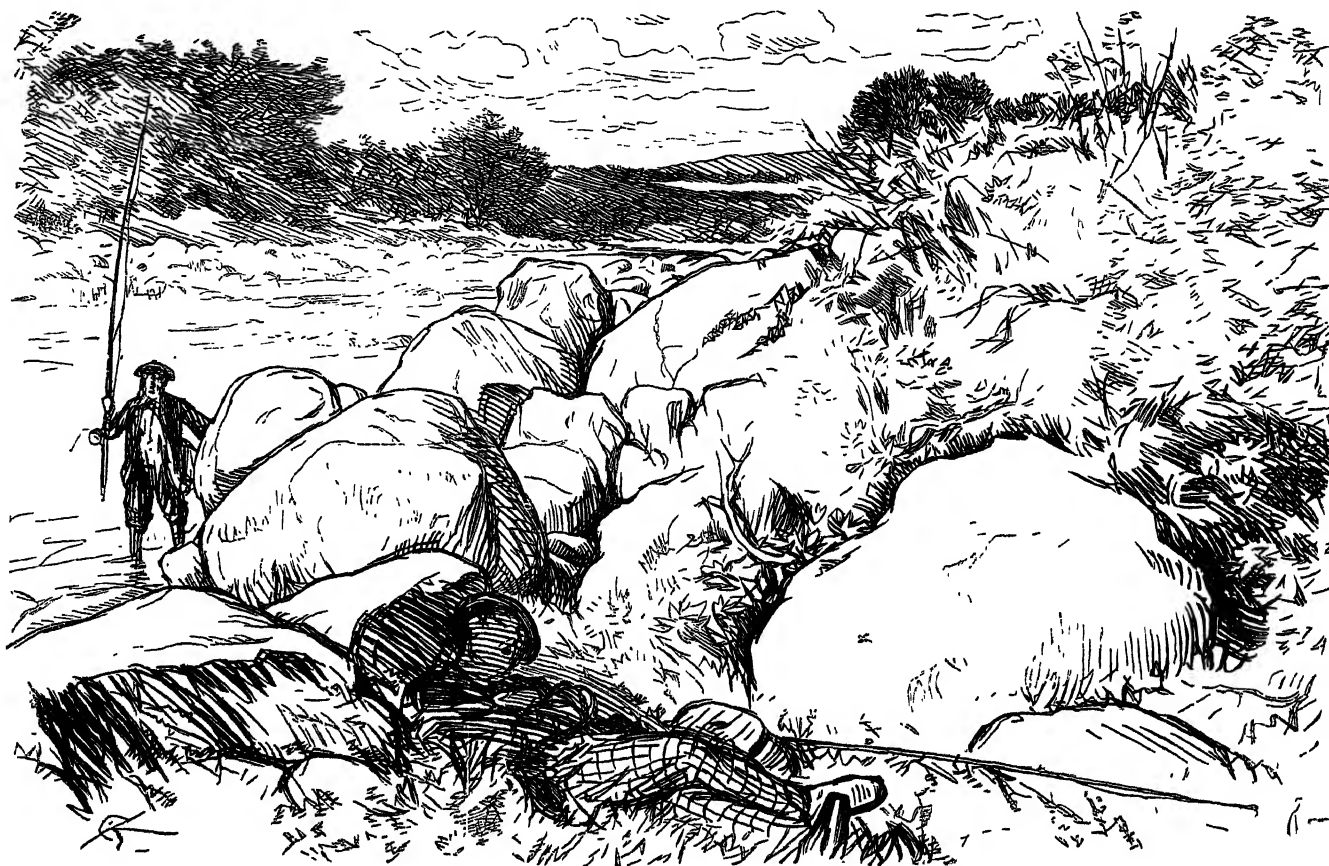
To confer that bliss on any  
Who'd not vote, at loss above  
Scarce a fraction of a penny?  
PETER, were you e'er in love?

For a trifle, whilst we never  
Grudge all Princes can require,  
Let the labourer be, however,  
Held as worthy of his hire.

Must the State, which full provision  
Makes for children of the Crown,  
Close, with cynical precision,  
Cut its clerks and postmen down?

With a happy Prince though sweeter  
Sympathy must ever be,  
With contented workmen, PETER,  
Sweet it were in some degree.

TEA-UP TIME.—If you invite people to afternoon tea, do your best to make it lively and agreeable. You would not like your guests to go away protesting that the entertainment had been a humdrum affair.



### A BROILING DAY ON DEE-SIDE.

*Veteran Sportsman (in the "Specs").* "I WONDER WHERE THE ENGLISHMAN IS! I LEFT HIM ABOUT HERE. HOOKED A BIG FISH, PERHAPS—SHOULDN'T WONDER AT ALL. (*Chuckles.*) A NICE DANCE HE 'LL HAVE THE DAY! PHEW!"

### HUMILIS IN-HUMILIS.

WHEN four Committees deal their slap  
On thy large cheek—rap, rap, RAP!  
I'm glad my head's not in *thy* cap—  
My ROBERT!

Thy mind, with *oytrecurdiance* fired,  
Of snubbing deputations tired,  
To snubbing colleagues next aspired—  
My ROBERT!

BAXTER hummed, hawed, kicked, but obeyed;  
Meek MONSELL, murmuring, bowed his head;  
But what were *they* in triumph led,  
My ROBERT?

Nor was't much to deny their due  
To Board of Trade and FORTESCUE:  
They could but swear, but thou couldst *screw*—  
My ROBERT!

Then thou, like ALEXANDER, crowned  
Lord of the globe, didst look around,  
Sighing for yet unconquered ground—  
My ROBERT!

But nought unconquered couldst thou find,  
Save the indomitable mind  
Of AYRTON, prickliest of his kind—  
My ROBERT!

Were Gods in grace, or Fiends in glee,  
Wrath against *you*, or love for *me*,  
That AYRTON set to cuffs with thee,  
My ROBERT?

Blest hope, that in fierce tit-for-tats,  
Both, eaten up from boots to hats,  
Might end like the Kilkenny cats,  
My ROBERT!

And now the tussle has begun;  
Tooth and claw, both amuck they run!  
Never was seen such fearful fun,  
My ROBERT!

Who knows if AYRTON will quell LOWE,  
Or LOWE end AYRTON? We but know,  
Win either, t' other thanks we'll owe,  
My ROBERT!

### "Idle Tears."

MRS. MALAPROP cannot make out what people mean by saying that the Liberals want "a good cry." She thought it was only women who gave way in this manner. But if great grown-up men must let their feelings get the better of them, she is glad they have the good sense to go into the country to do it. For her part—and she by no means approves of everything which has been done these Sessions, especially those Zanzibar Post Office enclosures—she cannot see that there is very much to cry about.

### Prizes for Athletic Parsons.

A MUSCULAR Christian offers to give Three Cups. Open to all Clergy of the Established Church:—

A High Jump—over the Rubric.

A Broad Jump—over the Athanasian Creed.

Putting the Stone—at a brother Ecclesiastic.

N.B.—Contests to come off in a glass-house.

[*Sporting Papers, please copy.*]



"THE BETTER THE DAY," &c.

*Rustic (to Curate who dabbles in Photography).* "I'D BE TURR'BLE MUCH OBLIGED, ZUR, IF YOU'D MAP OFF MY PICTUR', ZUR!"

*Curate.* "WELL, MY MAN, I'LL TAKE YOUR LIKENESS FOR YOU. WHEN WILL YOU COME?"

*Rustic.* "WELL, ZUR, IF YOU'VE NO 'BJECTIONS, I BE MOASTLY CLEANED UP AND HAS MOAST TIME O' ZUNDAY MARNIN'S, ZUR!"

PUNCH TO HIS SIXTH-FORM BOYS

*Leaving St. Stephen's School for the Autumn Holidays, August 5, 1873.*

WHEN Long Vacation, cheery,  
To big and little men,  
With their school-labour weary,  
Brings August round again,  
For his dear Sixth-form fellows,  
Of old St. Stephen's School,  
*Punch*, their head-master zealous,  
Has always made a rule,—  
Knowing what men and boys are,  
With no work and all play,  
How tiresome tasks and toys are,  
In undivided sway,—  
Good boys in good to press on,  
Bad boys from bad to turn—  
To set the Sixth a lesson  
In the holidays to learn.

But this year, where's the use on't,  
What good at boys to storm,  
With discipline so loosened,  
The Sixth—so out of form?  
Such a five months of shirking!  
Such squabbles, high and low!  
The little done of working,  
So slovenly and slow!  
Such constant impositions!  
And blunders so profuse!  
Of logic such deficiency!  
Of rhetoric such abuse!

The one mouse of achievement  
To the mountain of profession!  
Pledges but to deceive meant:  
"Non possumus" in possession.

All the years that I've presided  
Over St. Stephen's School,  
From præpostors so misguided  
I ne'er had worse misrule.  
Be it long e'er I again see  
A Sixth so far below  
The standard I would fain see  
Even juniors outgrow.  
For with old boys so much under  
The mark as you to-day,  
Your master cannot wonder  
If young ones go astray.  
Hence six months' waste of trouble,  
On fond hopes fondly nurst,  
Blown, like a soap-suds bubble,  
But, bubble-like, to burst.

To think, how flashing forward,  
For your last remove set free,  
You sprang into the vaward,  
My W. E. G!  
O time, and dreams that jump it!  
Not five short years have gone,  
Since your triumphant trumpet  
Shrill sounded the move-on!  
All to your "Boot and saddle!"  
Sprang fiery and fast:  
Eggs in mares' nests long addle  
Seemed stirred to life at last.  
Now, with blunted sword and broken,  
Frayed surcoat, shattered shield,  
Big with black thoughts unspoken,  
You falter from the field.

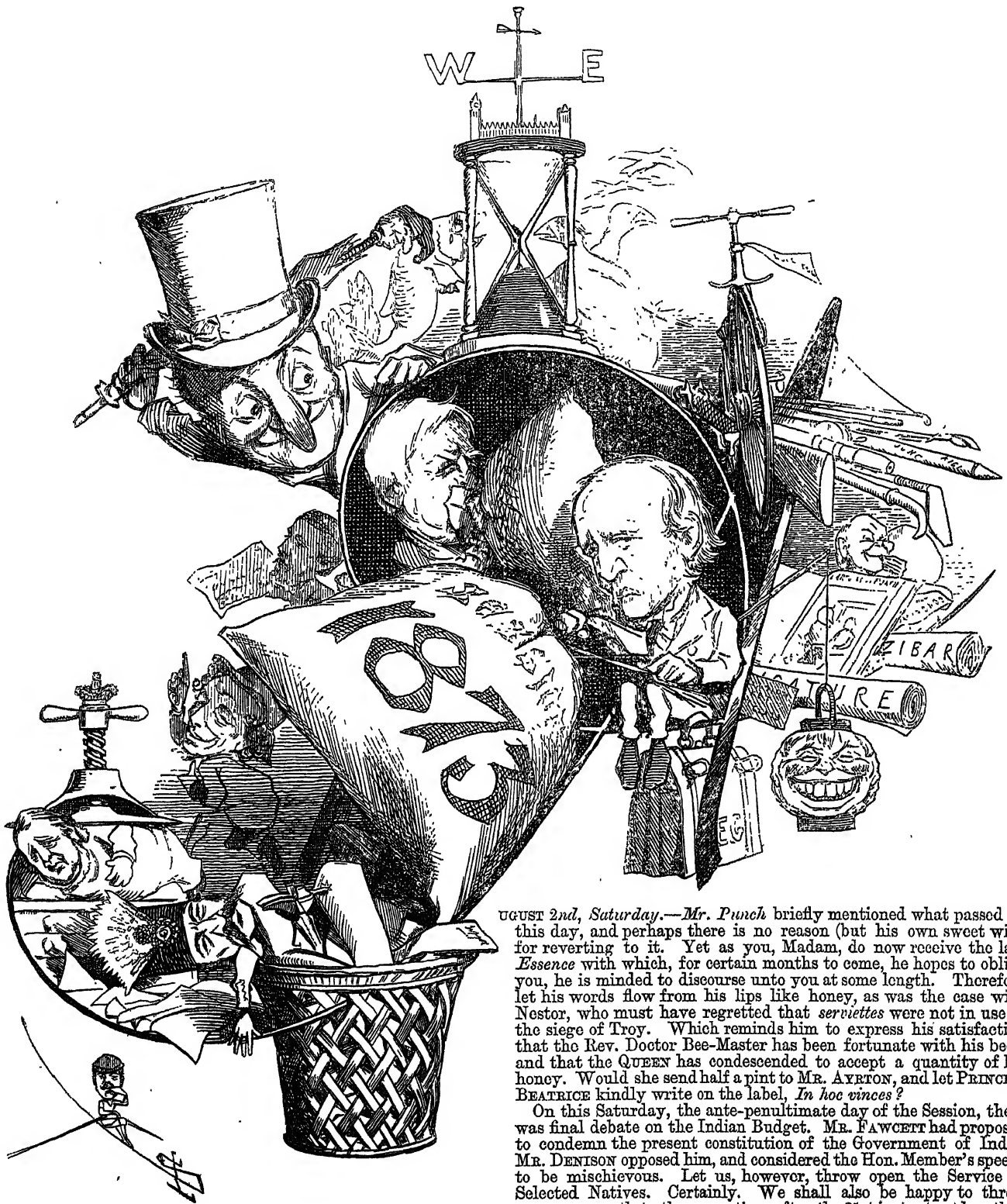
Can I have heart, my WILLIAM,  
To set thee tasks just now?  
No—I not quite so silly am,  
A cowed heart more to cow.  
A course of treatment bracing  
More good is like to do,  
Fit you, next half, for facing  
The work you'll have to do:  
Work, that must needs be heavier  
For all now left undone—  
(See the Bard) "*Non fit levior  
Morâ*" the task we shun—  
Tonics we must exhibit;  
Your blood lacks steel, 'tis clear:  
Too much sugar I prohibit,  
And butter, pray, forbear.

To all your Sixth-form fellows  
The same régime applies.  
'Tis not in wind or bellows  
Your point of weakness lies.  
In *stamina* you're deficient,  
That which gives "grit" and "go;"  
As you men are, and fish ain't,  
Your blood should warmer flow.  
Nay, even of hysteria  
Some symptoms I have seen,  
To which complaint superior  
Our sex, till now, has been:  
I should of this your rushes  
Of blood to the head accuse—  
The worst of that sort of gush is  
The weakness that ensues.

So *Punch*, your own M.D., thinks  
The thing to recommend—  
(Ask BOUVERIE what he thinks,  
That deed good-natured friend!)—  
Of all restoratives open  
Sea-bathing is the best,  
And a sea he knows, which no pen  
Has yet puffed into request—  
THE SEA OF OPPOSITION—  
Proved richer, by analysis,  
In salts, for demolition  
Of feebleness and fallacies,  
Than any sea with fish in  
'Twixt John o' Groat's and Calais' is:  
Where, with GULL for your physician,  
Fool's Paradise your palace is.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AUGUST 2nd, Saturday.—Mr. Punch briefly mentioned what passed on this day, and perhaps there is no reason (but his own sweet will) for reverting to it. Yet as you, Madam, do now receive the last *Essence* with which, for certain months to come, he hopes to oblige you, he is minded to discourse unto you at some length. Therefore let his words flow from his lips like honey, as was the case with Nestor, who must have regretted that *serviettes* were not in use at the siege of Troy. Which reminds him to express his satisfaction that the Rev. Doctor Bee-Master has been fortunate with his bees, and that the QUEEN has condescended to accept a quantity of his honey. Would she send half a pint to MR. AYRTON, and let PRINCESS BEATRICE kindly write on the label, *In hoc vinces*?

On this Saturday, the ante-penultimate day of the Session, there was final debate on the Indian Budget. MR. FAWCETT had proposed to condemn the present constitution of the Government of India. MR. DENISON opposed him, and considered the Hon. Member's speech to be mischievous. Let us, however, throw open the Service to Selected Natives. Certainly. We shall also be happy to throw open our mouth to them any time after the 31st instant, unless they are going to be three-pence a-piece.

SIR G. BALFOUR, thirty years ago, had applied himself to opium. This was a portentous beginning, but he made an excellent speech, and advocated Economy. We also advocate it, except when there is question of spending other people's money, and then our heart expands, and we realise the famous idea of philanthropy. A sees B in distress, and is particularly desirous that C should help him.

SIR D. WEDDERBURN was for conceding, in a modified form, representation to India. This is not a new notion, of course, Madam, and, moreover, it will have to be considered, some day. The time may come when you will see dusky voters walking down "India's coral Strand" (that street must be even prettier than our own Strand, W.C.) to ballot for a K.S.I.

MR. J. F. LEITH, who is an authority on the question, having for several years seen—

"The nice morn, on the Indian steep,  
From her cabined loophole peep,"

thought that MR. GRANT DUFF's statement was satisfactory, and that we had a right to look for better times in India. But he strongly objected to certain taxes which we imposed. Among them, MR. LEITH mentioned one which all young ladies going to the East will agree with him in describing as mischievous and iniquitous; namely, the tax imposed on Sutors. This accounts for the few marriages that take place in India. It occurs to us to add, generally, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—let no suitor go beyond his last—firtation, at least unless he sees that a pleasanter one is to be had.

MR. AYRTON—come, Madam, he has a right to be heard on such topics—objected to a proposal to forestal the report of a very important Indian Committee, which has been sitting for three years. He pointed out, with ability, the absurdity of making mere arithmetic the standard of judgment where novel and complex interests were at stake. But he desired that official responsibility should be definite, and not be like a game at "hunt the slipper." Well, Madam, we have heard of iron tears down Pluto's cheek, but we do not see MR. AYRTON among a bevy of laughing girls, passing the satin slipper, and a joke at its smallness. Who can have told him that there was such a game?

MR. FAWCETT withdrew his Amendment, and expressed satisfaction that greater responsibility was to be established. The Indian Budget passed. "Budget" is derived from the French *bouquette*; but a facetious M.P., whose name wild horses or wild curates should not induce us to reveal, said, this afternoon, that the word reminded him of a Shakspearian passage. "'Budge!' says the fiend. 'Budge not!' says my conscience." *His conscience!*

"Of that he knows no more than one who dwells  
Among the Highlands knows of knee-buckles."

*Lalla Rookh.*

**Monday.**—LORD REDESDALE made final protestation against paying £3,500,000 to the United States. The LORD CHANCELLOR said that it was child's play to re-open the question now. May be so, but have we not played rather a childish game all through the matter? By the way, what sort of children does LORD SELBORNE know? They must be precocious little objectionabilities, if one of their sports is playing at Geneva Arbitrations.

In the Commons various Notices for next Session were given, but sufficient unto the Session is the Evil thereof; we shall not mention them, especially as Honourable Members have, probably, six months in which to repent their intended sins.

You know that Spain is given up to Civil War, Madam, and that there is a triangular duel. CHARLES VII., whom we must continue to call a Pretender until his pretensions are vindicated by success, is, with the aid of the priests, butchering in one quarter, and the Reds, or Communists, who are the most execrable scum of the country, are butchering in another. Opposed to both is something calling itself a Republican Government, which is abominably ill-supported, but which shows spirit, and occasionally wins victories. We recognise neither Republicans nor Carlists, but the other day the piratical Communists got a ship and were going to bombard the women and children in Malaga. A German vessel, the *Friedrich Carl*, and an English one, the *Pigeon*, cut this short, and sent the pirates about their business. We intend to do this whenever British interests or British subjects are in danger, but for the rest, the triangular duel must be fought out without our interference. It is a pity, however, that the two decent parties do not coalesce, utterly stamp out the Commune, and then settle matters by an appeal to the educated classes as to the form of Government. "Spain" is at present what Italy was, a geographical expression. There is no such nation.

The Conspiracy Bill was nearly the last business of this Session. MR. HARCOURT's measure had been expanded by the Government. The Lords reduced it to its original form, and made it deal with trade offences only. MR. HARCOURT refused to accept it in that form, and so the measure is lost. The artisan class will infallibly be told that they have a grievance here, and though practically there will be none, as sentences will be modified in view of what has taken place, it would have been better not to give the agitators an opening. But suppose those who think of breaking the law should remember a little story, and obey the law. "Father, they say the trout are biting to-day." "Very well, my boy, you mind your cobbler, and then they won't bite you."

The Factory Bill, described by some as a restriction on the employment of women, and by others as a measure in their interest, was abandoned.

Great shout from the Tories. In came MR. BOORD, the Conservative Member for Greenwich, who had just been elected by a majority outnumbering all the Liberal votes put together. Liberal journals much exercised in explaining away the vote which gives MR. GLADSTONE a Conservative colleague.

**Tuesday.**—Some barrister, quoting Latin in a court, pronounced the word *insuper* with a long vowel, *insuper*. A Judge said, "MR. DREARY, it is near the end of the term. Please do not make things longer than necessary." But here, on the very last day of the Session, Ministers, Lords, and Commons were kept waiting for two hours because nobody had taken thought to provide special conveyance for the messenger from Osborne with the Royal Mandate for Prorogation. This was inconvenient only for those in the House of Lords. Everybody else had, thanks to the newspapers, which had copies of the Message, and came out at the usual time, read the document two hours before LORD SELBORNE was permitted to deliver it in his "slightly melancholy" voice.

However, the order came at last, and the Message was given. "As you have not heard its contents, I will now proceed to narrate—" "In verse," said *Mr. Barlow*. "But," said *Master Tommy*, "I do not know—but perhaps *Master Harry* might, if you flogged him sufficiently." "In that case, my dear young friend, we will see what the magic wand—" "Nay, Sir," said *Master Tommy*, "I beg you will not take the trouble to leave your wine." This was

### The Message.

We're very glad to let you go  
(Thanks for our ALFRED's tin, you know).  
We're quite at peace with all mankind  
(Forgot Ashantee,—never mind).  
Several good treaties we have made  
For putting down the Slavery Trade,  
And one with France, our friend rampageous,  
Which commerce will find advantageous,  
And four with other folks, for nicking  
Rogues who'd escape their country's kicking.  
Nor are forgotten British claims  
Regarding certain Yankee games.

Our Faithful Commons, 'tis a story  
To say you're Radical, or Tory;  
You vote to us such generous doles,  
You are all Liberal. Bless your souls!

Our Lords and Gentlemen, with glee  
Reductions in some dues we see:  
The Sugar, and the Income taxes  
Much lighter lie on people's backs.  
The Judicature Act's a feat,  
And Education's now complete.  
Railways you've handed to a trio  
Who'll dare to beard the board-room *leo*.  
We hope the Merchant-Shipping Act  
Will save brave ships from being wracked.  
Our Income answers expectation:  
Bettered's Condition of the Nation.  
For which, and other mercies, you  
Know where to offer tribute due.

"I have read worse doggerel in books professing to be poems," said *Mr. Barlow*; "but, as I feel that you must be ashamed of yourself, and as I don't like exertion after wine, you may retire. If I decide on punishing you in the morning, I will apprise you of my intention in time to prevent your enjoying your breakfast. Bless you! Go to bed."

In the Commons, the very last speaker was MR. M. CHAMBERS, who most sensibly begged that nobody would think of dividing on some ridiculous Irish question, when the Black Rod was expected.

The Black Rod came; about twenty Commons went to hear the Message, returned, shook hands with the SPEAKER, and *exceunt*.

So came a dull Session to dismallest end:  
The Session, we'll call it, of *Notle Intentions*;  
Although the sad pavement those articles mend  
Is found in a district which nobody mentions.

The Minister fell, and the Minister rose,  
Earth's touch did not help the bewildered Antaeus,  
But we've scrambled on somehow, less bothered by foes,  
Than worried by friends. *Sed nunc otia dat Deus.*

Away! our brave Lords; our bold Commons, away!  
Bill, Motion, Committee, Debate, and Address, hence!  
*Punch*, rejoicing (how much 'twere unceiv to say),  
Puts his finishing rhyme to his exquisite Essence.



### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

*Madge.* "I SAY, ARTHUR! MAMMA WON'T BE PLEASED IF SHE FINDS US LYING ABOUT LIKE THIS, INSTEAD OF SITTING UP!"  
*Arthur.* "WELL, MADGE, MAMMA SHOULDN'T TREAT US TO A DONKEY RIDE, YOU KNOW."

### THE SHUFFLE OF CARDS.

MORE changes! more changes! Political Bards,  
 Tune your harps; and be-minstrel the Shuffle of Cards.  
 First, in pious condolence the fact be expressed—  
 Economical BAXTER seeks "Baxter's Saint's Rest."  
 Then chant how the kind but too pliable BRUCE  
 Turns Peer, and will go where he *may* be of use;  
 Succeeded at "Home" by the cynical wag,  
 BOB LOWE; how our BOBBY will scold, skin, and scrag!  
 Next, sing how JOHN BRIGHT, having done his erratics,  
 Comes back, the bold Quaker, to quell the fanatics.  
 Then twist up your strings with your sturdiest screw—  
 Our WILLIAM, too strong for one office, takes two;  
 As Premier puts forth his magnificent powers,  
 And casts up the national books at odd hours.  
 Sing out, singing beggars, and wish him good luck;  
 His fiercest opponents must honour such pluck.  
 Then twangle us off all the little affairs,  
 How DONSON the national book-keeping shares:  
 How ARTHUR, the son of SIR ROBERT, comes in  
 To do what was done by the glorified GLYN:  
 And, lastly, play up an uproariously rare tune,  
 To hail the alleged new *avatar* of AYRTON;  
 Proclaim that our rated and very much roast man  
 Abandons the *Ædile*, and puts on the Postman.  
 (At least, so 'tis said.) And in future no chap  
 Will scoff that our AYRTON is not worth a Rap.  
 Sing away, twang your harps, be your trumpets all blown,  
 We'll have an Eisteddfod, old bricks, of our own;  
 And here's the Prize Theme that we toss to our Bards—  
 "Who the deuce cares a fig for this Shuffle of Cards?"

### SINE DIE.

If the words with which the leading Counsel for the defence, in a case which has now occupied the Court of Queen's Bench for some seventy days, closed his remarks on Thursday, the 7th inst., have been correctly reported, the prospect of a termination to the Trial seems more remote than ever—in fact there will never be an end to it at all. MR. K—Y is stated to have concluded his address, on the day in question, by saying, "To-morrow we shall go to 'fresh fields and pastures new.'" That to-morrow will never come, as the Judges, the Jury, the Counsel, the Officers of the Court, and the parties interested in the case may satisfy themselves—with what feelings we will not presume to indicate—by referring to the last line of MILTON's *Lycidas*. If it is not too late, we earnestly hope that the records of the Court will be amended, that the correct quotation may go down to posterity—"To-morrow to fresh *woods* and pastures new."

### More Honours.

THE SHAH has conferred on the LORD MAYOR (who deserves all his distinctions) the Order of the Lion and Sun. This sounds rather like a public-house sign, and perhaps it is not to be regretted that we cannot return the compliment by investing the GRAND VIZIER with the Elephant and Castle, or the George and Dragon.

### What the Little Bird Whispers.

CERTAIN mischievous priests, nominally of the Church of England, are making a disturbance about Auricular Confession. We are not alarmed. They will never succeed in gaining the ear of the country.

LADIES AND HIGH LATITUDES.—Daughters of Earth in one point differ from their Mother. A wad of false hair at the back of the female head maintains a high temperature at the Poll.



## THE HOLIDAY TASK.

DR. PUNCH. "MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, YOU HAVE DONE NEXT TO NOTHING THIS HALF. THEREFORE, A LITTLE TASK DURING THE VACATION WILL BE GOOD FOR YOU. YOU, MASTER BENJAMIN, MUST GET UP A 'DEFINITE POLICY;' YOU, LOWE, WILL WRITE A PAPER ON THE 'APPLICATION OF THE SCREW;' AYRTON, YOU WILL HAVE TO GET BY HEART THE WHOLE 'BOOK OF ETIQUETTE;' MAIL, YOU MUST ATTEND CHURCH REGULARLY. WHALLEY, YOU'RE GOING TO AMERICA—STAY THERE! PLIMSOLL, YOU MUST LEARN TO—AH—MODERATE YOUR *TRANSPOITS*, AND AS FOR YOU, WILLIAM EWART, THE IDLER *YOU* ARE THE BETTER!"





## THE PLAGUE OF THE PAVEMENTS.



NE GEORGE PEACHEY, summoned the other day before Mr. KNOX at Marlborough Street, by Mr. HETTON, of Twickenham, for violently pushing a perambulator against him, was fined twenty shillings and costs. By thus enforcing the law for the protection of people's legs, Mr. KNOX has shown himself worthy the name of Scotland's great Reformer. If Magistrates generally would enforce it likewise against nursemaids who propel along the foot pavement the vehicles containing their infant charges right ahead, whilst

they themselves are looking in another direction, and bruise the legs or crush the toes of anybody in their way, beneath those not small cars of Juggernaut, employers would mind how they sent mooning hoydens into the street to incur fines, practically for them to pay.

The problem of combining the convenient airing of babies with the security of adults' toes and shins might be solved by laying down tramways in the streets, at the sides of the pavements, so that the perambulators, with the infants in them, and their attendants behind, might be wheeled by the latter in a line on the tramway, one after another, clear of everybody, and marked off by a barrier from the traffic of the thoroughfare, distinctly enough to be tolerably safe from being run over. Now, whilst people are out of Town, the "dead season" would be a convenient season for the introduction of this improvement, which would certainly be hailed as a vast one by everybody on coming back again.

## THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

## PISCATOR. VENATOR.

*Piscator.* And now, my loving Scholar, as your purse hath come to an end, so must also my discourse. But, before we part, I will remind you of the four ways of fishing which the learned JARKARS hath pronounced to be all most excellent; namely, to catch your fish by dabbling, dibbling, dopping, or daping. For the first two, the rule of silence must be strictly observed, for the same erudite writer hath said,—

When you dabble  
Do not gabble.

And, also,—

When you dape  
Never gape.

So that to dabble should be an evening's occupation, while the latter should be undertaken in the morning. As to the great virtue of dibbling, his contemporary, MULERUS, has left us this sage advice,—

Fish will nibble  
When you dibble,  
If you angle in the Ribble.  
After dining on a chop  
'Tis the time to go and dop,  
Dabble, dibble, dop, and dape.  
Using these  
As you please,  
Never will a fish escape.

*Venator.* O, Master, I could listen to your discourse for hours, were I not still suffering from the stings of the wasps, the biting of the jack, my fall into the river, the evening's potations, which have induced me to be somewhat feverish, and the hurt that I received

from that red cow in MAUDLIN's field, whither I strayed to tell her of my affection for her and her mother.

*Piscator.* Nay, Scholar, you will soon be quit of these disorders, and regard the time, so pleasantly spent in my company, with a grateful and a thankful heart. And, to this end, I will repeat you a copy of verses which DR. DOOBRAIVORUS, a worthy Bishop in Belgravia, hath composed on the happiness and contentment of an Angler's life. He has styled it, as also shall I, seeing no reason for differing from so good a man,—

## THE ANGLER'S DREAM.

Listen to the Angler's dream!—  
He dreams that he is by a stream,  
Talking to a lovely Bream;  
By his side reclines a Carp,  
Playing tunes upon a harp;  
While a Dace,  
Dressed in a lace  
Sings the very deepest bass.

Through the trees he sees a Perch  
Kneeling in the village church,  
Where the Reverend Mister Barbel,  
In a pulpit made of marble,  
Shows he can quotations garble.

Now, across the Mead, the Minnow,  
Smiling sweetly, fresh and inno-  
-cent a maiden as you 'd see  
In the waters of the sea,  
Comes a-tripping,  
Comes a-skippping,  
While the sly old Trout and Grayling  
Watch her, looking through the paling.

Then the Minnow meets a Skegger,  
A repulsive-looking beggar,  
And he says, "My little lass,  
Pay me, or you cannot pass."  
"Let me go!" she cries, in dudgeon,  
When appears Policeman Gudgeon,  
Felling Skegger with a bludgeon.

Now Brave Gudgeon calls a coach,  
Driven by a strong-backed Loach,  
Takes the Skegger,  
*Βοῶν μέγα,*  
Up before Chief Justice Roach.  
Grubs and gentles  
Leave their lentils,  
Caterpillars  
Quit their villas,  
And the grubs  
Come out of tubs,

All to see the cheat and legger  
Who had only lived to poach,  
Sentenced as a guilty Skegger  
By the Lord Chief Justice Roach.

Sticklebacks are on the Jury,  
Counsel Pike is in a fury;  
For the Judge, who wants to dine,  
Cries, "Bring hither rod and line!  
And that Angler by the stream,  
Who is flirting with a Bream.  
With the Skegger, by our laws,  
He must suffer! Through his jaws  
Pass the hook! Suspend him now  
With the Skegger. Teach him how—  
Teach him as he should be taught—  
Teach the buffer  
How we suffer  
By what he considers sport."

Pass the hook!—a shooting pain—  
And—he is awake again.  
He has slept upon a bank  
Where are weeds and mosses dank,  
And his face is very swollen:  
Rod and can and bait all stolen!

"O!" he cries, "what joys are these!  
I've rheumatics in the knees!  
I've neuralgia in my cheeks!"  
And—he is laid up for weeks.

*Venator.* My Master, your song was sung with mettle. And, my Master, the metal of which I have observed those to be most



## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

*Nurse.* "WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HAVE A DIP IN THE SEA, MR. CHARLES? I BATHED WITH THE CHILDREN THIS MORNING, AND IT WAS DELIGHTFUL!"

*Mr. Charles.* "AH, MARY, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU; BUT REC'LECT MY BACK HAIR IS A FIXTURE!"

possessed who have the least voice is brass. O, Master, O! I vow I will not offend again. O, my loving Master, I am so stiff and sore I can scarcely move.

*Piscator.* Farewell, Scholar. We shall meet again when you have come into that fortune which your grandfather will leave you when he himself shall have no further use for it. But do not hanker after money, whether it be a shilling, a sovereign, or a crown.

*Venator.* I will not, my kind Master; and, though I should keep an hostelry, yet will I have the sign painted as the "Hanker and the Crown," so that, even there, there shall not be a "Hanker" after a crown. . . . O, Master! O! O! Do not give me any more. I am content.

*Piscator.* And so am I. For the great philosopher, HARRY STOTTLE, has said,—

When more than enough you've got,  
Be contented with your lot.

And I am of his mind.

*Venator.* Well, Master, I thank you for all your good directions, for I may truly say that I have only begun to have a knowledge of life since I enjoyed your company and conversation. And, indeed, I think I shall now be able to become Master to some Scholar less wise than myself, on whom I can practise such arts as you yourself have taught me.

*Piscator.* Once more farewell, Scholar. Be virtuous, and angle. Note this, that there be as fine fish in the rivers as have ever yet been drawn therefrom. But now we are near Shepherd's Bush, and I see a Shepherd coming, in company with pretty MAUDLIN and her grandmother, to whom I will leave you to make my excuses and explain that the lambkin was honestly come by. As you cannot move so easily as I, farewell.

*Maudlin.* Here, at last, I have one of these honest, merry, civil anglers, who runs not so nimbly as his friend.

*Maudlin's Grandmother.* My honest MAUDLIN hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing can be too bad for him, since they be such rascally men.

*Venator.* Pretty MAUDLIN, I will promise you before this honest Shepherd of the bush—

*Shepherd.* Nay, that am I not, but an ingenious constable in plain clothes. Come away with me.

*Venator.* O, Sir, I am right glad to meet you.

*Shepherd.* Let us compliment no longer, but begone and make haste.

*Venator.* I pray, honest Constable, let me ask you a pleasant question. What will you take? Let's to a cheerful alehouse, and all of us rejoice together. Come, MAUDLIN! Come, Grandmother! I'll bear your charges to-night.

*Maudlin.* Marry, Sir, and bear ours to-morrow before his Worship.

*Venator.* Nay then, my pretty MAUDLIN, I will beg a courtesy of you, and it must not be denied me.

*Maudlin.* What is it, I pray, Sir?

*Venator.* Give me your hand. So. I am myself caught at last in the marriage-lines. You can begone, honest Constable, for a wife is not evidence against her husband on a criminal charge; or, if you will, take MAUDLIN's Grandmother, and we will all go to a cheerful alehouse and rejoice together.

## THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

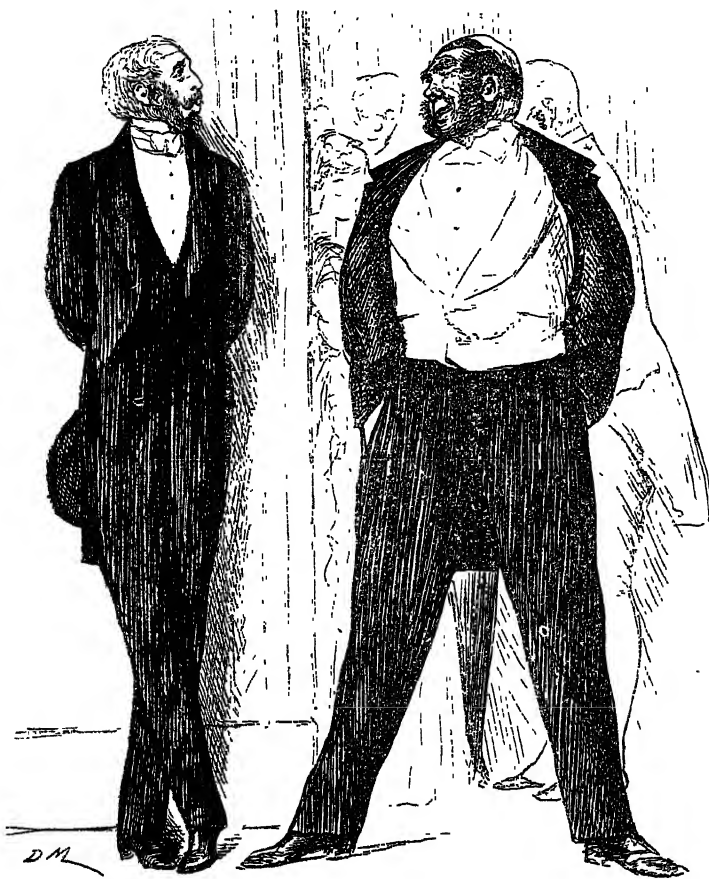
Come live with me and be my spouse,  
We'll keep a cottage, pigs, and cows;  
And I will dress in lace and silk,  
While you shall pig, and dig, and milk.

There you will work and hoe all day,  
While I enjoy myself away.  
If this you'll do, we'll have no rows,  
Come live with me and be my spouse!

*Venator.* 'Tis a match.

*Maudlin's Grandmother.* It is. Come one, come all. Bless ye, my children!

COMPLETION OF THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.



### EXCLUSIVENESS.

*Host.* "NICE PARTY, AIN'T IT, MAJOR LE SPUNGER? 'IGH AND LOW, RICH AND POOR,—MOST PEOPLE ARE WELCOME TO THIS 'OUSE! THIS IS 'LIBERTY 'ALL,' THIS IS! NO FALSE PRIDE OR 'UMBUG ABOUT ME! I'M A SELF-MADE MAN, I AM!"

*The Major.* "VERY NICE PARTY, INDEED, MR. SHODDY! HOW PROUD YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER MUST FEEL! ARE THEY HERE?"

*Host.* "WELL, NO! 'ANG IT ALL, YOU KNOW, ONE MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!"

### THE DOCTORS' CONGRESS.

MEDICINE and Surgery have now something to say for themselves, as well as the other Sciences usually discursive about this time, and they said it very creditably last week, in comparatively few words, at the second annual meeting of the British Medical Association, in King's College, under the presidency of SIR W. FERGUSON. They have ceased to hold their tongues, as they did in the days of one who might have been a seer, a musician, a dead shot, and much else, but instead of any of those things, for a reason, which was most creditable to him:—

"Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi  
Maluit, et mutas agitare inglorius artes."

But lapis lasides differs in more than one important particular from the President of the British Medical Association. The word "inglorius," even taken to imply no more than the obscurity of private practice, is altogether inapplicable to that distinguished Surgeon. Moreover, the address delivered by SIR W. FERGUSON to the doctors was by no means that of a man habitually wont to exercise the silent arts. And, lastly, the said lapis, on an emergency, proved himself an inexpert operator; who could not even manage to extract an arrow without supernatural assistance. The contrast need not be pursued.

To the student of LEMPRIERE and the other Classics is suggested an analogy rather between SIR W. FERGUSON and Prometheus. If the latter provided mankind with fire from the sky, the former, through his Presidential oration, has reminded the British Public of the facility with which we might supply ourselves, from the same source, with a sufficiency of that great hygienic and therapeutic necessary, water.

### THE LAMENT OF THE LOUNGER.

(On the Coming-in of Oysters.)

"SIR, please to remember the grotto,  
It only comes once a year!"—  
That the end of the season we've got to  
I know, when this clamour I hear.

I know that Mayfair is deserted,  
Where I lately in luxury dined,  
And the rooms where with fairies I flirted  
To the charwoman's care are consigned.

The FINCHES have flown to Ravenna,  
LADY CLARA is yachting at Cowes,  
While the Danube and Show at Vienna  
Have attracted the HARDINGS and HOWES.

At the Club I've the pick of the papers,  
May read them all through at my ease;  
And if I've a fit of the vapours,  
By my yawning there's no one to tease.

In the Park 'tis a similar story,  
Scarce a rider is seen in the Row;  
I may lounge there alone in my glory,  
And the gatekeeper grins when I go.

While the grotto I pause to remember,  
Sad reflections like these fill my brain;  
And I sigh for the month of November,  
When my friends will assemble again.

### Seasonable Occurrence.

THE late hot weather has been attended with several cases of sun-stroke, in one of which, that of a young lady, the brain was unaffected, but the chignon took fire, the sun's rays co-operating with internal heat to produce what is erroneously called spontaneous combustion. Considering the magnitude of the ricks which girls continue to wear on their heads, the wonder is that cases of this kind are not more frequent.

### Confusion of Ideas.

MRS. MALAPROP, who is both an excellent Protestant and an indefatigable gardener, is evidently jumbling up two distinct and separate things. In writing to a friend at the sea-side, she expresses her horror of "Auricula" confession.

Hear DR. JOHN WOOD, Professor of Surgery in King's College, on an American improvement in the way of performing painless operations:—

"We followed but tardily, in this old country, in that combination of pleasure with utility which had led lately the inventive genius of our transatlantic brethren to the association of anæsthetics in the performance of operations under these agents to an obligato accompaniment upon the organ, and an appropriate address by a popular preacher, improving the occasion on behalf of morals."

Perhaps it would be found, in many instances, that an appropriate address by a popular preacher would alone produce a state of coma deep enough to render any physical anæsthetic unnecessary; thus effectually obviating the danger of using chloroform.

The appearance of the PREMIER in the quality of guest at the Association Dinner in Lincoln's-inn Hall, and his very remarkable response to the toast, admirably proposed by SIR JAMES PAGET, of "Her Majesty's Ministers," are symptomatic of an increasing appreciation of the Medical Profession. Personally, MR. GLADSTONE says he is indebted to it for keeping him up to the mark. MR. PUNCH will not be at all astonished by the speedy announcement that SIR W. F. and SIR J. P. are about to be raised to the Peerage.

### Reward of Spirit.

REFERRING to MR. BAXTER's resignation of the office of Secretary to the Treasury, the *Times* observed:—

"Take a brick out of a wall and the whole structure may tumble down."

Then MR. BAXTER is a brick; and a high compliment has been paid to MR. BAXTER.





### SUDDEN OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN.

*Mr. Snoggs.* "MY LORD! BEG PARDON, BUT YOU LOOK A GENT AS HAS TRAVELLED. WOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR A 'INT. WHAT WOULD BE A GOOD SHORT TRIP, MY LORD?"

*Nobleman.* "SIR, ASK MR. COOK. HE KNOWS 'MEN AND CITIES.' HE'LL SEE, AT A GLANCE, WHAT WOULD SUIT YOU. HE IS GOING TO TAKE ME TO JAPAN. I SHOULD RECOMMEND YOU AN AESTHETIC TRIP TO SOUTHEND. BUT, IF YOU CAN SPELL, AND BRUSH CLOTHES, I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME. WILL YOU COME?" [Collapse of Snoggs.]

### HELP TO THE WELSH HARP.

AT MENAI CLARENCE PAGET said—  
His Lordship told no tales—  
A School of Music at its head  
Would have the PRINCE OF WALES.

In music did the Welsh excel  
All nations, 'twere not odd,  
So many a Bard bears off the bell,  
At many an Eisteddfod.

May culture train the Cambrian organ  
Of tune to loftiest art;  
Till WILLIAMS rivals WEBER, MORGAN  
BEETHOVEN, JONES MOZART.

And then will Wales be in condition  
To boast Eisteddfodan  
That play one native composition  
Above "Poor Mary Anne."

### Boiling Over.

ONE day last week a telegram from Berlin announced that on the following Sunday, at Stromberg, near Kreuznach, would be held an Ultramontane demonstration, arranged by BISHOP KETTELER'S Catholic Association of Mayence. Will the Prussian Government stand an Ultramontane ODGER? Probably not, if BISMARCK knows it, and has, at present, any voice in the matter. BISHOP KETTELER should take care, for he materially differs from a kettle, in relation to its contents,—the kettle remaining outside of hot water, whereas the Bishop appears to be adopting a course very likely indeed to get himself into it.

### THYESTES REDIVIVUS.

WE had hoped that, the siege of Paris having long been over, any eccentricities in the matter of eating would have ceased with the necessity which introduced them. But we regret to find that cannibal practices still "obtain" in the capital of civilisation. After the distribution of prizes, the other day, at the Sorbonne—

"In the evening, the Minister gave a grand dinner of fifty-two covers, consisting of all the Directors of the Colleges of Paris, the examiners who had decided on the compositions, and the three pupils who had obtained the Prizes of Honour."

Well, as somebody (we may as well say SYDNEY SMITH as anybody else) said to a quarrelsome missionary, just going out, "I hope you will disagree with the man that eats you." Let us hope that M. BATBIE and his friends had dreadful nightmares after this banquet of Thyestes.

### A Rowland for an Oiliver.

IT is known that Convocation, before it separated, had received from some four hundred and eighty "Priests" of the Church of England a petition "that the Bishops would make provision for the consecration of Holy Oil." It may not be known that Convocation, in reply, informed the petitioners that they could have plenty of Consecrated Oil, as Rowlands' Macassar Oil was quite sufficiently consecrated already for any useful purpose. That Oil was consecrated to the toilet, endowed with the odour of sanctity, possessed the miraculous property of making hair grow upon bald places, and was particularly recommended for the tonsure.

OVER THE MARMALADE.—Dundee knows pretty well beforehand how its new Member will vote. His name will never be found in any division-list among the Noes, for is he not a YEAMAN?



### "THE GARB OF OLD GAUL."

Young Laird (to newly-appointed Footman). "WELL, DONALD, HOW DO YOU LIKE TROUSERS?"

Donald (heretofore a Gillie, who had never worn anything but Kilts). "AWEE, SIR, I FIND 'EM VERA 'NCOMFORTABLE ABOUT THE SLEEVES!!"

### PUNCH'S MUSICAL SERMON.

(With Two Texts.)

MR. PUNCH has not had much to say about Music lately, and for a reason sufficing to himself, and therefore sufficient for mankind. For when *Punch* is content the world is at peace. The fact is that the Music-Crops have been bad this year, and the yield next to nothing. The SHAH prevented the production of BALFE'S Opera, *Il Talismano*, and thus deferred another victory for Admirable NILSSON; but we trust that, like her namesake, ADMIRAL NELSON, she will defeat the combined forces of the Continent next season, and win new glories for the British flag. TITIENS and PATTI have been singing like—TITIENS and PATTI; none but themselves can be their parallels; which quotation doesn't hold, because parallels never meet, and those ladies have met very often, to their mutual delight. M. FAURE has done everything like the true artist that he is, and we praise Apollo for him. MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has gone to see the Southern Cross—let the enchanted Australians give her one in diamonds. Lesser lights have shone their brightest. But we have had no novelty, and Mr. *Punch* has no space to tell a hundred times told tales. There are two matters, however, to which he proposes to invite attention. And, first, he begs, or rather takes leave to ask a question. Where is your English MOZART, WEBER, MEDDLESOME (as MRS. MALAPROP calls him), BACK (as MRS. MALAPROP spells him), and AUBER? If we paused for a reply, we should wait some time. But it may be that we should not have to wait so long, if England bestowed more pains on the musical education of her children. Latent genius might be developed. Very well, go to. That is, go to the Treasurers for two most excellent projects which be now in hand. Go to the Bank of England, Western Branch, and pay in a donation to the Mendelssohn Scholarships Foundation, which has been doing exceeding good work, but which, we regret to hear from MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, is much crippled for want of funds. This is simply a shame, for

### BRICK WITHOUT STRAW.

OUR respected contemporary, the *Clerkenwell News*, advertises as followeth:—

"EMPLOYMENT wanted by a Young Man of any sort.—Address, &c."

This is a most accommodating Young Man. We wonder he did not add, "or of any size." He must be MR. PLIABLE, mentioned by JOHN BUNYAN. We should not wonder if he got a good place—this is just the kind of advertisement that would recommend itself to some feminine minds. The Indefinite has a great charm for some people—the class that hate the multiplication table, and love unknown quantities—who tell you a thing may be seen everywhere, and that everybody has it, and, like the MULLIGAN, when you ask for an address, say, "O, out there." Very well, preach a better sermon yourself on the evident misplacement of three words.

### Flippant Fair Ones.

PROFESSOR REINKENS has been consecrated Missionary Bishop for the Old Catholics of Germany by BISHOP HEYKAMP, of Deventer, and assistants. The priest RINKEL, of Krommenie, has likewise been consecrated Bishop of Haarlem. Thus the Old Catholics seem to be successfully organising themselves in Germany and Holland. Are they likely to increase and multiply? That remains to be seen; but, in the meanwhile, there are a great many silly girls who say that they never will marry an Old Catholic.

### Such Fantastic Tricks.

HIS HOLINESS says, that "what men do in the way of pilgrimage is done in the sight of the angels." POPE SHAKSPEARE said it before POPE PIUS, with an addition about men doing certain things that make the angels use their pocket-handkerchiefs.

### MORE JUSTICE WANTED.

FIVE Grocers in Dunmow have been fined for serving out objectionable Butter. Why have there been no proceedings, then, against the speakers who eulogised the candidates for the Dunmow Flitch?

MENDELSSOHN'S music commends itself to those whose gold makes merry music in their pockets. "Heaven save the Foundation!" as *Dogberry* observes, and let us help in the process. Why, ARTHUR SULLIVAN was the very first scholar elected by this Institution, and if that fact be not reason for encouraging and supporting it, we know nothing about facts or reasons either. Well, hand in your money. Then write a letter to a Lady who has most honourably distinguished herself by her services to Music, we mean LADY JENKINSON, of Eastwood Park, Gloucestershire, and enclose your cheque, or your P.O.O., towards another Foundation, that of a Thalberg Scholarship, to be attached to the Royal Academy (not our dear friends the Painters; they roll in gold, and might give us more dinners), but of Music. This Scholarship is to be the reward of "the best executant of the best sort of Music." Now, don't be absurd. If England is to be a musical nation, it will not be by gushing, or by merely paying vast sums to finished artists, but by educating her own musical youth. There is sound sense in both these efforts, or Mr. *Punch* would not have devoted his precious intellect to eulogising them. Having obeyed his commands, enjoy your holidays. But, if you neglect the mandate, may the pianofortes in the houses right and left of you be bumped from morning to night by the most stupid and unteachable girls that ever banged a key-board.

### Hopeful.

M. HENRI ROCHFORD has been sent to New Caledonia. If it's anything like Old Caledonia, there's a fair chance of his coming "Bock agen." By the way, as a conundrum, when M. ROCHFORD once more sits on the Boulevards, with his modest glass of malt liquor before him, what, in Old Caledonian language, will he say? Evidently (*vide supra*) "Bock agen."

'TWIXT two Latin Races small difference is plain;  
There's fusion in France, and confusion in Spain.

## A SACRIFICE TO THE COUNTRY.



ERTAINLY it is the duty of a soldier to bleed, if required, for his country. He is paid to do so—now over and above stoppages—more than three-halfpence a day. Still he has accepted this hire, and it is a bargain. But a conscript, in other lands, an unwilling recruit, is held bound to bleed for his country too, all the same. Here no one, not the victim of a murderous assault, or the sufferer of punishment for robbery with violence, or the subject of an accident, bleeds physically against his will. But there is a sort of involuntary bleeding to which, however, Britons are liable. The other day, in the course of that great trial, the example of our Law's despatch, which the civilised world is beholding with admiration, at the conclusion of that

day's proceedings, according to a contemporary:—

"The Jurymen who fainted during the early progress of the trial, and who looked exceedingly ill, said he could not sit longer. He was anxious to have the case finished, because he was losing £20 a week by it, but he could not sit more hours a day."

Now this gentleman is bleeding at the pocket, besides as bad as bleeding bodily from a wound, in his country's service. He bleeds, in the compulsory office of juror, for the administration of justice. He is losing twenty pounds, so to speak, of pecuniary vital fluid a week. The accused, on whose indolence he has to pronounce a verdict, is prosecuted at the public expense. Will not the Government, then, indemnify the Jurymen for his loss of blood, and, should he die, as he may, of too protracted fair argument and scrupulous eloquence, will they not compensate his survivors, in some measure, for his loss? Perhaps yes, now that the PREMIER is also Chancellor of the Exchequer.

No doubt there are numerous Patriots ready to exclaim, "Perish individuals for the good of the community! Better that a Jurymen should go on losing £20 a week, even until he is ruined, than that he should be reimbursed with public money, to which, in the end, I should have to contribute a fraction of a farthing." Nobody who hates and despises a selfish, unjust, mean brute, can wish any one of those Patriots worse luck than to get impressed upon such a jury as that which has been sitting so long as it has, and is likely to have to sit so much longer than that, listening to terse and condensed, but necessarily lengthy, argumentation in the Court of Queen's Bench.

## "HALF-HOURS" AT THE SEA.

You are going to the sea, Whitby perhaps, perchance Ilfracombe, possibly Cromer, it may be Walton-on-the-Naze or Herne Bay. You would like to take some books with you for intervals of quiet study and reading, and you cast a longing eye at your *Hume*, and your *Alison*, and your *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But you have no room amongst your *impedimenta* for so many and such portly volumes. Besides, in previous migrations, you have felt ashamed of your ignorance of the multitude of curious and interesting marine objects meeting your sight in every direction; so much so as to determine to study Diatoms, or Algae, or Zoophytes, or some other branch of natural history, at the first convenient opportunity, with the aid of illustrated Manuals.

Such an opportunity now presents itself. 'This little book, *Half-Hours at the Sea-side*, which, to preserve the strictest impartiality, we have carefully abstained from reading, seems able, judging by the table of contents, to supply all the information you require to make your coming sojourn by the Sea both instructive and amusing. Let us dip into it together.

Plunging at once into its subject, the book opens with "Half an hour with the Waves." As you are looking forward to many fresh and invigorating half hours answering to this description, any hints as to bathing, bathing dress, bathing machines, and bathing machine proprietors and attendants, cannot fail to be acceptable, and may, perhaps, save you much trouble and many mistakes when you arrive at your destination.

"Half an hour with Preparations."—This half-hour strikes us as

being out of its place. It ought to have come first of all. But it is otherwise wrong. For experience proves that the time here allowed for "Preparations" is ludicrously insufficient. Boxes, portmanteaus, trunks, travelling-bags, and valises cannot possibly be packed, corded, locked (especially if human pressure is required to close the lid), directed, and carried down and placed upon the cab within the space of half an hour.

"Half an hour with Sea-weeds."—This cannot be looked upon as an exorbitant demand on your spare time. And yet there are careless and unobservant persons for whom it may be more than enough. As the poet says,

"A sea-weed by the ocean brim  
Is but a sea-weed unto him!"

"Half an hour with Sponges."—Of course, if your medical man (or woman) prohibits you from sea-bathing, you must have your bath at home in your lodgings, and pay for it.

"Half an hour with Sea-Worms."—We should have preferred Sea-Serpents, about which interesting group of animals, our author, strangely enough, appears to be silent.

"Half an hour with Corallines."—At the end of which period of time you will know and be able to impart to your friends still steeped in the lap of ignorance, the exact difference, specifically and generically, between corals and corallines.

"Half an hour with the Jelly-fish."—If you can get any fish at all where you are going, and it is not all sent away in the early, early morning to London and other greatly over-peopled centres of population, you will probably feel that your time may be more agreeably spent in the society of the turbot, the sole, the smelt, the whiting, and the haddock.

"Half an hour with Sea-Anemones."—The Aquarium you are contemplating in the back yard of No. 58, Lower Tankerville Street, will induce you not to lose a moment of this particularly precious half-hour.

"Half an hour with Sea-Mats and Squirts." Possibly important links in that great chain of development the termination of which is said to be Man, in a black hat and upright shirt-collar; and, therefore, as our distant relations, deserving some notice and attention. Otherwise, not personally attractive.

"Half an hour with Sea-Urchins and Starfish." You love children and all their pranks and sports. So many a pleasant half hour is in store for you, watching your own and other people's sea "urchins," splashing and dancing in the water, and digging and delving on the beach. (For thoughts on Starfish, see *ante*, Jelly-fish.)

"Half an hour with Shell-Fish." Perhaps the most delightful prospect of all. It is many a day since you have felt yourself justified in devoting so much time to them in London, owing to their dearth and scarcity. Let us hope that where you are going, shell-fish (particularly if you remain until the letter R creeps into the revolving months again) may be abundant, cheap, and succulent.

"Half an hour with Crustaceæ." Our feelings and good wishes are exactly the same about Crustaceæ as they were about Shell-fish—and so "may good digestion" (without which no man can be happy at the Sea-side, or anywhere else) "wait on appetite."

(P.S.—There seems to be an omission in the work under notice—"Half an hour with Lodging-house Keepers.")

## Not Fair.

THE *Rock* says that on Hospital Sunday "the Church of England contributed 70 per cent. of the £25,511 collected on that day, and the Roman Catholics 2½." Come, this is going a little too far. *Punch*, like *Mr. Chester*, is the most Protestant fellow living, but he does not believe that the blinded Papists gave no more than twopence halfpenny. Let us be just, even to the Scarlet Lady. But if 2½ per cent. be meant, it is a very mean contribution, considering how rich many Catholics are, and how many Irish ones are always wanting hospital aid, by reason of misunderstandings with the police and one another. Bad enough, so, but don't make things worse than they are.

## Very Rude.

It seems that "our rated and very much roast man" Is not (as was stated) turned into a Postman: Judge-Advocate-General, he hoists his black flag—And that wicked Bob Lowe has baptised him "The JAG."

## Blaise's.

"M. PASCAL, the author of the celebrated Press Circular, has been made Préfet of Bordeaux." His health in a bumper of the fluid so named, and let us couple with the toast, counsel. M. PASCAL will do well to discontinue his Provincial Letters.

# "EVIL COMMUNICATIONS."

(See the news of the Canadian Pacific and Atlantic Railroad scandal.—Times, Aug. 6.)



W  
E'VE heard how the Do-  
minion stood  
Girt with risks by the  
dozen,  
From the o'er-powering  
neighbourhood  
Of our big Yankee  
Cousin—  
How if JOHN BULL and  
JONATHAN  
E'er came to void their  
quarrel,  
Canadian were American  
Dominion, to a moral,  
From Charlotte's Sound to  
Labrador,  
What's now the British  
nation's,  
At once chawed up, and  
taken o'er  
In Yankee Annexations,  
Till from Newfoundland's  
misty tide,  
To Fraser's golden bars,  
The Union Jack would veil  
its pride  
Before the Stripes and  
Stars.

Such danger may, or may not be;  
The future is uncertain;  
Nor ours the hand of destiny  
To draw the shrouding curtain.

By nearer dangers (see the last  
Canadian advices)  
The sky of Canada's o'ercast,  
Than any from war-crises;

Worse than invasion-terrors vague,  
Or Fenian tocsin tolling,—  
She's attacked by the Yankee plague  
Of Lobbying and Log-rolling!

That deadly plague of itching palms,  
And too adhesive fingers,  
Which, spite of churches, prayers, and psalms,  
In Yankee Senates lingers,

And, as the Cholera injects  
Death through our water main-pipes,  
The sacred fount of Law infects,  
And penetrates Truth's drain-pipes.

Who has not mourned the evil wrought,  
By that plague's broadcast-sowing?  
The Giant's strength thus brought to nought,  
Or but in evil showing.

Good citizens to shame subdued,  
And bad in the ascendent;  
Columbia's flag in dirt imbrued,  
And in discredit pendent.

And now we hear the plague has spread  
Across Ontario's waters,  
In Ottawa has reared its head,  
And found congenial quarters:

And, while the unsuspecting slept,  
Your Senators has smitten;  
And those on whom it, snake-like, crept,  
Snake-like, to death hath bitten.

Canadian brethren, stamp it out,  
Or, with still broadening pinion,  
Of your wide realm, beyond a doubt,  
'Twill make its dark dominion.

Canada, like Columbia cursed,  
Will see plague-centres thicken,  
Till, classed by grades from worse to worst,  
Her frame lies poison-stricken.

And men see stretched 'twixt main and main,  
Two strong young giants dying,  
And read "Corruption" written plain  
On the flag o'er them flying!

## A PIANO-TAX WANTED.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

WE are to be blest with a new tax-maker, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the blessing of new taxes we may naturally expect. A Cat-tax and a Croquet-tax have been, I think, proposed in high financial quarters, as being novelties of great pecuniary promise; and I rather fancy that a tax upon old bachelors has already found some favour in the eyes of the fair sex. These imposts would, however, prove immensely less productive than the one which I suggest in the heading of this letter, and which few persons of any sense would venture to oppose.

It may seem to some young ladies a vastly cruel thing to clap a tax on one of their first necessities of life. But Alpha's meat, you know, may turn out Beta's poison: and to my mind a piano, far from being needful to existence, is pre-eminently hurtful, and may indeed prove wellnigh fatal to it. In the dictionary a piano is designated simply an instrument of music; but in the hands of most performers it may rather be described as an instrument of torture, capable of causing most excruciating agony on persons like myself, who are sensitive of nerve. So direful are its torments, I can conceive one's even putting a pistol to one's ear, to relieve it from the torture a piano is inflicting on it.

This I say in all sincerity, for my sufferings at this moment are so terribly intense, that I feel I should be sitting on the very brink of suicide, had I any lethal weapon larger than a penknife, lying ready to my hand. To enjoy some needful rest after the labours of the season, I have taken quiet lodgings at a so-famed quiet watering-place; and while I am tranquilly employed in writing at the window, the jangling wires of six pianos are hammered in my ears. As compared with the large rent I pay, the room is rather small, and for fear of suffocation I dare not shut the window; indeed, were I to do so, I should not escape the torture, for two of my tormentors are at work beneath my feet.

A third, moreover, sits next door, and her instrument is placed against the wall of my apartment, which tremulously vibrates to the thunder of her thumbs. I make use of this expression to give you some idea of the vigour of her playing. This at times is so tremendous that I hardly can conceive her having any *little* fingers; indeed, I should imagine that her fingers are all thumbs.

To add to my discomfort, through the window comes a clamour of commingled jingle-jangling, which tells me my tormentors hem me round on every side. Some of them are singing, too, which makes the torture worse, and I am maddened by the sound of hackneyed operatic fragments, mixed up with vulgar fractions of music-hall-marked songs.

If you try a quiet watering-place, you will probably experience the same suffering as mine, and will agree with me in thinking that pianos should be taxed. A heavy impost should be laid on every instrument in use, and every performer should take out a playing licence, for which a handsome price should be demanded by the State. The strumming of pianos is worthy to be classed among those noxious occupations which are tolerated only in some specified localities, and are put under heavy penalties lest they affect the public health.

Believe me yours, in martyrdom,

Little Shrimpton, Saturday.

JOSEPH HAYDN JONES.

P.S. I think the tax might well be doubled to any one who practises with the window open.

"Whoop, Barnaby! Off—"

Old Song.

"MAY we have a Baldacchino?"

Ah, but tell us what you mean, O!

Foolish ornament might pass:

But if this means priestly fable,

Into "Altar" turning "Table"—

Law, permitting, were an Ass.

## G. H. W. ?

Is MR. WHALLEY right? Perish the thought, and yet—. In a brief biography of a respected clergyman a contemporary says, "He was greatly beloved. During the last ten years the population of the parish had greatly increased in number." MR. WHALLEY says that the Hibernian element is very strong in the London Press. We must own that the above spelling and logic are suggestive.





### THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION (FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER).

*The Wife.* "RUFUS, I CAN BEAR THIS NO LONGER! MY RIGHTS AS A WIFE, MY DUTIES AS A MOTHER, COMPEL ME TO SPEAK OUT! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN—WHICH IS IT TO BE?" *The Husband.* "'WHICH IS IT TO BE,' WILHELMINA?"

*The Wife.* "YES! WHICH IS IT TO BE? EITHER DECIDE ONCE FOR ALL, AND IMMEDIATELY, OR LEAVE ALL CHOICE IN THE MATTER TO ME!"

*The Husband (after mature Reflection).* "WILHELMINA, I ADOPT THE LATTER ALTERNATIVE! YOURS THE CHOICE, YOURS THE CONSEQUENT RESPONSIBILITY! THE ONLY CONDITIONS I MAKE ARE THESE:—IT MUST NOT BE FAR,—IT MUST NOT BE DEAR,—IT MUST NOT BE DULL,—IT MUST NOT BE VULGAR,—AND THERE MUST BE NO NIGGER MINSTRELS!"

### SHUFFLING V. CUTTING.

(Hints on Whist, by Punch's own Cavendish. Respectfully dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. G.)

You may shuffle the cards with a will, my dear GLADSTONE,  
Turn over the hand that you hold, through and through,  
But, believe me, you'll yet have to mark with a sad stone  
The day you determined to lay such a bad stone,  
Of a stronger foundation the duty to do:  
For ill-omened day, when you ended the scuffle  
Twixt BAXTER and AYRTON and LOWE, with a shuffle!

For a hand at St. Stephen's, you *should* know, by this time,  
Is just like a hand at the rest of the Clubs,  
Where, if you drop in any day about whist-time,  
(Though out of your work goodness knows how you'd twist time!)

You'll find the green tables arranging their rubs.  
The point is not sorting the suits, but a hand  
Of strong cards so played as the game to command.

A trump is a trump, wheresoever you put him:  
And, in any position, a low card is low:  
The deuce is the deuce, though 'twixt Court cards you shut him;  
Knaves will turn up knaves, if by ill-chance you cut him;  
Unaffected by place, still the honours will show;  
Games have often been lost by an ill-timed *finesse*,  
And the cost of revoking you've had to confess!

As I've looked o'er your shoulder, beside the green table  
Where the game for the Treasury stake's being played,

I see a few moves that to see you're unable—  
(Though the eye at the back of my head is a fable)—

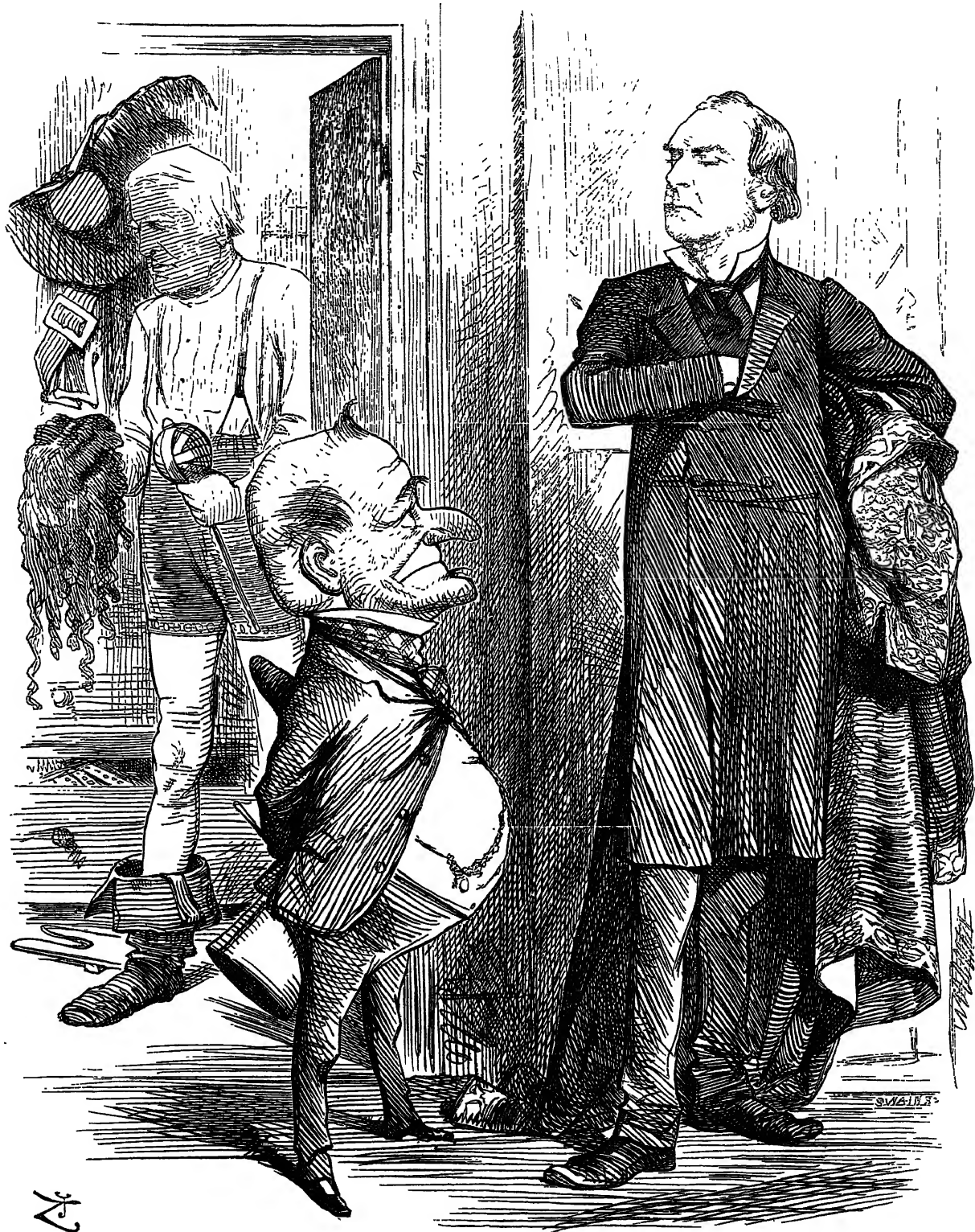
And I own that much better the cards might have laid:  
But good play ne'er stands out in such contrast with ill,  
As when cards that fall badly are handled with skill.

If you would but be rather less eager for winning,  
A leetle less ready in risking your trumps,  
Would go in less for tricks when the game is beginning,  
Be not quite so cocky and cheeky, when winning,  
And, when losing, a little less down in the dumps;  
Ne'er go in for odd tricks, when their help you don't need,  
And just think of your partners, ere forcing the lead—

If you'd learn not to fancy that mere hocus-pocus  
Can avert Fortune's buffets and earn her rewards,  
That weak cards will be strong, when their weakness you focus,  
Or that into a blaze without coals you can stoke us—  
The image to shift to steam-engines from cards—  
That of *some* cards all hands will do well to get shut—  
Cards it's no use to shuffle—they'd better be *cut*!—

I've not the least doubt, with the head on your shoulders,  
And the pluck and resource that distinguish your play,  
You still would astonish the sneering beholders,  
In whom the dislike of your old prowess smoulders,  
And carry, triumphant, the rubber away.  
But if you'd court Fortune, and win her rewards,  
You must try something better than shuffling weak cards.

A CABINET QUESTION.—Who ought to be the first man? ADAM.



## “HER MAJESTY’S SERVANTS.”

(BEHIND THE SCENES.)

CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND. “I TELL YOU, WILLIAM, YOU *MUST* STRENGTHEN YOUR COMPANY FOR NEXT SEASON.”

COUNTRY MANAGER. “I’VE DONE IT, DEAR BOY! I’VE TAKEN BOB OUT OF ‘FIRST ROBBER’; I MEAN TO CHANGE THE CAST ALL ROUND; I’M ‘DOUBLING’ A PART MYSELF; AND WE’LL REVIVE ‘THE QUAKER’ FOR AN AFTERPIECE.”



## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*After a Visit to the Isle of Wight, reports thereupon to the Editor. Suggestions to intending Yachtists.*



BULY, Sir, I have been representing you, nautically, and you did not know it. No! Like one of "the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," you were reclining in the old arm-chair, in the chimney corner, of course with the fire out, and only in order to get a draught of fresh air from the chimney itself,—you, I say, were thus reclining, little wotting or (to sound nautically) little recking ("spell it with a w, my Lord") of the dangers which Your Representative was incurring 'twixt Southsea and Cowes.

Belay, you land lubbers! 'Twas in Stokes' Bay, or, to be accurate, 'twas off the Southsea pier, I waved a sorrowful adieu to the Poll of my heart,

and bade a long farewell to the shores of Old England, intending to remain in the Isle of Wight from, at all events, Friday afternoon till Monday morning. A brisk breeze sprang up, the sparkling waves danced with joy, as, answering to her helm, the Saucy (I forget her name) bared her snowy bosom to the sun, and, swan-like, glided o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

I write, observe, in a poetic vein; for the craft was a steamer, without sails, and singularly grubby for such a spick-and-span place as she was bound for. As to that epithet of LORD BYRON'S, "The Dark-Blue Sea," he evidently refers to the See of Oxford, the only one whose colour is, legitimately, dark blue. But, avast jesting, my messmates! and, in a general way, Yeo ho!

I had gathered, from information I had received, that Cowes was *en fête*, and therefore, as Your Representative, I was dressed accordingly. Splice your old timbers! it would have done good to the cockles of your heart of oak to have seen me in a straw hat, real Panama, purchased in Germany, and warranted to be folded up and stowed away in your waistcoat pocket, a blue blouse, a bright sunset evening tie, underlying a striped turn-down collar, while below I was encased in a pair of ducks white as the riven snow, taut at the top, but large and loose at the point where they fall over the shoe. (This is, perhaps, a lengthy description, but appreciate its delicacy, which resembles that of the excellent maiden lady who would not pronounce the word "Rotterdam" on account of its improper termination, and admit that if it be lengthy, it is, at least, not so broad as it is long.)

As we neared Cowes we passed through a fleet of yachts, and Your Representative went aloft, that is stood up, and kept a bright look-out, in the hopes of recognising some one on board one of these aristocratic craft who would hail him with a cheery "Ahoy! Messmate!" and ask him to come off to dinner. I daresay there were several doing this in the distance, but, as we sped along, my eye, unaided, was not arrested by any festive signals, nor did either six bells, or two guns, announce the preparations for dinner.

By the time I had got my sea legs on, I had to get 'em off again and walk ashore. I had arrived on the night of R.Y.S. Ball, and a queue of amateur tars were awaiting their turn at the hairdresser's, who, on this sultry day, was melting under the heavy work, like his own pomatum before a fire.

After my sea-voyage, I too wanted renovating with mechanical brushing, and the grateful shampoo, without which I foresaw I should not enjoy my dinner. Shampoo first, Champagne afterwards. However, I could not be attended to for at least an hour, so I wandered forth into the town, and paused in the first place before a shop-window which reflected me like a pier-glass. (Nautical *jeu de mot*. No gentleman staying at the sea-side perfect without a pier-glass. This is the effect of the briny breezes on Your Representative.)

I was astonished. My noble Panama, once the pride of a fashionable watering-place in Germany, by constant foldings and frequent battlings with the stormy winds, had got hopelessly out of shape. Here let me warn my readers against a Panama, except only for domestic wear, where nobody's looking. A Panama, price about

four guineas, is generally recommended as "a hat, Sir, that'll last you your lifetime." Quite so: it will, and a precious bore it becomes. Fashions change, but there's your Panama, always the same. No, not always, for having bought it for its "portability" (everything "portable" is, generally speaking, a mistake), you have frequently folded it up and stowed it away, in order to prove to your friends what a valuable acquisition your new purchase is, and thus whatever shape it might have had to start with, has been clean taken out of it. This results in "blocking and cleaning"—a process which will cost about four guineas more, per annum. So, on the whole, if the hat *does* last your lifetime, as it undoubtedly will unless you destroy it, or lose it, you will bequeath a valuable heirloom to your family. Say you purchase it when you are thirty, and live till seventy, then the original cost being four guineas, and "blocking and cleaning" four more per annum, we get a total of about a hundred and seventy-two pounds, which represents the cost of the Panama hat at the time of your lamented decease.

Costume at the sea-side is everything, especially at Cowes, where you are nothing unless nautical; or, rather, as that's too much of a rough sea-doggy word, I should say yachtical. In Cowes the toy-shops are generally of a marine turn—toy sailors, dolls in yachting costume, boats of all sizes, cutters, yawls, and luggers. I noticed a brightly-painted Noah's ark on a shelf, in dock, as it were, being as much out of date as NELSON'S flag-ship among the ironclads. Shops having professionally nothing of a nautical character about them, go in for it by hanging up a picture of a fearful wreck.

As for the tailors, the haberdashers, bootmakers, and the linen-draper, they display in every available space blue cloth, straw hats with names of yachts on the ribands, deck shoes, and sailor costumes for ladies. Skippers meet you at every turn, as do also first and second mates with sailors carrying provision-baskets. The conversation everywhere is about yachting: which won what, what came in when, and why the other didn't this time but would next, and so on. Guns at night. Somebody told me that they fired at the sun as it went down behind the horizon; which seemed a puerile sport. I am more inclined to believe that it was intended, not as a shot at the great luminary, but as a parting salute on his retiring for the evening.

The general idea conveyed by the appearance of Cowes to the mind of Your Representative was that a naval engagement was going on somewhere, perhaps in "the Roads" (absurd place, of course, for a naval engagement), and that the reserves were making the best of "ten minutes allowed for refreshment," on the island, before joining the battle.

But the great thing at Cowes is to master the difficulty of "How to look like it."

First, two weeks as a regular Yachtsman of the R.Y.S. evidently means ten thousand a year, at least. But how does little TOM TUPPENNY manage to do it on his three or four hundred per annum at most? Why, he has mastered the secret of "how to look like it." And this is it for Cowes: dress in yachting costume, ready, as it were, for action. If you know anyone with a yacht, and you can get an invitation, do so, of course; only in this case, mind, you must have no name on the hat-riband. If you have no yachting acquaintance, look over the list of yachts, and buy a riband with a name that isn't in the Catalogue.

This will give you an opportunity of spinning a yarn about, "Confound it, 'bliged to put into dock. Just off for Sweden. All hands to pump. Had to put back" &c. Or you can use strong language about your "Confounded Captain, who always will mistake your sailing orders, and who ought to have met you at Cowes."

Secondly, the purchase of a telescope (one second-hand, and utterly out of order, can be got for a mere trifle) is a necessity, as, whenever there's nothing else to be done at Cowes, the rule is to look through a glass of some sort, if a telescope, so much the better. The object is unimportant; but, if you *must* have one as a subject of conversation, you can always be on the look out for your boat, or for your confounded Captain (call him CAPTAIN HARRIS), who *won't* be punctual, hang him! and whom you intend, you can say severely, to dismiss the instant he arrives.

This method of "looking like it" will only cost you your ordinary living, and with a trip or two on the steamboat round the island and over to Southampton and Portsmouth (always, of course, in search of your missing idiotic Captain—for you must keep up the character), you'll have had most of the pleasure of yachting without any of the expense or bother attached to yacht-ownership.

*A propos* of "ownership," a nautical *jeu de mot* (and it's just as well to have these things ready) would be that the possession of a Yacht can't be properly described as Own-a-ship.

Also, with perfect truth, anyone who follows the above directions will be able to say to a landsman, "Ah, my boy! there's a heap of pleasure to be got out of a yacht!"—and you will make a mental reservation to the effect that whatever nautical pleasure you had at Cowes, you did get out of a yacht, and not *in* it.

But, avast heaving! or, my worthy Skipper, you'll be overhauling

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.





### THE LATEST FASHION.

"Now, GIRLS, ARE YOU NOT JEALOUS OF MY NEW BATHING DRESS!—'SHAH BLUE,' AND WHITE BRAID!"

### PILGRIMS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

AMONG the wonders of this scientific age, one of the greatest, perhaps, is the fact that people who live in it should, any of them, be so stupid and superstitious as to go on such a fool's errand as a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, in honour of MARIE ALACOQUE. Such folly and superstition may well be deemed, as the *Times* observes, "sufficiently astonishing even in France." The *Times* continues:—

"But what are we to say of the spread of such fanaticism in England? A band of pilgrims, with the benediction of the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER and his episcopal brethren, are to set out next month for the shrine of Paray-le-Monial, in France. The DUKE OF NORFOLK will go with it as its leading member, and LORD WALTER KERR will act as Secretary to the undertaking."

It is rather difficult to think what to say of the enterprise contemplated by His Grace and His Lordship. The *Times* may be right in arguing that—

"Superstition... is still a great force, and a considerable part of the population of Europe, are, so far as relates to religious matters, no more enlightened than they were five hundred years ago. It may be said that the spectacle of similar fanaticism in a higher class in England shows that education gives no guarantee against such relapses. But the two cases are probably very different in character. In England there is no chance whatever of such follies spreading, and they are rather the fancies of the over-cultivated than the beliefs of the ignorant."

Possibly. But before adopting that supposition to account for a proceeding which, on the face of it, indicates parity as to intelligence and enlightenment with French peasants, one would like to see the Noblemen who meditate it cross-examined in a witness-box. Perhaps the place where they received their education was either that celebrated institution, or some other such reputable seat of learning—Stonyhurst.

### MALAPROPIANA.

MRS. MALAPROP, good soul! proposes to distribute tracts among Teetotallers, who, she regrets to hear, are living in a state of Spiritual Destitution.

### TOO LATE FOR THE SHAH.

OF course his Persian Majesty the SHAH reads the *Morning Post*. That journal has probably given him cause, in the subjoined paragraph, to regret that he left England somewhat too soon to have an opportunity of witnessing a sight which would have interested him:—

"The Right Hon. ROBERT LOWE attended at the Home Office yesterday for the first time since his appointment as Secretary of State for the Home Department, and, as is customary, the several heads of the Office were presented to him."

The successor of DARIUS and numerous other despots is, doubtless, aware that the Law of England is now, according to Act of Parliament, always Finished in private. Perhaps, however, he does not also know that decapitation is no longer a part of the punishment for high treason. Very likely, therefore, when he read, or had read to him by an interpreter, the foregoing announcement, the idea occurred to him that the heads of the Office presented to MR. LOWE, on entering upon the exercise of his functions as Home Secretary, were those of former officials, who had turned traitors and been brought to the block. Under that impression, he would naturally regret that he had not remained here long enough to have been enabled, by special invitation, to be present at a spectacle which familiarity with it is not supposed to prevent an Oriental Monarch from always enjoying. We had no Hanging Gardens to show him, but, he may think, we had a Home Office, within whose walls, had he stopped with us a little longer, he might have beheld a sight which would have been equivalent to the view afforded by that kind of pleasure-ground.

### Something to Speak About.

AUTHENTIC statistics of the Herring Fishery would be acceptable to an economical philosopher, who is preparing a paper intended for the entertainment of one of the Associations about to assemble in comic sections. What he particularly wants to get at, among the circumstances of Herring-capture, is the Net Profit.



### "SPEAK FOR YOURSELF!"

*Jack (who has a neat Leg and Foot).* "I SAY, TOM, DON'T YOU THINK KNICK-ERBOCKERS WOULD BE A VERY SENSIBLE SORT OF COSTUME FOR THE KIND OF TRIP YOU AND I PROPOSE?"

*Tom (who is without these Advantages).* "YES—BUT NOT FOR TWO OLD FOGIES LIKE YOU AND ME!"

### MARRIAGES OF THE FUTURE.

It seems to be thought necessary to give fuller details every year of the marriages which are of importance enough to be announced in the public prints; so much so that eight or ten lines are now hardly sufficient for all the particulars which would have been compressed into two or three a few years ago. It is not difficult to foresee that these interesting epitomes of personal history have by no means reached their limit, and that, before long, paragraphs of eighteen or twenty lines will be required to satisfy the demands of family pride and self-importance. Announcements of marriages will lengthen and grow, until they reach something like the following dimensions:—

"On Thursday, the 5th instant,—being the anniversary of the birthday of the Bride, and also of the Bridegroom's maternal grandmother, MRS. WYNDHAM WIGMORE, relict of ALFRED WYNDHAM WIGMORE, Esq., Q.C. (formerly Solicitor-General for the Spice Islands), and last surviving grand-daughter of the Right Honourable LORD BALDERFIELD, G.C.B., G.C.H., of Lychendale Court, Humberland, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Bangkok on the Coronation of His Majesty the KING of SIAM—at the parish church of High Roxbury, Bissex, by the Venerable the ARCHDEACON OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, assisted by the REV. WALTER T. TIPPER, Rector of High Roxbury, Prebendary of Porchester, Rural Dean, and Domestic Chaplain to the Most Noble the MARQUIS OF BRYANSTON, K.G., K.T., with the REV. FRANCIS HORATIO ADDISCOMBE, M.A., Fellow, Tutor, and Senior Bursar of No Souls College, Oxford, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, and the REV. S. TREMORDYN CLYMER, B.C.L., Private Tutor to the Right Honourable Viscount FALKINGHAM, and second cousin of the bride, as auxiliaries; HUGH ALEXANDER MAXWELL ERRINGHAM, Esq., B.A., Fellow of No Souls College, Barrister-at-Law, of the Outer Temple, and 64, Coronation Gardens, Hyde Park, London, second son of SIR FLEETWOOD FORTESCUE ERRINGHAM, Baronet, of Gislignworth Park, Hurdleshire, to MILDRED MABEL (COSY), youngest daughter of JONATHAN HUXTERBY, Esq., of Goldenbanks, Spindleshire, and Loud House, Grand Duchess Terrace, W., J.P., D.L., and formerly High Sheriff of Spindleshire. In the unavoidable absence of her father, from a sudden attack of gout, the bride was given away by her uncle, CORNELIUS HUXTERBY, Esq., of Sunnyholmie, Twickenham, and Capercailzie Lodge, Grampiansheugh, N.B. She was attended by twenty-

four bridesmaids, the principal being her bosom friend and schoolfellow, the Honourable PATRICIA MARY MULLIGAN, seventh daughter of the LORD O'MULLIGAN, of Castle Blarney, Ireland. The bridegroom's best man was LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SYDNEY SPENCER BYNGMORE, of the Royal Arquebusiers (Grim Borderers). The bride and bridegroom are passing the customary interval of seclusion at Summersfield, Hurdleshire, the picturesque seat of the bridegroom's great aunt, HENRIETTA LADY BINBROOKE. They will receive visitors at their residence in Coronation Gardens on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of next month."

P.S.—We commend a sensible improvement in a recent announcement of a marriage. The principal officiating minister only was mentioned, with this addition—"assisted by four other clergymen." Wedding couples designate, please copy.

### THE SUFFRAGE FOR THE SWAINS.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

By latest accounts from head-quarters,

The Ministers' good to promote,

'Tis meant to enfranchise the carters,

And gie every ploughman a vote;

Extendun the suffridge that furdur.

"Revolution!" some grumblers cries out,

And hollers "High Treason" and "Murder!"

"Gie'n votes to the clodpole and lout!"

I ben't in no sitch consternation

About enfranchizun our clowns,

And grantun' um emancipation

As wide as the breezy South Downs.

No need to fly into a panic;

No fear of increasun' mob rule;

Clodhopper compare with mechanic.

Which on 'um's most fur from a fool?

Suppose they be both fools together,

As their words and their acts both denotes,

Why then the plain question is whether

Both bain't alike fit to ha' votes?

The greatest o' pains has been taken

They shall vote as can't rade, write, nor spell;

Then why not allow a chawbacon

To tender a fool's vote as well?

But no man agrees with his brother,

Whose life is a different lot,

One fool, though as gurt as another,

His own sart o' folly ha' got.

So one's vote the t'other's opposes,

And that's the defence of the plan

Of sufferidge by "countun o' noses";

O' Chelsea to quoad the Wise Man.

The more, under that there condition,

The better the noses, for me,

I thinks I could zign a petition

For Earlswood to vote wi' the Free.

And then, if so be we admitted

Asylums, we med as well schools,

To be all the moor benefitted

By havin' fools vote agen fools.

Leastways, as the nateral purtectors,

And gardjuns o' them that we loves,

We ought to make all them electors,

Our darluns, our ducks, and our doves.

To poll we shall soon dance so gaily,

Together, both faymales and men;

BILL GLADSTONE bids 'gainst BEN DISRAELI;

And BILL med be outbid by BEN.

### "Much Dare in It."

Rob Roy.

THE *Inverness Courier*, remarking upon MR. BRUCE'S taking the title of LORD ABERDARE, suggests that LORD NEVERDARE might have been as apposite. 'Tis neat. But, anyhow, his Lordship went to the last Mansion House banquet to speak, though well aware that he had nothing to say, and the learned Editor of the *Courier* knows (better than most men) who wrote—

"Judicious drank, and greatly daring, dined."



### THE SCHOOL TREAT.

*Young Lady (to Little Girl).* "MY DEAR, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

*Little Girl.* "EH!"

*Young Lady.* "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY DEAR?"

*Little Girl.* "O, WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO SAY OUR CATECHISM! WE CAME TO PLAY AND ENJOY OURSELVES. COME ALONG, ALICE, AND HAVE A DONKEY RIDE!"

### "AMANG YE, TAKIN' NOTES."

OUR provincial friends of the Press will be good enough to remember that *Punch* has now a little time to look about him, that as he reposes *sub tegmine*, the local paper comes under his keen eye, and that a blue pencil (if he may mention such a thing without Contempt of Court) is usually in his waistcoat pocket, for the marking of any matter that may seem to him facetious. In proof whereof he subjoins a Blue passage from a late *Leamington Chronicle*. A certain concert was described, and this tribute was borne to the talents of MISS EDITH WYNNE, who, 'deed truth, deserves all sorts of laudation.

"MISS EDITH WYNNE is the TITIENS of the saloon, and sang with her clear notes reaching the circumference of the audible in the silence of attentive appreciation; and interspersing the programme with the Orpheus Glee Union, who sang without accompaniment with a roll of tone and precision of time that show what can be done by high cultivation brought to bear on the melodies that have won the reputation of melodious for all time."

We do not say that this is bad musical criticism, as times go, but on the whole we should prefer a somewhat "nicer derangement of epithaphs."

### The Official Paradise.

WHEN the Right Honourable and Amiable Gentleman, who was President of the Board of Works, and is Judge-Advocate-General, first entered on the duties of his former office, he made, it will be recollected, a speech, wherein, amongst other negative qualifications for the performance of them, the advantage of being no market-gardener was one which he claimed credit for. In the capacity, to use a questionable expression, which MR. AYRTON has vacated, he is succeeded by MR. ADAM. If worthy of his name, whether he prove to be an *Ædile* or no, ADAM will at any rate be a gardener.

### WHINE AND WATER.

WANTED, a BUTLER for a family in the country; must be a teetotalter, and have a good character.—Apply, stating age, length of character, and wages expected, to \*\*\*, care of MR. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand.

CONTRARY to our wont, we give the address, if only to compliment our friend MR. TWEEDIE upon his instructive Temperance Gallery of Pictures. We always stop to look at them when we walk up that side of the Strand, and are always filled with moral abstaining sentiments which last us until we get to the Club, and call for sherry and bitters. But what does the advertisement mean? A Teetotal Butler! Are the advertisers Teetotalters? (Bless the slang!) If so, they do not want a Butler. But do they partake of the glorious juice of the grape, given by kind Providence to make glad the heart of man? If so, why a Teetotal Butler? Is it not that official's business to know all about his wines, and to advise his master? And ought he not to take care that no bottle he produces is corked? We should as soon engage a Vegetarian Cook as a Teetotal Butler. The fact is, that the abstaining fanaticism means water on the brain, and hence idiocy.

### A Great Deal in a Name.

DISTINCTIONS are always invidious, and to be avoided. In "the Intelligence Department of the Army" there would seem to lurk an implication, which terror of the new Judge Advocate-General and his powers forbids us indicating more definitely. Is it too late to select a less obtrusive title for this new Department? Besides, the Royal Engineers have long had a right to it.

### CABINET NEWS.

THE only Ministers who are on speaking terms are the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



### BOS WANTS EPHIPPIA.

*Rustic.* "AH, I WISH I COULD DO THAT THERE, SIR!"

*Artist (who has been Sketching all day in the Sun).* "DO YOU? WHY?"

*Rustic.* "WELL, SIR, I BE MAIN TIRED O' HARD WORK!!"

### INSTEAD OF THE SEA.

Do not be despairing, if financial or other obstacles compel you to relinquish your intention of visiting the sea-side this Autumn. By the exercise of a little ingenuity you may, though you never stir out of London, secure most if not all of the pleasures and advantages which Breezgate or Gayborough can offer, without the expenses, inconveniences, and drawbacks, which past experience has taught you to associate with a temporary residence in those Marine Elysia. All you require is a few hints how to proceed. Here they are, carefully selected.

Saline bathing the first thing in the morning has been recommended you. Some "Sea Salt" in your own comfortable bath, in your own snug bed-room, will enable you to follow your medical adviser's directions to the letter, and spare you much you would have to go through at Shingleton—the premature rising to be in time for some particular condition of the tide, the hasty equipment, the hurried walk, the bathing caravan, and all its damping circumstances.

The simple addition of a dish of shrimps, or the more refined prawns, to your breakfast-table, will at once put you on a par with your more affluent brother-in-law at Jetby.

Your morning promenade is a very obvious arrangement. Wherever you may live, be it in the North at Islington, or in the South at Stockwell, in the East at Hackney, or the West at Brompton, you can easily, speedily, and cheaply reach the Strand. If you are inclined to extend your ramble, at the proper time (any almanack or calendar will tell you the exact hour and minute), you may take your stand on London Bridge, and there, in your light suit and straw hat, and sand shoes, wait for high water. Should the day be windy, it will be an agreeable variety to return by the Embankment, and watch the yeasty waves foaming in the wake of the steam-vessels and other craft navigating the waters of our great tidal stream.

And now, with heightened colour and sharpened appetite, you are

### BALDACCHINO FOR BARNEY.

Rogvey-pogey Ritualee,  
Did he want a *baldacchino*?  
Would he play at Romanee?  
There, then! Dolly be *bambino*.

Dolly lay in little crib;  
*Baldacchino* raise 'bove Dolly.  
Put *biretta* on, and bib;  
Did they call it Parson's folly?

Bow to Dolly, that's a man;  
Bend a knee and lie down lowly  
Flat on face, sing "Dolly bran  
All inside, but holy-poly."

Bishop consecrate him oil;  
Bless him wax, and holy water;  
Squirt and sprinkle; shall he spoil,  
Shan't he, dress of Fashion's daughter?

Incense for his little pot,  
Smell, how nice, see how smoke lingers!  
Swing-swong!—but the censor's hot;  
Mind he doesn't burn his fingers.

### Good for Evil.

His Majesty, CHRISTIAN, King of Denmark, has verified his name. He has conferred on the Prince Imperial of Germany the Order of the Elephant. This, for the Sovereign who was despoiled of Schleswig-Holstein, is transcendental forgiveness.

One would think, however, if one did not know better, that the Order of the Elephant was an order not of honorary distinction, but of architecture. Would you not take the Order of the Elephant to be a phrase for the Tuscan Order?

### OUR MASTERS.

"A conference of Home Rulers is being held in Newcastle-on-Tyne."

It will not surprise us to learn that the Conference was attended by an overwhelming number of married ladies. Home Rule is a subject thousands of them thoroughly understand.

ready for the fish dinner which can always be obtained in London, but is not so invariably to be depended upon by the occupants of furnished lodgings at three guineas and a half a week (kitchen fire, gas, boot-cleaning, the use of plate and linen, and attendance, extra), at Quayside or Algathorpe.

As the day wears on, books will form a pleasant resource. The observation of an eminent naturalist that fish, as an article of food, is beneficial to the brain, will come home to you with redoubled force, when you find your appreciation of GEORGES SAND, or CRABBE, or SHELLEY, or some other old-established favourite (SPRAT now-a-days nobody reads—he is quite out of season), keener than ever after your finny meal.

Music will be instrumental in helping you to while away the twilight hours. As you listen to or take a part in *By the Sad Sea Waves*, *The Minute Gun at Sea*, *The Sands of Dee*, *What are the Wild Waves Saying?* and other nautical ballads and concerted pieces, the last trace of envy of BARWYSE at Charmouth, or STEELMAN at Llanylleth, will fade away into the peaceful evening.

A lobster, with or without salad, will be the fitting close to a well-spent day; and if you seek your bed a little earlier than usual (No—I think I would not take a Coogle), you will only be following the example of LOTHBERRY, gaping simultaneously at Fernycombe, or your old friend, MARK MENCING, yawning, with a candlestick in his hand, the self-same hour, at Dawdlish.

### Insufficiently Armed.

OUR attention has been drawn to a paragraph headed "New Arm for American Cavalry." Up to this moment we were ignorant that horse soldiers in the United States had not the proper equipment of members; and we can but rejoice that so serious a deficiency is about to be made good—probably by one of those mechanical contrivances in which our Transatlantic brethren are known to excel. We conclude that it is not the sword arm American troopers have wanted.



## GEOGRAPHY PAPER.



UPPOSING your life, your liberty, your matrimonial prospects depended upon the correctness of the answer, could you say what the Limpopo is—rare bird or secluded river—or in what quarter of the world it is to be found?

How much time do you require to collect your ideas and tell your contemporaries what you know about the Tulul el Safa? Would a private room be of service?

Are you acquainted with the Neighbourhood of Bunder Marayah, or, better still, with Bunder Marayah itself? Any information you can supply as to lodgings, *table d'hôte*, prices of provisions, return tickets, shooting, etc., will be very acceptable to those of us who are now debating "Where to go."

How long does A Journey in Yezo take, and do you go by road, rail, or river? Are the Hotels clean, cheap, and comfortable?

Would you prefer to spend your vacation in making an Expedition with an Archimandrite through Manchuria (for further particulars of that terrible country consult the learned CAROLUSAGNUS), or in taking a Journey with Havildar through Chitral to Faizabad? (An immediate reply is requested, as the number of applicants is enormous.)

Should you feel perfectly happy, comfortable, and secure, if, after starting from Shiraz, you were told that you were bound for Bam? Would not an expression of incredulity steal over your face, on hearing what your destination was to be?

You are, of course, well acquainted with the bearings of the Old Hebrides. Will you compare them longitudinally and latitudinally with those of the New Hebrides, and add anything of interest that you may happen to know in reference to the Santa Cruz group?

What are your feelings this warm weather about Equatorial Africa?

Which Island do you know least about—the Island of Minicoy or the Island of Sagalin?

What was the cause of the untimely fate of the "Ruined Cities" of Central America—luxury or over-speculation?

Conversant as you necessarily are, from your Public School and University education, with the geography of Australia, and perfectly clear as you must be in your recollection of the exact relative position of North Australia, South Australia, West Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, Victoria, New South Wales, and the Great Australian Bight, you can have no difficulty in explaining how you would proceed to explore the south-western portion of that Continent.

If you were asked where the Bhawulpore State was, in answering India you would be so far correct; but, as India is a wide district, a little more precise information will be acceptable.

Have you quite made up your mind what the Anti-Libanus is, or are you still wavering between a prophylactic and a Society?

"Echigo, Echiu, Kaga, and Noto." These are not names of everyday occurrence, we admit; and, therefore, we shall be agreeably surprised if you can state of what country (it begins with J and ends with n) they are provinces. It is not our province to assist you further.

You know Upper Tooting? Has it ever struck you that there is a similarity between that region and the Upper Oxus?

Was the visit to Fernando Noronha a success? Did he offer refreshments, and has he returned the call?

Where is "Monograph on the Oxus"?

Only tell us (privately, if more agreeable) something about "T'ahuantin Suyu," and we promise never again to ask you disagreeable questions.

N.B.—Should any difficulty be felt in answering these few simple elementary questions, a reference to the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, Vol. XLII., now ready," will put an end to all troubles.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE AND SMOKE.

PERHAPS some competent member of the Social Science Association will, with a view to a paper for their approaching Congress, make a note of the following extract from the *Times*:—

"TOBACCO.—Smoking is greatly on the increase, as appears from an official paper just issued. In the last seven months the declared value of unmanufactured tobacco imported was 1,068,201 lb., against 623,588 lb. in the corresponding period of the previous year."

*Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.* From *Baccho* the transition by phonetic impulse to tobacco is natural, and suggests the question whether the increase of smoking has had the effect of increasing the marriage-rate?

Tobacco is not the same with *Baccho* in its properties, and it is very different from bread. Statistics show that a fall of bread always coincides with a rise of matrimony. This fact illustrates the providence of the Masses; when bread falls they immediately marry, calculating that it will never rise again. At the same time they purchase more tobacco. With them the fragrant weed is not unfavourable to the tender passion. But amongst the poorer middle and comparatively less wealthy of the upper classes, a young man in love is now by no means the common phenomenon that he used to be. On the contrary, the goose has become a black swan, and, in the meanwhile, the consumption of tobacco has evidently increased, especially amongst middle and upper class young men. Tobacco allays cravings; it may allay the cravings of affection. Smoking is a practice conducive to philosophical serenity, and exclusive of sentimental emotion; now the love which actuates the better orders,

when they give way to it, is specifically sentimental. As a powerful aid to reflection, smoking disposes youth to calculate consequences; thus tending to co-operate, in relation to love and matrimony, with the difficulty of obtaining decent employment and with the high price of provisions. And, certainly, it is now very seldom that a poor young gentleman enrages and grieves his anxious parents by marrying a girl without a penny.

You want statistical returns of the comparative consumption of bird's-eye, Havannah cigars, and the rest of the higher class tobaccos. Also a numerical comparison of the average of "Marriages" in the *Times* yearly for a series of years. This information would require taking some trouble to get it, but that, to a votary of Social Science, would be a labour of love. In conducting this important and interesting inquiry, there is one point which should not fail to receive due investigation. Care should be taken to ascertain, if possible, to what extent the habit of smoking prevails, and the rate at which it has increased from a given period of recent date, amongst young ladies.

## Sport and Saying.

A PHRASE once much in vogue to express excellence was "This beats cock-fighting." Good phrases are, and ever were commendable, but cock-fighting is now illegal, because it is thought cruel. We could, however, still say, "This beats pigeon-shooting."

AN IMPOSSIBLE MANŒUVRE IN AUTUMN.—To be in the March past.

# SEVERE WORK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



ow, it is admitted that Our Governors, that is to say, the Government, have not done very much this Session for the benefit of themselves, or the advantage of the country—which, after all, perhaps, is a secondary matter. But it is surely not too late to retrieve their falling character. If, instead of shooting, fishing, hunting, yachting, touring, bathing, boating, lounging, larking, Alpine climbing, public orationising, pitching pebbles in the Sea, and

riding races upon bicycles, they were to set to work in earnest during the recess, and settle a few things which for a long while have been talked about, they might, ere next election, regain their reputation as the Working Majority. They may incline to say, with *Falstaff* (merely altering a syllable), "Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vacation;" and they may easily bethink themselves of a host of pressing matters on which they may bestir themselves. For instance, they may—

1. Fix a day for laying the foundation stone of the new Law Courts.
2. Clear away the ugly hoarding which disfigures Leicester Square, and, in place of the old Statue, erect a pretty fountain.

3. Devise a way to utilise in a really worthy manner the noble Thames Embankment.
4. Suggest a method for supplying us with cheaper gas and purer water.
5. Invent a proper mode for punishing the Vandemons and other careless drivers, who cause such cruel daily slaughter in the streets.
6. Propose a plan which would prevent, in any future case, such a scandalous and costly waste of public time as in the present pending trial.
7. Devise a mode of making a speedy diminution in the present cost of fuel.
8. Prepare a practicable scheme of penal legislation, whose aim should be enforcing punctuality on railways.
9. Abolish half our Cabs and three-fourths of their drivers, and, in lieu of them, provide us with comfortable vehicles and conscientious civil Cabbies.
10. Hit upon a plan to improve the present system, whereby all the busy men are always summoned on juries, and all the idlers somehow manage to escape them.
11. Pull down the frightful pepper-boxes which disgrace Trafalgar Square, and begin a National Gallery worthy to adorn the finest site in Europe.
12. Set on foot a scheme for better education of our Vestrymen and Civic Corporations.
13. Read through, with careful study, all the back volumes of *Punch*, with the view of gaining wisdom for future mental guidance.

PUZZLE FOR YOUR "UNCLE."—Ask a Pawnbroker how much he would give you on your birthday.

## CRAB'S PROGRESS.

WHAT would happen if the black men refused to work in the tropics, and we could get no more cotton or sugar? The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that the slave trade might possibly be revived. There is another case, far from unlikely, of which the occurrence might produce the same result. Our masters the colliers will by-and-by, perhaps, have succeeded in extorting from their employers above a whole week's wages for half a day's work. Nevertheless they will still go on striking for less work and more wages, until at last they will have raised the cost of coals to prohibitory prices. We shall then have to choose between being frozen and starved to death, or procuring fuel by compulsory labour, which, large as is the per-centage in our population of the criminal classes, we could not depend upon convicts for. And, if we could, the criminal classes are the dangerous classes, and convicts, even working under the strictest supervision, could not be trusted with safety-lamps in mines. Then it is at least conceivable that we should buy a coloured man and a brother, and say to him, "Thou shalt work ere I perish." Even if the colliers set bounds to their extortion, yet if we go on supplying the world with fuel, scarcity of coals will sooner or later ensue from exhaustion. White men, that is to say men who can be washed white, will be unable to dig coal at a certain depth because of the high temperature. For coal-miners we shall then want niggers, who can stand working in tropical climates, and shall be able to get a sufficient supply of them only by forcible importation. If we are not to go without coals, it will be necessary for us to enslave either niggers or men of another race equally able to endure heat, though not, as their name may seem to imply, capable of being employed to reduce it—the Coolies.

## MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

It is well understood that MR. GLADSTONE'S activity in the Vacation will not cease with School Meetings and Eisteddfods. His visit to Balmoral will, unfortunately, interfere with his desire to be present at the Birmingham Musical Festival, but he hopes to take part in the Meeting of the Three Choirs at Hereford, in September. The PREMIER'S journey to Scotland has put an end to his projected excursion to Dartmoor, but if the Camp at Cannock Chase is not broken up when he returns from the North, he still intends to see something of the Autumn Manœuvres. Any spare moments the PRIME MINISTER and CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Leader of the House of Commons can command are devoted to the composition of the paper—we are not at liberty to refer particularly to its subject—which he looks forward to reading at the forthcoming meeting of the British Association at Bradford; and to the preparation of the Address which the Social Science Congress hope to hear from him when they assemble at Norwich. The members of the Church Congress are anticipating with great pleasure MR. GLADSTONE'S presence

amongst them at Bath in October; and London expects to see him back in November, to reply to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers" at the LORD MAYOR'S inaugural banquet in the Guildhall.

## SHAME!

"The Goulston Square Model Baths and Wash Houses, the first erected of these most useful institutions, opened twenty years since, in one of the most foul and fetid quarters of Whitechapel, by PRINCE ALBERT, and a distinguished company of supporters, lay and clerical, are now lying useless, in waste and decay, under a debt of £8000, of which £4000 has still to be subscribed."

MASTER BULL, MASTER BULL,  
At your purse take a pull,  
And fork out a small contribution,  
The needful bestowing  
To pay the debt owing,  
That now keeps the Goulston Street Bath's taps from flowing,  
And the Goulston Street cisterns their suds from bestowing,  
While the poor of the quarter  
Are starving for water,  
And their bodies and homes reek with plague and pollution!  
And all that is wanted, this good work to do,  
Is less than six thousand, of which they've raised two!

Think, some twenty years since,  
How you cheered the Good Prince,  
Of good works that stout Pioneer:  
As with Bishops to court him,  
And Peers to support him,  
And no fear of JOHN BULL'S *vis inertia* to thwart him,—  
Which now on these Baths sits in piteous *post mortem*,—  
He opened this "Model"  
Which all rushed to coddle,  
Sanitarian Sage, and philanthropist Peer.  
Now the windows are broken, the buildings defaced,  
The Bath-cisterns dry, and the Wash-houses waste!

And this is the land  
Where good sense has command,  
And the practical head guides the diligent hand!  
And here is a matter,  
Which, spite of our chatter,  
Of Duty, and loud Sanitarian clatter,  
With which we lull conscience, and indolence flatter,  
All London's full view in,  
We let go to ruin

A work, which was built as "a Model" to stand!  
Are we humbugs, or hypocrites? Tell me, JOHN BULL:  
Or should "Model" be "Muddle"—great cry, little wool?  
If not, from your purse that four thousand please pull!

## OUR BRAVE TRUNCHEONERS.

WHILST reclining on the sand, in view of what, with a slight confusion of poetical ideas, may be described as the innumerable smile of the sad sea waves, we beguile our holiday leisure by reading our bluebook, or the official report or return last out, our minds often wander from the interesting pages before us back to our metropolitan or suburban home. We trust it has not been burnt down. It was left in the charge of an old woman, or a young one. We hope it may not have been broken into, and will not be. Our confidence in that respect, humanly speaking, rests on the Policeman, of whom we are reminded, in the course of our vacation light reading, by the Report on the Metropolitan Police, recently presented to the HOME SECRETARY by their CHIEF COMMISSIONER. This attractive and entertaining production contains one piece of particularly welcome information:—

"Robbery and attempts to rob have decreased from 97 in 1871 to 72 in 1872, whilst in the latter year arrests were made and convictions obtained in 60 cases out of 72 which occurred. This is the smallest number of cases of this grave description on record during the last ten years."

Deeply as we must ever sympathise with our flesh and blood when the former is scored and the latter elicited or extravasated by the Cat; painful to our own finer feelings as is the infliction of the Lash on the sensitive hide of our Brother Man, we cannot but recognise in the foregoing figures a gratifying illustration of the beneficial effects of that agonising, but, when merited by a brutal rascal, that salutary process. No doubt the cheering results above enumerated have been obtained chiefly by flogging garotters; and they encourage steady perseverance in that stern but satisfactory practice. Some argument for the extension of a degrading though preventive if not reformatory punishment may appear to be furnished by the statement that:—

"The assaults on the police steadily increase; they were—1869, 2858; 1871, 3325; 1872, 3692. So that every policeman is assaulted about once in every two years."

This implies an average of bodily harm perhaps exceeding that of the Warrior whose beat is on the battle field, and who takes his wounds in combat with foreign foes. But, besides:—

"In addition to these assaults, which were all more or less severe, there were 342 cases of attempts to rescue, and 71 of obstructing the constables in their duty, making a total of 4105 cases, out of which 3900 were summarily convicted, and 32 sent for trial."

Would not the scars received by the brave Blues of Scotland Yard in grapple with domestic enemies be probably rendered less numerous by subjecting the offenders also, by whom they have been occasioned, to the operation of the beneficent whip? The experiment would cost nothing except the tears of unthinking tenderness, and might well be tried by an economical Government.

There is much error in the view commonly taken of the relations often subsisting between Policemen and the gentler sex, with whom they are wont to communicate at the area. COLONEL HENDERSON doubtless could have pointed out that the relations which constables are accustomed to contract with cooks, are generally cultivated by those truly gallant fellows purely to acquire knowledge with a view to the prevention of burglary, so often effected through the complicity of domestic servants with thieves, and are seldom designed to procure bread-and-cheese or bread-and-butter, and slices of beef and mutton. The judicious housekeeper will regard with wise vigilance, but not undue suspicion, or fear for his larder, the expedient intimacy of MARY with ROBERT.

Before moving on, it may be remarked that the Police are not too numerous, and are by no means overpaid; and that it would be erring at small cost on the safe side to increase their number considerably, and raise their pay.



WE SOON DISCOVER THERE ARE WORSE EVILS THAN PHYSICAL PAIN.

"O, AUNTIE, DARLING! IF THE ACHE WOULD ONLY COME ON AGAIN NOW! IT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE AWAY COMPLETELY!"

## Ardent Spiritualism.

PEOPLE affect to deride Spiritualism, many of whom themselves have dealings with a familiar Spirit. This is the Spirit known in many circles as "Old Tom," who usually under that name communicates by taps.





## HOMER IN WALES.

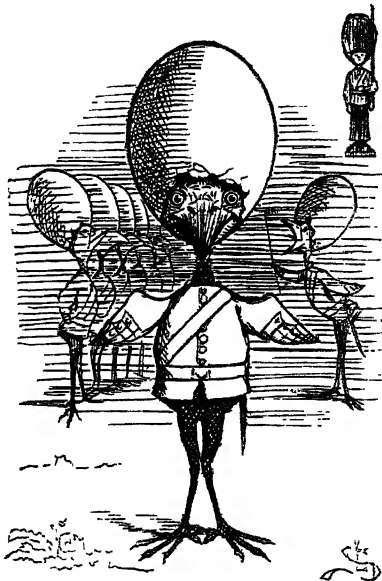
“NUNQUAM BONUS DORMITAT HOMERUS!”

MR. GLADSTONE, at the great Eisteddfod, said, “Yours is an ancient language, and the language is connected with an ancient history, and it is connected with an ancient music and with an ancient literature. It is a venerable relic of the past, and there is no greater folly circulating upon the earth than the disposition to undervalue the past.” [But he strongly urged every Welsh person to learn English.]—*Aug. 19, 1873.*





## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*(Something more about the Isle of Wight.)*

SIR, Your Representative, having purchased a ready-made yachting suit, with a straw hat labelled (on the riband) *Elvira* (the man wanted to palm off on me one with *Magneta* on it, but I was not to be taken in), felt myself quite the Yachtsman among the Dukes, Princes, Mon-seigneurs, Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, who crowd the one narrow street and the shore.

Why 'do I, 'as representing You, Sir, 'prefer, far prefer, the gay and genuine nobility of Cowes, to the sixty-per-cent. foreign Barons at Brighton? Why? Because I like the real Earls and Countesses, but shrink from the sham Counts with their Dis-countesses. If I am to be a Snob, let me be a Yachting Snob. Belay! shiver my marlinspikes! and

avast there! For an instant I forgot that the individual must be merged, nay obliterated in The Representative.

You can always avoid loneliness at Cowes, even if you are there quite alone and knowing no one, by speaking to the Signalman at the R. Y. S. Club-house, known as "The Castle." He is civil; not too civil, and reckons you up in no time. This is very clever on his part, as he never looks at you while talking, being always occupied with conning something in the offing through a telescope. It struck me that he is so accustomed to this as to be unable to see without it, and that consequently he had sighted me a long way off, and had reckoned up the full importance of *Elvira* on my hat.

However, the value of a chat with him is, that, at no expense, unless you suggest a glass of wine (he is too great a swell for beer), you can pass in the eyes of the admiring public for a member of the Club in whose grounds you are standing. After this, you can walk with a prouder air. Should the Signalman be your only acquaintance, and you are not on speaking terms with members of the Royal Family, or any of the noblemen and titled gentry, your time (this to the reader) will hang a bit heavy on your hands, and I advise you, as you value your holiday, to take the steamer for Ryde; for, after all, you are lost at Cowes; Ryde is the better place of the two, and from Ryde you can go anywhere by coast, train, or boat, which you can't from Cowes. Your Representative was much struck by the smallness of the Island, and everything in it. The whole thing is a toy. The Tramway, to begin with, is a toy, brightly coloured, with a neat conductor. The little Railway Station is a toy; so's the miniature train, which should be wound up and go by clock-work instead of steam. Then the hills, and the plains, and the bridge, and the little people walking about, and the little shops and the little shopkeepers, all toys, every one of them, and the whole thing could be stowed away with much neatness and precision in a few boxes such as the Germans make for toy-packing. Shanklin is just what you'll see in one of the toyshop windows in Regent Street, only that when Your Representative visited it the Water-fall hadn't been wound up, and nothing was playing a tune. This was unfair, as I had to pay eighteenpence for seeing this Shanklin toy. That one-and-six at the gate, and the way it was got out of me, quite spoiled the romance of a stroll through Shanklin Chine. You wander on under overhanging trees, and by the side of glistening rocks, you shudder at the depth below, and you gaze enraptured at the glimpse of blue sky through the fretwork of foliage above, and you soliloquise aloud or to yourself. I reached that poetic point when one feels inclined (as I felt representing *You, Sir*), to pour forth my whole soul in some sympathetic ear; and at this minute my eye lighted upon a young and lovely brunette standing pensively by a rustic bridge gazing out toward the sea; I paused, for not by a footfall would I have disturbed her meditation.

However, she had caught the sound of my fairy-like step (I was weighed the other day, and am able on authority to correct the report about my walking fourteen stone in my boots), and, sighing gently, she turned her head towards me.

I approached the Bridge, and, with that courtliness which distinguishes any one, Sir, who represents You as You ought to be repre-

sented (a photograph generally flatters the original), I raised my hat, and respectfully, but cheerfully, alluded to the beauty of the weather, the poetic inspiration of so lovely a spot, and awaited her reply.

Ah, Sir! such soft eyes! And I saw that she was about to reply. She did. She said—

"Yes, there ain't a many people 'ere to-day, and I ain't done much. It's sixpence is the regular thing, but it's what you like to give the gal, Sir."

I shuddered. The Romance had vanished. She *had* change for half-a-crown, that is, she gave me a shilling, said "Thankye, Sir," showed me out through a gate, which she locked on the inside, and then I was alone on Shanklin Beach—alone with the bathing-machines.

Shanklin will be a great place one of these days, when the climate is changed and the projected buildings are finished.

Your Representative dined at Shanklin, and, as up to six in the afternoon there is nothing to do at Shanklin, and after that hour still less, I returned by the up-train to Ryde.

As regards any public amusement, the evenings at Ryde are a trifle dull. However, if fine, everybody is out till they turn in for the night; and, if wet, everybody turns in, and won't go out. Ventriloquists and Conjurers occasionally try their luck here, and do well, I believe, *for once only*. I observed that the Beautiful and the Gifted, who so long delighted London, at the Queen's Theatre, with their performance of *Elizabeth* and her young friend, were advertised to appear for one week at Ryde. But—

O, MRS. ROUSBY!  
If the night's fair  
Folks take the air,  
What will your house be?

At one time I thought of turning this absence of entertainment to as good account as did an enterprising gentleman with a limited knowledge of legerdemain in California. It occurred to me that I might get *one* good house, and that then I should have to leave before the performance was over, with, of course, the cash-box, so as to save that valuable article from the fury of the audience. It was the story of the above-mentioned conjuror in the gold regions that suggested the idea. His name was TIMMINS, or something like it, and he knew about as many tricks as would make him an agreeable after-dinner companion when the conversation flagged. However, the worse the material the greater the speculation.

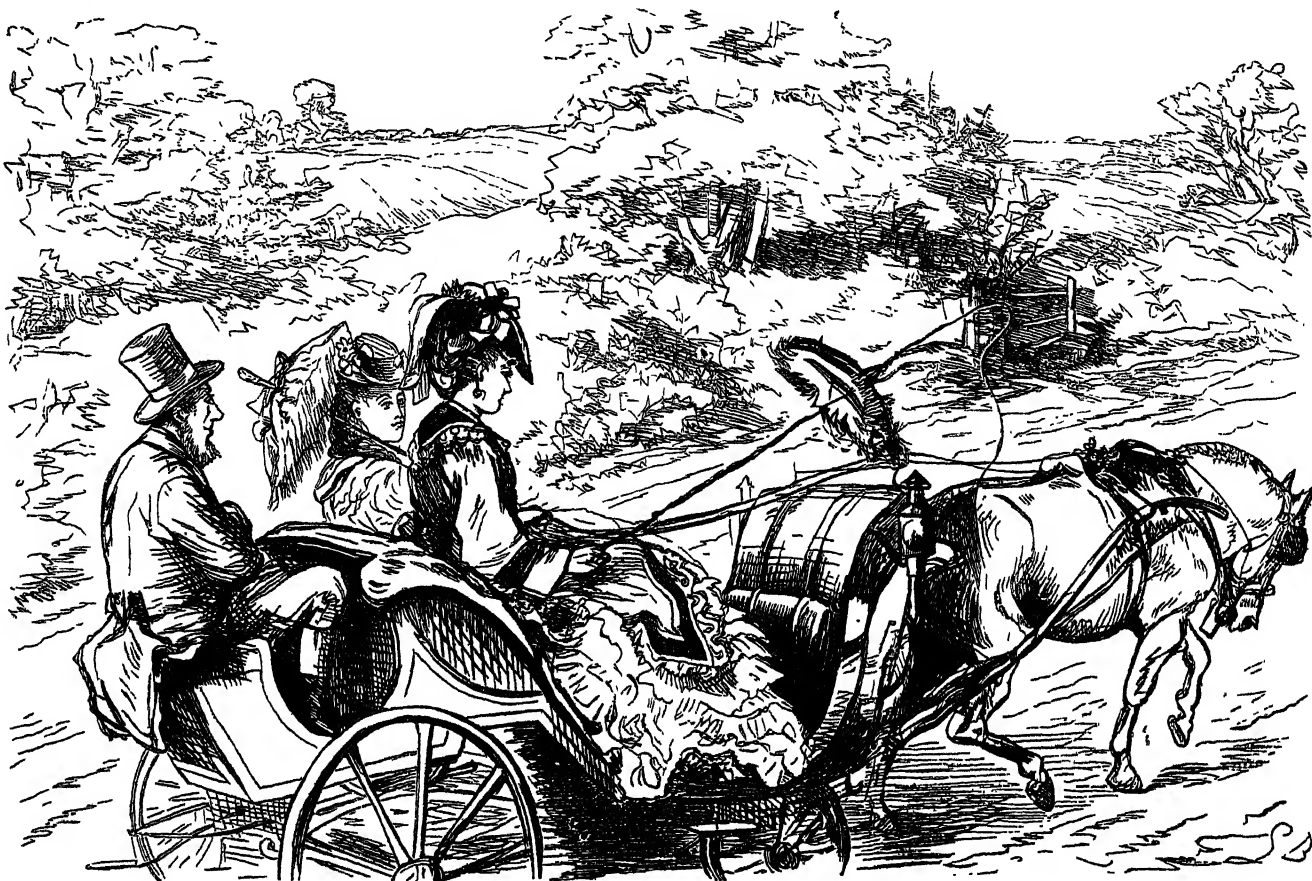
A brilliant idea occurred to the *entrepreneur*, who immediately advertised TIMMINS as "The Great Basilikon Thaumaturgist," and fitted him with a programme announcing such wonders as had never before been seen there or anywhere else. Elephants were to fly out of snuff-boxes, a living head would walk and talk in the air; in fact, there was no limit to the marvels, except that at the foot of the bill was an intimation to the effect that "*this programme might be varied*"—and so it was considerably. But there was one good house at all events. "The Great Basilikon Thaumaturgist" disappeared only to re-appear with some other title elsewhere, probably in America, as a Lieutenant, a Colonel, or a Doctor, for it is noticeable that these peripatetic legerdemainists are nothing unless dubbed with some military or learned prefix.

Had I but known five tricks, three with cards and two without, I would have given an evening with COLONEL FLIX. I should have chosen this title, it's so vague—"COLONEL FLIX, the Celebrated Double-handed Isaurian Trompydeuxellist and Spiritualistic Asmodeusexmachinistical Delusoriat; with" (of course) "testimonials from all the Crowned Heads of Europe who have witnessed my astounding performances."

As representing You, Sir, I am the soul of honour, and, therefore, I did not venture upon the above entertainment. No; I went to bed early, and dreamt that I was King of the Isle of Wight.

O! but if I were! "*Si j'étais Roi de Bœotie*!" What an army and navy I'd have! England should tremble every morning, and the Stock Exchange would be crowded an hour and a half before the usual time by excited Brokers, eager for the latest news from the Island.

There should be a regiment called the Black Gang Chiners, or Black Gang Chinese, a troop, or *troupe* (for it sounds more like some new form of Christy Minstrels; not before it's wanted by the way), which should strike terror to the hearts of the foe. What a band should accompany this picked body of men! Every known instrument played by its own unequalled professor, from the tom-tom to the triangle and bones, and Jew's-harp. Jew's-harp! then, again—I'd re-establish the People on certain conditions (financial and favourable, of course), and they should have the sole right to the left-off army clothing. There should be equal laws, and but one punishment for everything. This last should be redeemable by a fine to be paid into the Royal Treasury. The Government would be Autocratic and Paternal; and I should have gambling-tables at all the principal towns. The PRINCE OF MONACO would be nowhere when compared with the EMPEROR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT. It would be



## A VICTIM.

*Friend (whispers).* "WHAT'S THE USE OF HAVING THAT HEAVY MAN BEHIND YOU, HARRIET?"

*Harriet.* "NO USE; BUT CHARLES WON'T LET ME GO OUT WITHOUT HIM?"

*Friend.* "THEN WHY NOT MAKE HIM WALK UP THE HILLS?"

*Harriet.* "BECAUSE HE KEEPS ME WAITING SO LONG AT THE TOP."

necessary to take a name, establish a dynasty, and an aristocracy. The first nobleman would be the Pier at Ryde. This reminds me that the place of Court Jester would not be long vacant; but on terms—viz., one old joke, or twice the same joke before the same company, and "Off with his head!" a sentence which would be immediately carried into execution, unless a fine equivalent to the offence were paid down *sur le champ*.

This phrase reminds me that the language of the Court should be French. What fun the first six months of my reign would be! Everybody with a grammar in one pocket, a dictionary in the other, and a conversation-book in his hand. But at present I am not King of the Island, but content to be devotedly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## TANTALISING.

It has been said before, we are fully aware, twenty, thirty, fifty, nay a hundred times; but never with such force and meaning as at the present hour. The exigency of the occasion is ample justification for its repetition. In front of the Athenæum, within a stone's throw of the DUKE OF YORK, and in full view of LORD CLYDE and SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, there is to be seen at the present time the finest statue—is it too much to say the only fine statue? which has ever been erected in London. This is cheering news for all who have suffered from a grim succession of PEELS, and WELLINGTONS, and HAVELOCKES, and NAPLERS, and various other Royal and distinguished effigies. It would be, were it not for the disheartening statement that this great work is only to stay in its present position for a time. It is going to India. Is it quite impossible that MR. FOLEY'S "OUTRAM" should remain *in statu quo*? What an obligation we should be under to India if that country would allow us to arrange for a duplicate, to be executed and sent out with the utmost possible despatch, and consent to our retaining the prize we are so loth to surrender!

## WHY I AM IN TOWN.

BECAUSE I have long felt a strong desire to know by personal experiment what London is like at this season of the year.

Because the house requires some repairs, and I am anxious to be on the spot to look after the workpeople.

Because the progress of my book on *Universal Eccentricity* renders it necessary that I should pay frequent visits to the Library of the British Museum.

Because I have been everywhere, and know every place.

Because the sanitary condition of the only place I at all care to go to is not altogether satisfactory.

Because my Uncle ANTHONY is expected home every day from Australia, and I am unwilling to be absent from Town when he arrives.

Because my Cousin SELINA is going to be married from her step-father's at Upper Clapton, and insists on my giving her away to the gentleman with whom she is about to penetrate into the interior of Africa.

Because I am desirous to avail myself of this opportunity of completing some statistical tables I am compiling, showing the comparative numbers of horses, carriages, and pedestrians passing my dining-room windows on the last Saturday in May and the last Saturday in August respectively.

Because my eldest son is reading with a private tutor for his Army examination, and I feel I am of some use to him in his studies.

Because my AUNT PHILIPPA is detained in Town by an attack of gout, and expects me to call and sit with her three times a day.

Because I am determined to put into execution my long-cherished design of thoroughly exploring the British Museum, the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Public Monuments, and the City Churches.

Because it is peculiarly inconvenient to me to be anywhere else.



### THE LINE MUST BE DRAWN SOMEWHERE!

*My Lady.* "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST SITUATION?"

*Sensitive Being.* "WELL, MY LADY, I 'ADN'T BEEN IN THE 'OUSE 'ARDLY A MONTH WHEN I HASCERTAINED AS THE LADIES OF THE FAMILY 'AD NEVER EVEN BEEN PRESENTED AT COURT!"

### TALK FOR THE TABLE.

SAID a Grouse to a Potato, "Ha, my *Tuber*, how d'ye do?"

"Ha, my *Tetraz*," to the Bird replied the "Tatur," "how are you? You, diseased, could never live, the papers told me, to be shot."

"You the same; would never come to saucepan, though you'd go to pot."

"Yet you see that I'm in case to win a horticultural prize."

"So can you that I'm in first-rate feather; for you've got your eyes."

"I am fit for any table, to be boiled, or steamed, or fried."

"I to be with brown-fried bread-crumbs, gravy, and bread-sauce allied."

"I suppose I shall be roasted, and, when cold, I may be hashed, Made a *salmi* or a pie of." "I may possibly be mashed."

"Ah, what creature can foresee how it is going to be drest?"

"Some like one way, some another; people choose what they love best."

"Here we are, for all the croakers, ready to regale mankind."

"I'm game to be killed to-morrow." "If they peel me, I shan't mind."

"By the better classes eaten 'tis my privilege to be."

"I rejoice too in the Masses, and all ranks rejoice in me."

"Farewell. I expect at table we shall shortly meet again."

"May we have thereat the honour to be dished for worthy men."

"Tis my hope that I shall not be kept until I've got too high."

"Mine that my cook will not fry me too thin sliced, too crisp and dry."

### SEEDINESS IN SPRING.

CAUGHT in a vernal shower,  
I got beneath a tree;  
For I am not a flower:  
The rain improves not me;  
Regilds the dandelion,  
Revives the daisy's hues,  
But not restores the dye on  
My coat, or mends my shoes.

And thou, too fairest daughter  
Of not a wealthy sire,  
Alas, no good rain-water  
Will do to thine attire,  
For all the rose and lily  
That in thy cheek combine!—  
And I were very silly  
To wish that thou wert mine.

### AN IMPERIAL GALLICAN.

Is the preacher who held forth before the young heir to the French Empire, on Napoleon's Day, in Chiselhurst Chapel, an "Old Catholic?" For, according to the *Times*—

"The High Mass was followed by a sermon, solemn, hopeful, pointing to the future, putting before the youthful heir his ancestors' examples for his imitation, and linking the family of NAPOLEON with the world's martyrs and benefactors."

The last NAPOLEON's policy in regard to the Sovereign Pontiff hardly delighted the Ultramontanes, who used to call its author Herod and Pontius Pilate. Considering, moreover, that a Pope excommunicated the first NAPOLEON, one would think that a priest who proposes to the representative of that Pope-dethroner "his ancestors' examples for imitation" must, indeed, be violently carried away from the grace which bows to infallibility.

### MODERN MYTHOLOGY.

VENUS is the Queen of Love. Hymen may be regarded as her Finisher of the Law, Jack Ketch, or Calcraft of the nuptial noose.

"O that fellows, ere I'm served up to conclude an ample feast,  
May not appetite have sated upon soup, fish, fowl, and beast."  
"In that generous and considerate aspiration let me share.  
With wise view to reservation men should con the bill of fare."

### The Times and the Tempest.

THE *Times*, in a leader on "MR. GLADSTONE at Mold," remarking on the disuse of Irish as compared with Welsh, truly observes that "in Ireland both the priest and the agitator denounce the Saxon in his own tongue." Comparisons are not odious when they are just; and the above-quoted observation cannot but be collated with the following portion of the text of SHAKESPEARE:—

"*Caliban.* You taught me language, and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!"

Only *Prospero* was not a Lord Lieutenant, but monarch of all he surveyed; and disaffection in the Island under his government was incarnate in the person of but a single would-be Home-Ruler.

### A Card.

MR. PUNCH presents his respectful compliments to sixty-one Correspondents who have suggested that the bathing-man who rescued PRINCE ARTHUR at Trouville should receive the Order of the Bath, and *Mr. Punch* affectionately requests that those sixty-one persons do straightway visit the city of KING BRADDOCK, and place their heads in the hands of any of the many respectable tensors in that interesting city.





### OUT O' SOLDIERS.

WHAT WITH THE GREAT DIFFICULTY OF RECRUITING, THE GREATER NUMBER OF DESERTIONS, GRIEVANCES, MEN IN HOSPITAL, ON DETACHMENT, ORDERLIES ON COMMAND, &c., &c., THE STATE OF THINGS ABOVE IS NOT TO BE WONDERED AT. 1. *The Battalion.* 2. *The Barracks.* 3. *The Bugler.* 4. *The Adjutant (reports).* "ALL PRESENT, SIR." 5. *The Commanding Officer.* "D—!" (*Restraints his feelings, and rides home a sadder and a wiser man.*)

### SALT ON TWO TAILS.

THERE'S a way to catch birds that I'm told never fails,  
If the catcher's but sharp, and the birds but flat enough,—  
And that is by putting of salt on their tails;  
Of which two samples have lately come pat enough.

At Kanturk, in South Ireland, 'twas bird-catcher BUTT,  
At Mold, in North Wales, it was bird-catcher BILL,  
Who contrived on a brace of green goslings to shut  
The hands which both tails had first salted with skill.

'Twas Green-Gosling ARCH—from his common astray—  
Spread his innocent tail for BUTT's salt of Home Rule;  
And Green-Gosling TAFFY, his tail gave a prey  
To the salt of soft sawder, from GLADSTONE the cool.

Ah, if talk smooth and soft would but answer for more  
Than putting the salt on the tail of the bird,  
"Home Rule" might not end, like Repeal dreams of yore;  
And Welsh bards, harps, and triads again might be heard.

As it is, while the Saxon's hard head sets its teeth  
'Gainst the drowsier, dreamier mood of the Celt,  
Harder still will be higher, while softer, beneath,  
In vain attempts harder to master or melt.

### Unreasonable Expectation.

It seems that the "Commissioners of Northern Lights" were not represented on the day that the PRINCE OF WALES opened the new Breakwater and Harbour at Holyhead. No surprise need have been felt at their absence. The Aurora Borealis is not usually seen in the daytime, and this is not the season of the year for it to appear at all.

### BURGLARY AND CHEMISTRY.

WE have heard of murder being regarded as one of the Fine Arts, and we think that burglary may likewise be included in the catalogue: at least, if we may judge by the scientific way in which the thing is now conducted. In the pockets of a lately captured student of the art there were discovered, says the newspapers:—

"Two bottles, one containing sulphur and the other chloroform, and a glass tube containing quicksilver, so pointed that it cut glass easily."

Here we clearly see a proof of the progressive spirit of the age. Formerly a housebreaker went about his business with a pistol and a crowbar, but chloroform and quicksilver are surely more refined, and may be just as efficacious. For ourselves, if MR. BILL SIKES paid us a nocturnal visit, we should certainly prefer to have our sense of feeling numbed rather than have our brains blown out. If they thus take to using chemicals, burglars may, in time, be qualified to act as medical practitioners, at least, so far as may regard the scientific method of applying anaesthetics.

### Just the Difference.

BETWEEN the *Sœur Marie*, and *œuf, à-la-coque*,  
Excepting the name, there is nothing in common.  
An *œuf-à-la-coque*, were it addle, would shock:  
But not so the head of the *à-la-coque* woman.  
The more addle *that* is, the more pilgrims, I wis,  
To Paray-le-Monial she's likely to summon!

### NICE PRESENT.

OUR housekeeper is certainly a most generous woman. She has just volunteered to give an eye to a young domestic who has lately joined the establishment.



### A NARROW ESCAPE.

*Country Magistrate.* "PRISONER, YOU'RE DISCHARGED THIS TIME WITH A CAUTION; BUT IF WE SEE YOU HERE AGAIN, YOU'LL GET TWICE AS MUCH!!"

### PENAL PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

THE Legal Profession has an ornament in MR. COMMISSIONER KEER; who, if his lot had been cast in the Profession of Physic, would have equally adorned that. Such, at least, is the supposition suggested by the subjoined extract from a column of news:—

"Two men, named PILLARD and IVES, having been convicted of a robbery with violence on a tram conductor at Holloway, the learned Commissioner said for the last few sessions there had been a remarkable absence of such offences from the calendar, and he had hoped that the sentences ordinarily pronounced for that class of crime had at last succeeded in deterring persons from engaging in it. This, however, was a very bad case, and being determined, if possible, to put down the system, he should sentence the prisoners to be twice flogged—twenty lashes upon each occasion. PILLARD must be kept in penal servitude for fifteen years, with five years' subsequent police supervision, and IVES must be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two years. LEWIS TAYLOR, for a robbery with violence at Muswell Hill, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and five years' subsequent police supervision, and to be twice flogged, receiving each time twenty lashes with the 'cat.'"

The foregoing piece of satisfactory intelligence evinces a perception similar to the medical sense, which, when a remedy of known efficacy fails to do all the good expected from it, tells the practitioner to increase the dose, and to prescribe its more frequent repetition. If necessary to put down garotting, the judicious as well as judicial doctor will not shrink from the prescription of some thirty or more stripes three times a year or so. The HOME SECRETARY would do well to have the above, and every similar record printed in the form of a bill, to be extensively posted about the slums and elsewhere for the edification of the ruffianly classes. The warning thus given them would tend to prevent the necessity of inflicting a painful and degrading punishment on our fellow-man.

### Wonderful Sagacity of a Horse.

ON the day of the match between Sussex and Kent at Eastbourne, a few days since, the Huntsman of the Southdown Pack very kindly brought the hounds on to the Cricket-ground to amuse the Visitors. A venerable old horse, who pulls the roller, on seeing the hounds, was taken with a fit of "boiling-house on the brain," and, thinking that they had come to eat him, retired into his stable, and has not since been enticed out.

### Better Conduct.

ARMAGH has lately been the scene of the dedication of a Roman Catholic Cathedral. CARDINAL CULLEN officiated, and "aspersed the walls," and "aspersed the entrance." We are very glad that this was all, and that the Cardinal did not "asperse" the Ministry, or Parliament, or the Education Board, or the Irish Colleges, or Protestantism, or the whole English nation.

COMPANION WORK TO "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES."—*A Couple of Black Eyes.*

### ROAR OF THE DOOMED LION.

Down with Northumberland House,  
Vandals and Philistines base;  
Snobs with the soul of a mouse:  
Set up your shops in its place.

Lay out your shops and your street;  
Perish historic renown!  
Level the PERCYs' old seat;  
Grossest barbarians in Town!

Wreak an iconoclast spite,  
Or a vile taste; ye are strong.  
Bid, o'er that noble pile's site,  
'Bus and Cab rattle along!

That will be music to you,  
Ædiles of Vestryman's kind,  
Utilitarian crew,  
Bumbles of practical mind!

Raze those proud walls to the ground,  
Churls in authority; do!  
What are, but names of mere sound,  
HOWARD and PERCY to you?

What is their home's ancient fame?  
Let its materials be sold.  
O, the deplorable shame  
When it was put in your hold!

Must the old pile be destroyed?  
Spare it you could if you tried;  
Make your New Cut to avoid,  
Passing the Mansion aside.

Where is the voice, never mute  
Once, when need was to profess  
Censure of spoiler and brute?  
Wherefore outcries not the Press?

Some famous relic each day  
"Progress" removes as a weed;  
Plucks it and casts it away,  
No man denouncing the deed.

Now-a-days—"Let it all go,"  
Indolent Apathy sighs.  
Westminster Abbey laid low,  
There soon a Station will rise.

Windsor's Keep stands on a hill  
No railway needs to cut through.  
So may that Castle stand still,  
Else it will have to fall too.

### Marvellous Magazines.

THERE are several periodicals devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, and most of them, from time to time, announce that they are not paying their expenses, and that some assistance at the hands of Spiritualists would be acceptable to their conductors. These publications are amusing, and might perhaps be rendered instructive, if the mediums of communication with spirits were supplemented with a little more of the circulating medium, so as to raise Spiritualist literature above a state of more than spiritual destitution.

### Imaginary Anecdote.

THE appointment of Head Master of the Cottlestone Grammar School was vacant. It was in the gift of Trustees. The pupils were unanimous in their desire for the success of a candidate, one of whose testimonials stated that, in the conduct of a scholastic establishment over which he presided for many years, he had evinced a degree of zeal which had never—but it may have been a printer's erratum—flogged.

## PEARLS FROM THE PROVINCES.



So he stated that he should do, *Mr. Punch* has been pearl-fishing in the country. He has been eminently successful, and here are a few of his prizes.

No good Catholic can now doubt of the success of DON ALFONSO. We extract the following gratifying announcement from the *Dublin Daily Express* of August 27th, and, as everybody knows, Irish news is always trustworthy:—

"BARCELONA, Monday.—On the 20th inst., DON ALFONSO and his wife DONA BLANCA, accompanied by SAVALLS, HUGET, CORTAZAR, VIDAL DE SOLOCATERA, GENERAL PLANA, and the son of DON ENRIQUE, together with 2000 men, 100 horses, and three guns, attended Mass, and received the sacrament at Repill. They left the same day for the province of Gerona."

A Correspondent informs us that Juggernaut customs are still observed in Norfolk, as may be seen by this passage in the *Norfolk and Norwich Argus*:—

"The son of Mr. TOMSON, of Wheltham, got his leg in the wheel of a timber-cart on Saturday, and before he could be extinguished the limb was fractured."

The *Western Morning News* is a strong supporter of the Permissive Bill. But it employs a foreign Correspondent who is evidently a spirit of another sort, and altogether jolly. Here is the "tooral-looral" utterance with which he concludes a letter from Pontresina.

"From over mountain streams until I reached the two lakes near the Hospice, and so down the pass in the most gorgeous moonlight that I have ever seen, seven hours' walking, including half an hour's halt at a mountain inn, brought me back tolerably weary to *Pontresina*."

In Warwickshire there appears to be a difficulty in the way of obtaining Wives. Gentlemen of various ranks in the social scale are obliged to make their proposals by advertisement, e.g.:—

**TO LADY CAPITALISTS.**—The Son of an Officer of high rank in the Army, and of high social position in the Midland Counties.—Address,

Respectable Chimney-Sweeper, with home and trade, forty miles from Manchester, Wishes to Meet with a respectable Person as WIFE; a little means preferable; reference given and required.—Address, &c.

This last is in a Warwickshire paper. The advertiser seems to think that his living forty miles from Manchester is a recommendation. That depends. We should not like to sweep many of the Manchester Round Towers, known as chimneys. On the other hand, we have brought away the noblest headaches from Manchester, where hospitality is of the old English kind, and we hope to get several others there.

In Devonshire, on the contrary, young Ladies seem to find it necessary to proclaim their accomplishments. This is a shame, for a Devonshire girl is one of the choicest productions of bountiful nature. The following advertisement has been sent to *Mr. Punch* by about thirty Correspondents, to whom (and especially to one "indignant lady," who thinks that "the Advertiser ought to be whipped") he tenders his acknowledgments.

**WANTED**, by a young lady, age 18, who can milk, situation as KITCHENMAID.—Address, PAULINE, &c.

Uxbridge is, we believe, somewhat nearer to Town. Its name was originally Oxbridge. It is clearly a pastoral sort of place, and its inhabitants are persons with sweet and domestic proclivities. They do not understand a gentleman's enjoying himself without "wife, children, and friends." Let vitiated Londoners take this lesson to heart, and hasten to join the circle of friends who do not wish their hair cut—or is it a misprint for band?

**TO** be LET, for a few months, a FURNISHED COTTAGE, at 12s. per week, well calculated for a person fond of fishing, and whose wife and a few children would like to enjoy the country air. A circle of friends who would not wish their hair cut—three or four may be had. Address, —, Uxbridge.

We quite agree with the next advertiser, who hails from Liverpool, in thinking that any tradesman who wants his books balanced at the end of the year (when everybody, especially hard-working accountants, ought to be enjoying their Christmas), deserves to be executed, with the greatest of care, and the execution should be "strictly private."

**WANTED**, Rents and Debts to Collect; and also Tradesmen, desirous of having their books balanced at the end of the year, executed with the greatest of care, and strictly private, on the most reasonable terms.—Apply, &c., Liverpool.

Finally, here is a pretty little announcement from Stourbridge, and it may be serious, but is certainly comic:—

**MATRIMONY.**—A Young Country Gentleman, ample means, sound connections, personally highly favoured, not meeting with his beau-ideal in his own circle, wishes an introduction to a Young Lady who herself possessing, could appreciate a loving, tender, and true heart. In those circles from which any reply would be entertained, there is a just prejudice against advertisements; but surely it is a means amply justified if bringing together two hearts which may beat together in blissful unison.

## ATHLETICS AND STUDY.

The following Prospectus has been issued by the Authorities of the Training College for Sons of Muscular Christians:—

## CURRICULUM STUDIORUM.

MOTTO—"Who runs may read."

Head Master . . . . . REV. F. FISTICUFF, D.D.  
(Address, during Vacation, Poste Restante, Spa.)  
Lower Master . . . . . REV. HERCULES SAMPSON, P.R.

## SPECIAL PROFESSORS.

Lecture on the rise and fall of the Turks, by PROF. MUSCLEMAN.

N.B.—\*\* With practical illustrations on the Ottoman.

N.B.—Every pupil is required to bring his own square piece of carpet, knife with leaded handle, cup to fasten on forehead, and ball to match.

On the Resolution of Chords.

And the greater Resolution of the Person tied up. By the DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

(Assisted by two Cabinet Ministers.)

[The following is an Extra:—

The Secret of Confederations. . . By PROFESSOR EGYTSHUN HALL.

Note.—Pupils wishing to be educated as Confederates only will be charged accordingly. They must, however, be provided with several changes of costume, and the course of teaching will also include a knowledge of the Big Drum and Pandæan Pipes, how to play and how to carry them.]

## LATIN AND GREEK.

Rapid Acts of Translation . . . . . By TOM CRIBB, Esq.

The CRIBB family have long been among the recognised Tutors' Assistants at our largest public schools.

Classes.—The higher the Class the higher the jump.

A good boy will be one who jumps over the heads of several boys at one time. To jump from the bottom of the Class to the top will be rewarded with a Prize fight after school hours. The Champion against the Class.

Lectures on the Struggles of Ancient Rome, by the REVS. POLLUX and MILO.

The Pupils will be permitted to choose Sides.

Such hours as are not taken up by the Professors above named will be devoted to Rowing, Cricketing, Climbing, and Wrestling.

Sunday Morning.—A good Service in the Tennis Court. After which Lectures on Cockfighting, by the REV. PROFESSOR BANTAM.

(Address, P. O., Cockspur Street.)

Further particulars on the re-assembling of the Professors.

## THE ANGLICAN TIARA.



ONFESSION in the Church of England, is a topic of the day, and has called forth from our old friend "GEORGE A. DENISON," the following defiance to the Bishops:—

"Well, if the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, or any other Bishop or Bishops, will have open war, let it come. If they like to 'snub' every Catholic, and 'pat on the back' every ultra-Protestant, let them follow their inclination. If they elect to stimulate popular ignorance and passion by calling us 'dishonest,' 'disloyal,' 'plotters,' 'traitors,' so let it be. If they prefer to administer their dioceses inequitably, let them so administer; as some are doing now."

ARCHDEACON DENISON appears to repudiate the name of Protestant; but, in the eye of every Catholic whose Catholicity is recognised by Catholics at large, he deserves it as much as DOCTOR CUMMING (Scotus). Perhaps, indeed, if DR. CUMMING had to criticise the conduct of Bishops of the Established Church, his language would exhibit a respect for them which that above quoted does not. JOHN KNOX himself would only have written like himself if he had written the foregoing sentences. If the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON goes on delivering his mind in that style, he will get to be called GEORGE ANTHONY MARPRELATE. This Protestantism, if persisted in, will debar the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON from the promotion which he might get one of these days by consistently following the lead of a sometime ARCHDEACON OF CHICHESTER.

The mock-papists who go about leading captive simpletons by inculcating the obligation of Auricular Confession to themselves as Father Confessors, profess great reverence for the episcopal office. To them Bishops in the abstract are Right Reverend Fathers, &c., but the concrete Bishop they are apt, very commonly, to speak of in terms implying that they account him no better than a fool, a bigot and a heretic. When a Bishop "snubs" an ultra-Protestant, or any Protestant at all, then they extol their ecclesiastical superior; and when he "pats on the back" any mime of Popery, they laud him still more; but whensoever they themselves are pulled up by the vestments, or rapped on the knuckles with the crosier, they resent their reproof with abusive insolence, or contemptuous chaff. In their capacity of "Catholics," indeed, they appear to consider themselves "a cut above" Protestant Bishops, and herein their pseudo-popery is something peculiar. The Russian-Greek Priests are all called Popes. What these Priests are denominated, our Ritualist Parsons seemingly believe themselves to be; every man his own Pope, and his Bishop's or any other Bishop's Pope too.

ARCHDEACON DENISON's friends might evince their appreciation of his "Catholicism" by subscribing for, and presenting him with, a testimonial, in the shape of a tiara or triple cap, with a difference from the POPE's own; a triple difference. The summit of the cap should be decorated with a tassel, the circumference studded with small bells, and each side garnished with an auricular appendage, which would be especially symbolical of Anglican auricular confession.

## "Place aux Dames!"

THE French understand Woman's proper position. The French do not grudgingly withhold from her those rights which she claims as her just and natural due. In France, we see, she would meet with no churlish opposition to her passionate longing to become possessed of the franchise and present herself at the polling-booth; to her ambition to be a Member of Parliament, or a County Court Judge, or a Magistrate, or a Furywoman. We are led into these reflections by reading, in the *Civilian*, that a Co-operative Society has been started at Cannes, on the model of our own Civil Service Association, to which "ladies, either single, widows, or 'séparées judiciairement de leurs maris,' are eligible as sociétaires."

## RAILWAY DUTIES.

SAYS a Newspaper, propped up before us by the toast-rack, while leisurely we breakfast:—

"The railway passenger duty is sure to be attacked; yet it can scarce be deemed obnoxious by persons of good sense."

Now there are many passenger duties which are not merely not obnoxious, but are eminently proper; and yet how many persons travel constantly by railway without giving them a thought. By way of useful admonition, let us specify a few:—

1. There is, first of all, the duty of not pushing at the pay-place, especially if ladies chance to be in front of you.
2. There nextly is the duty of coming there provided with the proper ready money, so as not to keep folks waiting while you change a sovereign, or perhaps a five-pound note.
3. There also is the duty of not cramming half the carriage with your luggage, and putting fellow-travellers to hours of some annoyance, that you may save a minute at your journey's end.
4. There moreover is the duty of abstention from piling up your hatboxes and handbags and wraps in the umbrella net, so as to risk their tumbling on your neighbour's head.
5. There likewise is the duty, ladies, of taking tickets for your lapdogs, and never smuggling them in furtively beneath your shawls and dust-cloaks, whence afterwards they emerge half stifled and ill-humoured, to snarl and snap at any one and every one within their reach.
6. There is the duty of not quarrelling about an open window, but of conceding the command of it to the sitter next it, facing towards the engine, who, by long acknowledged justice, clearly has the right.
7. There is the duty of obedience to the law respecting trespass, which prohibits the removal of a coat or an umbrella, marking the retention of a vacated seat.
8. There is the duty of shutting the door gently when you quit the train at a mid-station, and neither slamming it with a bang nor leaving it wide open, as is done by selfish and ungentelemanly snobs.
9. There is the duty of sharing your newspaper with any one who has none, and offering first the leaders, and not the outside sheet.
10. There is the duty of not putting your dirty boots upon the cushions, when you wish to lay your legs up.
11. There is the duty of opening the carriage-door for any lady leaving or entering the train, even at the risk of soiling your new gloves.
12. There is reciprocally the duty on the lady's part to smile her gratitude, at least, if she does not verbally express it.
13. There is the duty of never eating peppermint, or using scents or drinks which have a nauseous odour.
14. There is the duty of abstaining from bothering your neighbours with remarks about the weather, or platitudinarianisms upon things in general.
15. There is the duty of not scowling at every one who has the audacity of looking in, or entering, your carriage, as though you were suspicious of his being an escaped convict, or a disguised chimney-sweep.
16. There is the duty, when perfumed with tobacco smoke, of not entering a carriage where there are ladies sitting.
17. There is the duty of not snoring when you are in company and pursuing a night journey.
18. And there is, finally, the duty of remembering that delays are dangerous, especially on railways; and therefore of never keeping the train waiting while you fumble in your pockets for your ticket, which you ought to have in readiness to be produced at any moment.

## Mock-Popery Made Easy.

It is whispered that a great improvement, from a Ritualist point of view, might be effected in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's. In that situation there might be established a Confessional, to consist of a chair on one side of the Gallery for the Priest, and a stool opposite to it on the other for the Penitent, so that the former might sit, and the latter might kneel, with their faces to the wall, and the confession be made, and the absolution pronounced, with commodious privacy, in that position.

## The Dog and the Lawyers.

ACCORDING to the reports of proceedings at the Maidenhead Bench of Magistrates, A, a dog belonging to B, a Queen's Counsel, bit C, an Attorney. C struck A, B struck C, who had been bitten by A, and refused to give his name "because he thought that C was simply a tradesman." Looking at the case with an unprejudiced eye, it appears to us that the title Q.C. must mean "Queer Customer."





### SEASONABLE ATHLETICS.

THE STALWART BROTHERS DICK AND BOB TURN THEIR PUBLIC SCHOOL AND COLLEGE EDUCATION TO GOOD ACCOUNT BY TAKING THEIR NEWLY-MARRIED WIVES (THE GENTLE SISTERS, BLANCHE AND VIOLET) ON A WALKING TOUR THROUGH THE MIDLAND COUNTIES. LADEN IN THE MANNER WE HAVE TRIED TO DEPICT, THESE BRAVNY SONS OF ANAK LOOK UPON THIRTY MILES A DAY AS A MERE TRIFLE.

### A HORRIBLE THOUGHT!

(See the cruel suggestion of AYRTON for Postmaster-General, and BOUVERIE for Home Secretary. *Times*, Monday, Aug. 25.)

'Twas ignorance of Arts he used to boast,  
When at the Works he sneered, and snubbed his betters;  
Is that his claim of fitness for the Post,  
Which has to do, if not with Arts, with letters?

He, who of AYRTON's skill in raising raws  
Has with two well-paid berths been the rewarder,  
Had best beware, lest, with that skill for cause,  
Post-Office Order should become dis-order.

Ere o'er the Office where they punch Queen's-heads  
He who'd fain punch all heads plants his initials,  
Think, GLADSTONE, if to public form you're dead,  
Think of the luckless permanent officials!

But, SCUDAMORE, if zeal, that worst of crimes,  
Calls for this rod in pickle, on the premises,  
Take comfort; the same leader of the *Times*  
Calls up the vision of an awful Nemesis.

Think of the PREMIER's perpetual blister,—  
The thought too savage for a BENTINCK's scoff is!—  
With BOUVERIE, that pitiless persister,  
That d'd good-natured friend at the Home Office!

Who shall decide which martyrdom the worse is,  
That o'er Saint Stephen's head hung, or Saint Martin's?—  
SCUDAMORE, giv'n to AYRTON's tender mercies,  
Or GLADSTONE under candid BOUVERIE's startins\*?

\* "Startins," a sailor's term for flogging with a rope's end; always administered, of course, for the floggee's good, but none the pleasanter for that.

If, SCUDAMORE, a fate so dark with fears,  
Suggest to thee appeal to London city,  
Pause and say (*à la* SIDNEY)—"Keep your tears;  
GLADSTONE than SCUDAMORE more needs your pity."

For my part, either prospect seems too sad  
For this contemplative man's recreation;  
But two such prospects!—The *Times* may be bad,  
But *Punch* recoils from the anticipation!

### THE FONT AND THE POCKET.

ORTHODOXY and common sense are combined with economy in the proposal and argument embodied in the ensuing newspaper paragraph:—

"A correspondent of the *John Bull* advocates the abolition of godfathers and godmothers. The causes which led to the institution of sponsors have, he says, ceased to exist; the sacrament of baptism is complete without them, and if they were done away with very many religious Dissenters would return to the Church."

Godfathers and godmothers have now nothing to do for their spiritual children that they possibly can, spiritually. Their office would be a mere sinecure if it were lucrative as well as nominal, and did not, on the contrary, involve doing something attended with expense. Those who give other people's children names, are expected also to give them plate: so that godfathers and godmothers, heretofore called sponsors, had in these days better be denominated spoonsors.

### VISIBLE SPIRITS.

STRANGE tales of Apparitions some relate us.  
What Apparition, save with Apparatus?



## PILGRIMS AND PILGRIMS.

ANCIENT PILGRIM. "AH, FAIR SIR, ALL IS CHANGED SINCE *MY* TIME! NO PEAS IN YOUR SHOES NOW—NO TOIL—NO ROBBERY—NO DANGER—EVERYTHING MADE EASY; IN FACT, QUITE A PLEASANT 'EXCURSION'"

MODERN PILGRIM. "NO ROBBERY?—NO DANGER? DOES IT OCCUR TO YOU, MY VENERABLE FRIEND, THAT *OUR* 'PILGRIMAGES' ARE MADE *BY RAIL*?"

[Ancient Pilgrim "shuts up."]



# OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(With a Grievance.)



WORTHY SIR,—I must represent You in a foreign land for a week or two, and when I once get there I'm not sure I shan't say farewell to Old England "much as I adore thee," as HENRY RUSSELL used to sing, and remain there until coals are down again. Not because London is dull, not because 'tis more invigorating to be *à la campagne* than *en ville*, not because the sea-side is the place to visit at this season, 'tis not because the ladders are in the Club hall, the white-washers in the smoking-room, and nobody to talk to; not for all these and several other powerful reasons which could be stated, am I going to represent You in the country,—no, it is simply on account of the price of coals present, and, I suppose,

future. Is it because I am the last man in London, except the lot engaged in the Tichborne case, that I am being implored by tradesmen so long, top, before quarter-day, for a settlement? No; simply because "coals," they say, "do make everything go up so, you see, Sir."

A penny bun is twopence, I am informed, not eating the luxury myself. Why? Coals have done it.

You wouldn't have thought that it would affect umbrellas! It does. A guinea one is thirty shillings. Why? "Well, Sir, you see coals haets on heverything—" Here he went into details as to the importation of silk, the machinery of the frames, and the transport of bamboo canes, on all of which the price of coals must evidently exert an enormous influence.

I met suddenly and accidentally a friend whom I hadn't seen for years—for as many years as he owed me sovereigns. He was so hearty, so glad to see me, so sorry he hadn't written to me, hoped I'd come and dine with him (when he returned from China, whither he was starting, he informed me, to-morrow), and with the greatest cheerfulness alluded to the trifling amount standing between us, which he would have given me at once, but that, being a family man, the price of coals had played the deuce with his funds, and he'd only that very morning—not half an hour before our meeting—been obliged to square accounts with his coal merchant, who professed himself ready to sink beneath the weight of oppressingly heavy demands. Hats, boots, coats, waistcoats, gloves—everything is going up, everything *has* gone up, in consequence of this rise in coals.

I'll go to France, where they used only to burn wood, or—happy thought!—I'll represent You, Sir, in some distant clime where such luxuries as I have enumerated—I mean clothes—are unknown and unfashionable. Wherever I may be, I am now and always

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Ha! Hi! Revenge is sweet. Some one came to beg an instalment because— But I cut him short, or, as he professed himself to be already uncommonly short, I cut him shorter, and told him I was unable to comply with his request because of the price of coals. He thought this an excuse for *him*, not for *me*. But all the same. He made no impression on yours truly.

Doubtful.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "RICHARD," and insinuates that his modest income is not equal to his deserts, asks whether we think the "Edinburgh Dick Trust" would be disposed to assist him. We advise him to apply to the Trustees, and to enclose an envelope ready stamped and addressed.

# LOGIC AND LIQUOR.

COLONEL HENDERSON'S Report on the Metropolitan Police is a performance of no mean literary ability. The gallant Colonel is, doubtless, a man of reading. In the document above-mentioned there is a passage which seems to indicate acquaintance with *Tristram Shandy*. It is stated that drunkenness has greatly increased during the past year, inasmuch that the arrests for incapability and disorder, which in 1869 had been only 23,000, amounted to as many as 34,000 in 1872. So much for the operation of the Licensing Act. Such, at least, is the comment of a common mind on the relation between those figures and that statute. But the Chief Commissioner of Police remarks:—

"It must be a matter of conjecture how much further these offences would have prevailed if this Act had not been passed."

When certain sage disputants, in a controversy recorded by STERNE in the above-named biography, are reminded that something which, according to their theory, should have been the case, happened otherwise:—

"It ought not, said they."

The Licensing Act was passed on purpose to prevent drunkenness, and drunkenness has increased enormously since its enactment. The Archbobby seems to entertain the conviction that "it ought" to have prevented drunkenness, and, he is so sure of that, that he suggests that it must have in a measure, so that, but for its operation, drunkenness would have been still more prevalent. He says it must be a matter of conjecture how much further offences punishable under the Licensing Act would have prevailed if it had not been passed. But is it not also a matter of conjecture whether, if the Licensing Act had not been passed, there would have been no increase of drunkenness at all, and possibly a diminution? How do we know that the Licensing Act has not provoked many men to drink to excess in defiance of a law by which they are coerced as though they were children? It is even very likely that, on Sundays especially, when people cannot obtain "intoxicating liquors" during the hours of closing prescribed by the Sabbatarians, and in particular when they most want refreshment, from three till six in the afternoon, they are apt to drink as much as they can while they can, and drink with avidity, aggravated by having been kept waiting for their liquor three hours.

Doubtless, however, it would be a mistake to charge the vastly increasing drunkenness of the population wholly on the Licensing Act. The spread of that truly degrading vice has coincided not only with the working of that measure, but also with a continual rise in the wages of mechanical working-men. They can afford the same excess in "intoxicating liquors" that they can in all other good things. They, if they are determined to get drunk, will, in spite of the Licensing Act, or any other Liquor Law, and their dear friends of the stump and platform, if they really want to sober them, should exhort them all to strike for a general reduction of wages.

# WHY I AM OUT OF TOWN.

BECAUSE we always leave our comfortable home at this season of the year.

Because the DACKES, the ETRICKS, the LADBROKES, the GRANVILLE DAWSONS, and all the other people we know, are away.

Because the best bedroom wanted papering and painting.

Because they are taking up the gaspines in the Crescent.

Because MR. HENRY DILWATER, M.R.C.S. and L.A.C., observed that our youngest boy, ALFRED ATHELSTAN, required bracing.

Because the BARRINGTONS are at Cliftenooking, and DUDLEY BARRINGTON, who is heir presumptive to an Irish Baronetcy, was most attentive to MADGE last season.

Because they are cleaning the Club.

Because my wife's old schoolfellow, LADY LAURA CHAMPION, is staying with her youthful family at Ocean View.

Because BERSFORD, who is working at Physical Science, wanted to study the *Crustacea*, *Algae*, &c., on this coast, and to make himself acquainted with the geological formation of the surrounding district.

Because "Grandmamma" is in lodgings on the Esplanade.

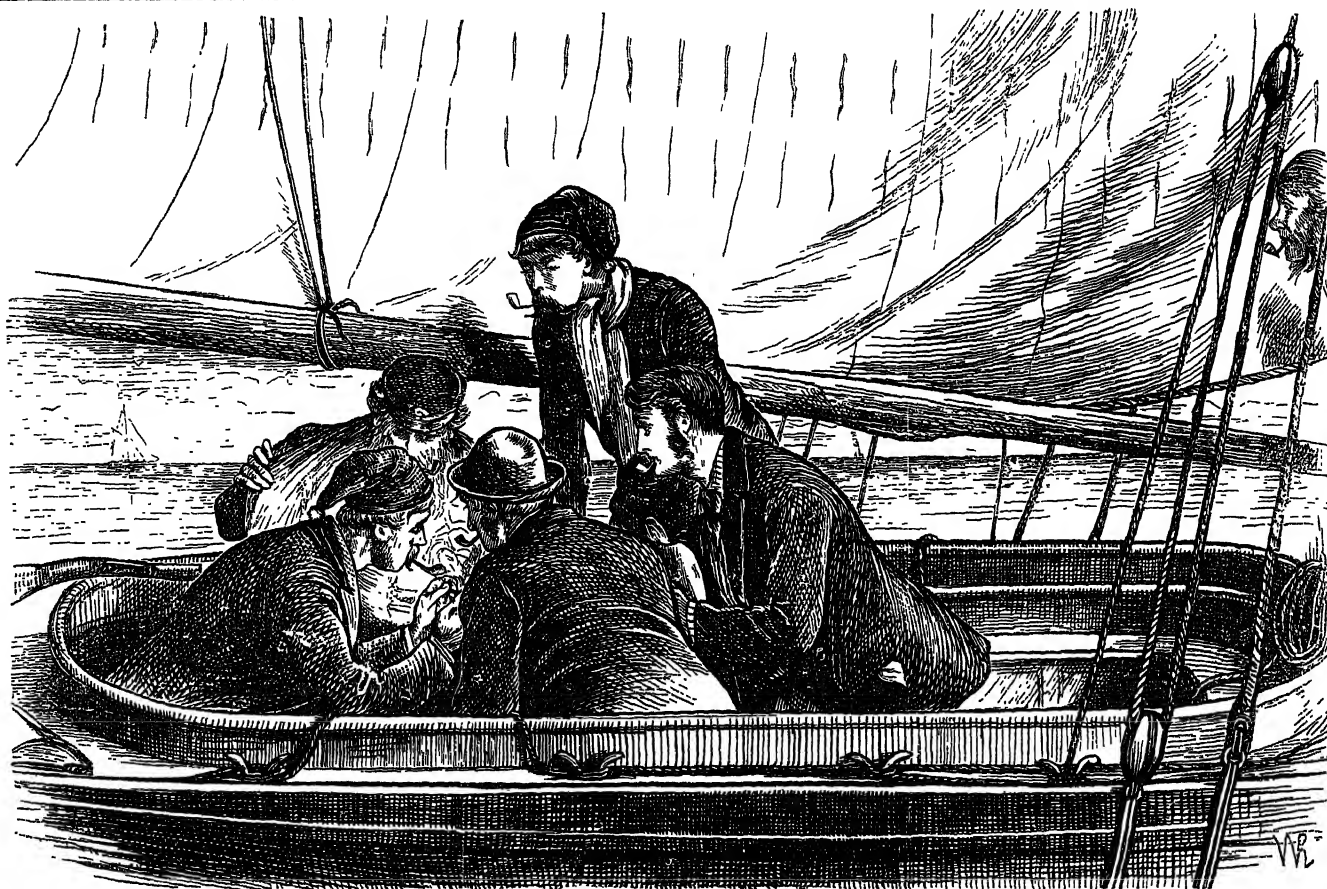
Because we were in daily expectation that our Shopshire relatives, the JAMES DOBSONS, would write and say that they should be glad to come up and spend a week or ten days with us in Granby Crescent.

Because I wanted some quiet place where I could finish my Comedy of modern life and manners—*Pretence*—which my friend HORACE THEWLE, the Manager of the Epigram Theatre, hopes to see his way to bring out when there is an opening.

Because the Philanthropic Humanitarians are holding their annual Congress, under the presidency of LORD RIDDLESWORTH, at the neighbouring city of Danecaster.

Because my wife and the girls wished it.





### THE PLEASURES OF YACHTING.

DEAD CALM—TEN MILES FROM ANYWHERE, AND THE LAST MATCH.

#### PLENTY TO WEAR.

THE lady who teaches other ladies to make one dress last out the time which two dresses lasted before deserves well of her countrymen. Who will deny that but drapers and milliners? What, then, does she deserve who informs our wives and daughters how they may contrive to dress at the rate of nearly one-seventh less than what, on a moderate estimate, as times go, they have, many of them, been accustomed to spend? Certainly a good husband, if she wants one, or an income at least sufficient for her moderate wants as a spinster, if she is wise enough to prefer that.

It is not uncommon for ladies to regard £100 per annum as a reasonable sum to expend on their wardrobes. One-seventh of that sum would more than suffice. A little railway-stall book, written "By a Lady," now instructs all whom it may concern how to dress "as a lady" on £15 a-year. Comparatively, this allowance is moderate in the extreme. Practically, perhaps, it is the lowest possible figure. But consider, dears. Best coals are now 36s. a ton. The consumption of coals sufficient for a whole family in a house of moderate size would amount, say, to about eight tons a year = £14 8s. Now the principal utility of wearing apparel consists in serving to keep you warm. The measure of dress represented by £15 required for clothing by one individual lady, exceeds by 12s. the quantity of coals which would be large enough to supply half-a-dozen people or so with heat. All the clothing necessary for that purpose, merely, is reducible to things which cost much less than £15; and the considerable difference between their price and that sum goes for mere ostentation. Dear are the dictates of Society. Substrata of woollens with a cotton surface would be all that comfort would necessitate for feminine attire; and the various descriptions of calico would lend themselves readily enough to a decorative treatment, whereby economy might be combined with elegance. But that would ask a combination of philosophy with high Art not to be expected.

The introductory remarks prefixed to the little book above noticed are so judicious as to warrant the belief that its subsequent details will prove valuable to those who alone can understand them. *Ne sutor suprà crepidam.* But, *à propos de bottes*—is not the estimate

of £1 5s. for boots and shoes too low? Is it indeed enough for strong boots alone? Would not needful walking exercise wear out too many of them not to require more than that? And yet it is the computation of an economist, who is not one of those ladies whom, out of the lines of the omnibuses, it usually costs at least a shilling to move a mile. But let that pass. Her book should be read not only by all of you, dears, who enjoy no more than £15 a-year where-withal to clothe yourselves, but likewise by those who are blessed with ever so much more money, but would like to devote only as much as quite enough to ostentation, and to expend the rest of it on other things, either of the nature of uses, or that of substantial pleasures, or delights of intelligence, or sentiments more exalted than the love of approbation.

#### AN OGRE ON A FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

HA! Hum! Small child—Can eat—Yes; jam,  
Pastry, buns, all that disagrees.  
Tender as—eh, well, what?—As lamb,  
Asparagus, and early peas.

I recollect myself a brat;  
Must have been, first, a baby, too;  
Though can't at all imagine that.  
No, Sir, nor, I should think, can you.

Yet time was when, a little wretch,  
No doubt I cowed, cried, sprawled, and smiled;  
And CALCRAFT—he that's now Jack Ketch—  
Was likewise once a little child.

#### Poor France!

WHEN MAXIMIN GIRAUD communicated the secret of La Salette to the POPE, His Holiness is reported to have exclaimed, "Poor France!" Of course that exclamation of pity was not occasioned by the Pontiff's foresight of the pilgrimages which are making France ridiculous.



### "EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

*Lord Reginald.* "AIN'T YER GOIN' TO HAVE SOME PUDDIN', MISS RICHARDS? IT'S SO JOLLY!"

*The Governess.* "THERE AGAIN, REGINALD! 'PUDDIN'—'GOIN'—'AIN'T YER'!!! THAT'S THE WAY JIM BATES AND DOLLY MAPLE SPEAK—AND JIM'S A STABLE-BOY, AND DOLLY'S A LAUNDRY-MAID!"

*Lord Reginald.* "AH! BUT THAT'S THE WAY FATHER AND MOTHER SPEAK, TOO—AND FATHER'S A DUKE, AND MOTHER'S A DUCHESS!! SO THERE!"

### POPE AND SHAKSPEARE.

MORE than one paper has contained the following announcement, with an addition which suggests the thought that the POPE must be a reader of SHAKSPEARE. Our contemporaries state that His Holiness highly commends, and grants indulgences for co-operation in the performance of the project, of which, in a brief lately published, he thus speaks:—

"As pilgrimages in Italy have been prohibited by the Government prefects, several Catholics at Bologna have decided to invite their fellow Catholics to undertake in September three spiritual pilgrimages—one to the Holy Land; the second to the sacred shrines of Italy; and the third to the various foreign sanctuaries."

In the Fifth Act, and First Scene, of SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry the Fifth*, you will find this speech, from the mouth of *Captain Fluellen*, addressed to *Ancient Pistol*:—

"I peseech you heartily, scurvy lazy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it."

Because the Government of Italy, look you, have prohibited pilgrimages, and their authority, and general order, and the public health, do not agree with them, therefore, His Holiness appears to say, I will grant indulgences to all you who take part in them. The Government of VICTOR EMMANUEL will excuse the comparison of themselves to *Pistol*, and the Welsh will not be angry at the analogy suggested between *Fluellen* and the POPE.

### Milk and Water.

TYPHOID fever is said to have been produced by milk. It has also been ascribed to impure water. May it not have arisen from a combination of those causes? The Water Companies replenish the "Cow with the Iron Tail."

### STUDY AND SPORT.

#### THE SCHOOLBOY'S PETITION.

(To be sung, to the tune of "Robinson Crusoe," to all lazy Schoolmasters.)

Mr dear Mr. Punch,  
With your elegant hunch,  
Pray hear a poor Schoolboy's petition,  
For my jolly old Dad  
Says I'm going to the bad,  
And in a most hopeless condition.

I can jump five feet four,  
Drive my fist through a door,  
Bowl, bat, throw, and can keep up my  
wicket,  
Play football, and row;  
But what bothers me now  
Is the row about field-sports and Cricket.

Why, when I won the match  
With a left-handed catch,  
And they carried me to the Pavilion,  
With excitement and pride  
The old Governor cried,  
And said, "That boy's one in a million!"

And my dear Cousin GRACE,  
With a blush on her face,  
Said, "CHARLEY, I feared you had missed  
her;"  
And her smile was so sweet,  
That, by way of a treat,  
Mr. Punch, on the sly, Sir, I k——.

'Tis a very strange thing,  
They first make me a king,  
When a boy, and now wish to dethrone me,  
And whatever I win,  
They all say "it's a sin."  
And do nothing but scold and bemoan me.

Mr. Punch, hear my prayer;  
Do you think it is fair  
To make all this hubbub and bustle,  
And to say, night and day,  
That I'm in a bad way,  
Because I have plenty of muscle?

With my youth and my strength,  
I would go any length  
To save the dear Governor's pocket;  
To Australia, New Zealand,  
Or some other free land,  
If they'd send me, I'm off like a rocket.

And I don't care a rush  
If I find in the bush  
My fate to be hardship and danger:  
Let the weak stay at home,  
And leave others to roam  
And cast lot in the land of the stranger.

If I am a dunce,  
Tell the Masters at once  
'Tis their fault, and I ought to be pitied;  
And let them all know,  
If they won't teach the slow,  
They should stick up—"No dunces ad-  
mitted."

It seems very funny,  
If they take the money,  
Masters don't care what Schoolboys are  
brought to.  
Never mind what they say,  
Only once stop their pay,  
And they'll very soon do what they ought  
to.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTION.—How different is the bias of men's minds! What opposite tendencies they exhibit in their investigation of the phenomena of mental science! For example, the Lawyer inclines to the abstract, the Builder to the concrete.



"'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW."

*Impudent Boy (generally).* "TRY YER WEIGHT—ONLY A PENNY!" *(To Lady of commanding proportions in particular.)* "'TELL YER 'XACT WEIGHT TO A HOUNCE, MUM!"

#### CLERICAL PROGRESS.

CONVOCATION will gain great credit in the view of sanitary reformers if it is true that they contemplate a proceeding which would be called for by the legislative adoption of a proposal which has been put forward by high medical authority, and is ably advocated by MRS. CRAWSHAY, of Cyfarthfa, in the *Home Journal*. Under the title of "Graveyards and Cholera," this lady adduces very strong reasons for reverting to the ancient Roman practice of interment after previous calcination. If report can be credited, the Clerical Parliament, in its next Session, will take into consideration the step of making the liturgical and other arrangements requisite for carrying out this truly rational and philosophical idea. When it is considered how formidable an amount of popular prejudice and bigotry will oppose itself to the reduction of the project above stated to practice, and, furthermore, how greatly the Clergy are concerned, as a pecuniary matter, in the maintenance of things as they are, in regard to churchyards and sepulture, the enlightenment, liberality, and disinterestedness of the Clerical body, as evinced, unless Rumour prove fallacious, by their representatives in Convocation, will be appreciated.

#### Hint to Henri.

HENRI Cinq sticks to his rag—  
'Tis a Royal resolution.  
Why not, keeping the White Flag,  
Take a Crown and Constitution?

#### Mistaken Identity.

On this subject a valuable treatise, the lawyers say, has been written by MR. MORIARTY. Of course the great Tichborne case has inspired the author, who might adapt the gladiators' salutation for the dedicatory page, and write "*Moriarty T salutat.*"

#### STOKERS IN THE FLOWERY LAND.

THERE is a project for a subscription for a complete Railway, to be presented to the EMPEROR OF CHINA, to induce that Sovereign to look with favour on the introduction of Railroads into his dominions. The Emperor ought to have the fullest information on the subject before he makes up his mind how to act in this matter. It might, therefore, be advisable to send out with the Railway copies of the London daily papers for the last two or three weeks, that His Majesty may have translated to him the accounts of the accidents which have lately been of almost daily occurrence. A summary, too, should be given of the inquests held in London alone in the course of a single year, over those who are killed by Railways, either through their own fault or that of others; and tables might be added showing the hours, duties, and wages of the persons employed on the various lines. If a faithful representation could be appended of a well filled third-class carriage on a dark winter's night, it might be of material service to the Emperor in helping him to come to a decision.

#### Novel Speculation.

ONE of the last new Companies is the "Bank Top Spinning and Manufacturing," but what Bank it is which is about to commence business in opposition to MR. CREMER and other great toymen, we are not informed. We do not for a moment suppose it is the Bank—the Bank of England. Kite-flying in the Money Market is not an unusual phenomenon, but this must be the first instance of the introduction of top-spinning.

#### THE MANIA OF THE DAY.

A REMARKABLE movement has agitated the incurable patients at Colney Hatch. They want to go in a body on a pilgrimage to Holloway, and take HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.





### ANECDOTE OF THE "PILGRIMAGE."

*Mr. O'Finnigan.* "MY DEAR, I'VE BEEN THINKING THAT WHILE YOU AND THE CHILDREN ARE AT FOLKESTONE, I COULD SO EASILY—THAT IS, IT WOULD BE AN ACT OF DUTY ON MY PART TO JOIN IN THIS GREAT MANIFESTATION OF—REPINTANCE—AT PARAY-LE-MONIAL. YOU RECOLLECT WHAT FATHER O'SHAVER SAID ON SUNDAY ABOUT—"

*Mrs. O'F. (a good Catholic, too, but wide awake).* "I DARE SAY. BUT THE ARCHBISHOP OBSERVED THAT 'THE CHURCH OF OIRELAND, FAITHFUL, FIRM, INFLEXIBLE, INVINCIBLE, DOESN'T NEED NO PRAYERS.' SO YE'LL JUST STOP WITH THE CHILDREN AND ME!" [And—he stopped.]

### REASONS WHY LONDON IS SO EMPTY.

BECAUSE nobody who is anybody can dream of staying in it, now that everybody is away.

Because we are all afraid of what dear MRS. GRUNDY would whisper to her friends, if we chose to please ourselves and stay at home to do so.

Because the children, bless them! have been looking sadly pale, and *must* have change of air, at least, so their Mamma says.

Because we have a lot of shabby, faded dresses, which will do so nicely for a tour upon the Continent.

Because the landlord says our house has to be painted.

Because some country relatives, who we can't abide, have written to invite themselves for a quiet autumn visit.

Because we have all gone mad to get some grouse-shooting.

Because a rich old uncle has just left us a small legacy, too trifling to invest, but just enough to pay for a little trip to Paris.

Because we keep a yacht, and must go once a year to keep the crew from mutiny.

Because London gets so stuffy in the Autumn, don't you know, and (excepting some three millions) really nobody can breathe in it.

Because, like geese, we are gregarious, and birds of a feather are bound to go and flock together.

Because our tailor has been bothering us about his little account, and perhaps he may forget it if we go out of town a bit.

Because there's nobody at the Club, except that awful bore, old SNORTER, and we are afraid of being button-holed, and made to dine with him *en tête-à-tête*.

Because MARY, or MATILDA, or MIRANDA, has gone to the sea-side, and we can't resist the hope of meeting her by moonlight on the

### A GOOD SOUND CONFESSION.

(*Ritualist "Confessor" sings.*)

As I shrove a daughter confiding,  
In my robe penitential equipped,  
I got such a precious good hiding!  
I was so extremely well whipped!

Her husband came home before dinner,  
Too early; for what did he see?  
He caught me confessing a sinner,  
His wife on her knees before me.

If I at her feet had been kneeling  
(Which Holy Saint Martin forbid),  
He could not have shown fiercer feeling,  
And beaten me more than he did.

No doubt he expected to find me!  
A dog-whip the Pagan had got.  
And he twisted its thong round behind me,  
And gave it to me, hot and hot.

The lash, when I thought he had ended,  
I grasped with devotion, and kissed,  
On my shoulders again it descended,  
And I begged that he would not desist.

"You humbug!" he cried, as he scourged me,  
"You sham-priest, impostor, and quack!"  
Of pride while the chastisement purged me,  
I thankfully bore every whack.

O discipline! O castigation  
How welcome, though sharp to the touch!  
O exquisite mortification  
It hurt, but I liked it so much!

More pleasure with pain, too, he gave me,  
When he kicked me down-stairs to the door,  
And said, from his house as he drave me,  
"Let me not catch you here any more."

Confessor, who got flagellation,  
I a sainted Confessor should be;  
The first since the sad Reformation.  
But who is to canonize me?

### QUESTION OF CONSANGUINITY.

If a man marry a Ballet-dancer, may it not be said that all the children she may present him with will have a Step-mother?

sands; or, at any rate, of seeing her with her beautiful back hair down.

Because our Doctor has commanded us to try some German baths, to cure that ache in our big toe, which has perplexed us ever since our last big dinner in the City.

Because we really must economise a bit, and we hear that we can live *en prince* upon the Continent for about half what it costs us to buy butcher's meat in London.

Because the CRACKLETONS are gone to Ryde, and we really can't exist without our usual daily intercourse with our old friends the CRACKLETONS.

Because our wife has vowed that, if we don't take her abroad this year, she will invite her dear Mamma to keep her company during the dull season.

And finally—Because all the organ-grinders have gone to the sea-side, and we are so fond of music that we must go after them.

### Pilgrims' Fare.

IN an account of "the English Pilgrimage" it is stated that the Pilgrims about to start arrived at the Victoria Station soon after five in the morning, when, "of course, at this early hour the refreshment buffets were not open, and some disappointment was generally expressed in consequence." The Pilgrims of the olden time, instead of being disappointed at encountering a like deficiency, would probably have accepted it as a welcome fast.

"THE DESERTED VILLAGE."—London in September.



## TEMPERANCE "OLD TOM."



ORDINARILY, the "intoxicating liquors," commonly known under the name of "spirits," are whiskey, brandy, gin, hollands, and rum, to which has lately been added the New Tea Spirit, Robur—a spirit that ought to be very strong if Robur means strength, and not the oak-tree, as though tea-leaves and oak-leaves were convertible terms. But the spirits which intoxicate people are more than are dreamt of in your Temperance philosophy. Amongst them there are some not exciseable. Not only so, but they are imponderable too, and, more than that, metaphysical. These are spirits of the quality, in relation to matter, of *esprit de corps*, and they very often do, like that, actuate parties and sects. They have, for example, actuated certain assemblies at Banbury to the excess of creating disturbances, insomuch that the Magistrates in Petty Sessions there had to order the Police to stop all public meetings in the open air. A MR. JAMES CADBURY, a member of the Society of Friends, and President of the Temperance Society, aggrieved, apparently, by that prohibition, brought the decision of the Magistrates under the notice of the SECRETARY OF STATE. According to the *Times* :—

"The HOME SECRETARY asked for observations on MR. CADBURY's letter from the Magistrates' Clerk, and he writes that it was represented to the Magistrates that the intemperate language of the Temperance advocates had caused a breach of the peace, and that the Magistrates did not direct any proceedings to be taken, but simply directed the police in future to prevent, as far as possible, all such meetings as tended to a breach of the peace, or caused an obstruction of the thoroughfare."

"The intemperate language of the Temperance advocates" had obliged the Banbury Magistrates to have all public meetings dispersed, in order that such language might not continue to be used and create disorder at Temperance Meetings. The disorder thus occasioned is an instance of the effect of a mental intoxicating spirit. By the intoxicating spirit of fanatical Temperance those possessed with it are made drunk and disorderly, just as though it were so much gin. MR. CADBURY, of course, is a dry Quaker, but he might as well be a wet one, worse than the late weather, as the President of a Society whose meetings are pervaded by an ardent spirit, which inflames a domineering and dictatorial officiousness, and so excites its victims that they behave exactly like wretches under the influence of "intoxicating liquors." There ought, if possible, to be some law analogous to the Licensing Act, which would restrain the intemperate advocates of Temperance from abandoning themselves to spirits which degrade them below the level of the brute.

## Smelfungus on Fines.

THE fulfilment of our desires is generally attended with reward, and followed by punishment. Through indulgence in good living we incur gout. A family, however, is not always an affliction. Some men do not care about their children. Others are opulent. "Children must be paid for," but penalties are payable without pain by people who have plenty of money.

## FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

THE burden of the French Pilgrims' hymn is "Sauvez Rome et France." This should teach the Italian Government to lose no time in laying down torpedoes at Civita Vecchia.

## THE TORPEDO'S MATE.

WHAT limits can be assigned to the size of which it would be possible to construct an electro-magnet? Because, if one could be made sufficiently big, it would be capable of attracting the largest iron-clad. As this sort of magnet remains such only so long as it is connected with a galvanic battery, and the moment it is disconnected therefrom, loses its magnetism, its working as a means of coast and harbour defence would be most simple. What is there to hinder making a bar of soft iron into the form of a horseshoe as large as necessary, and surrounded with a coil of copper wire duly insulated; and then stationing it on a suitable platform erected on some convenient shoal or mudbank, or in any other handy situation? That done, what would be easier than to lay down a conductor by which the coil surrounding the bar might, at will, be placed in connection with the battery required to make it a magnet? The moment this was done, would not your magnet immediately attract any iron vessel within a considerable distance, even more powerfully than the loadstone-mountain did the ship in the *Arabian Nights*? Would it not thus afford you the means of running an enemy aground at pleasure, whilst, in the piping time of peace, lying out of contact with your galvanic apparatus, it would remain demagnetised, and nowise interfere with your navigation of your own waters? My Lords, if one of those days, you reduce this suggestion to practice, perhaps you will remember who it was that first made it.

## A FAIR FLOWER-SHOW.

A FLOWER-SHOW, consisting of the *Virgineæ* was held yesterday in the Assembly Rooms, at Missington. Prizes were awarded to the parental exhibitors of several uncommonly beautiful specimens, and others were highly commended. The winners of gold and silver medals included an *Augusta formosa*, an *Arabella auricomma*, an *Amelia elegans*, an *Agnes gracilis*, a *Barbara subfusca*, a *Carolina rosea*, a *Dorothea boëpis*, an *Emma speciosa*, a *Frances callisphyrus*, and a *Georgina glauca*. Many others were highly commended: in particular the *Henrietta canora*, and *Isabella saltatrix*. Attention was attracted by the *Julia ridens*, the *Katharina procer*, the *Louisa languens*, the *Maria garrula*, and the *Nora loquacissima*. Among some specimens of a typical character, less distinguished by their beauty than by other peculiarities, the most remarkable were the *Olivia rotunda*, the *Priscilla pinguis*, the *Rosa androdes*, the *Rebecca acuta*, and the *Selina simplex*. The exhibition comprised a magnificent specimen of the *Dorcas carota*, and an equally splendid one of the *Jemima vulgaris*.

## SONG OF THE DEAD SEASON.

THE "Marriages" were seven; no more,  
In this day's *Times*. Surprising!  
Statistics might account therefore,  
If bread in price were rising,  
And did the wiser classes wed  
Whenever there's a fall in bread.

Of those few weddings in the *Times*  
Perhaps this is the reason,  
Rich people fly to foreign climes,  
So wedlock's out of season;  
Since wealthy lads, and lasses fair,  
Now, whilst they migrate, do not pair.

## Theological Anæsthetics.

HERR PHILIPP SPILLER, German philosopher, has made a discovery in theology, which, if confirmed, would entirely supersede the Athanasian Creed—and every other. He refers all things that exist to a Universal World-Æther. This Æther is unconscious and impersonal. The Infinite does not appear to be solved by a theory of Æther in anywise more satisfactorily than it would be by the hypothesis of Chloroform.

## VERY LIKELY!

THE Pilgrims, on their way to Paray-le-Monial, were to have halted half-way at the station of Montargis. If they did, perhaps some of them witnessed the apparition of the celebrated Dog there.

## SIMPLE.

Q. When is a Man tied to Time?  
A. When he Marries a Second.

## PREMATURE ADVERTISEMENTS.



ONE is getting used to the piling up of names in matrimonial advertisements. When MR. BROWN has the felicity of marrying Miss JONES, the announcement of the fact is pretty certain to include the names of father, grandfather, and any titled relatives of the bridegroom and the bride, and those of all the Clergymen officiant or assistant, with all such other details of pedigree or station as may be deemed attractive to the public eye. Of late this custom has extended, in some cases we have noticed, from the marriages to the births, and there have been protruded announcements such as this:—

"On the 11th instant, at the Myrdes, Little Cradleton,

AMELIA AUGUSTA, wife of TIMOTHY TWADDLE, Esq., J.P., F.R.Z.S., &c., of a Son [AUGUSTUS TIMOTHY]."

Now, MRS. GRUNDY, please Ma'am, what imports the nomination of this infant? Clearly the little bantling was not born ready-christened; and viewing the celerity with which his birth has been announced, it is hardly likely that he has been yet presented at the font. The proclamation of the Christian names which are to be applied to him must be therefore premature, and of nominal importance. Friends at a distance, who might be expected to accept the intimation, and to express congratulation, or, if cynical, condolence, could hardly be expected to recite the welcome little stranger's names in their letters to his parents, and say they hoped to hear that MASTER TIMOTHY AUGUSTUS was in tolerable health. For months that little gentleman will be called Baby by his Nurse, and probably addressed by its Mamma as a "pooty ducksy wucksy," or a "tidy ickle sing;" and we certainly opine that it is somewhat premature to print his more distinctive appellations in the newspaper.

## A SEA ROMANCE.

A DAY and a night and a morning  
We sailed on the lonely deep,  
While the water-spouts did around us,  
With horrible tameness, leap.

There came on the passing whirlwind  
A sound of the dread Typhoon,  
And the sun went down in anger  
At three in the afternoon.

We heard the song of the Mermaid,  
As she silently combed her hair;  
The voice of the warbling Walrus,  
The shriek of the Polar bear.

The Captain stood on the cross-tree,  
The Mate on the paddle-box,  
The Purser upon the fo'c'st'le—  
He sighted some sunken rocks.

And the good ship heeled to starboard;  
And then she listed to port.  
"O, give me a drink!" cried the Captain,  
"Give it me stiff and short."

And the good ship heeled to starboard—  
Her yards were in the wave:  
The Mate shook hands with the Purser,  
For both were young and brave.

\* \* \* \*

As the Captain's bride was selling  
Her winkles on Wapping Stair,  
She saw a shrieking phantom,  
With sea-weed instead of hair.

Its eyes were cold and fishlike,  
The eels went in and about;  
A codfish was in its bosom,  
In its pockets were whitening pout.

The Mate had an only mother—  
She worked in the charing line;  
That night she saw her first-born,  
His countenance soaked in brine.

The Purser he was an orphan,  
With nowhere to lay his head:  
The parish beadle started  
That night on his feather bed.



A day and a night and a morning  
Had passed over wave and shore,  
When the good ship hailed a pilot  
By the light-ship upon the Nore.

She steamed in silence and sorrow  
To her berth in St. Catherine's Docks,  
Her bobstay fast to the bowsprit,  
The ropes reeved through the blocks.

The anchor fell from the cathead—  
It sunk with a sullen splash.  
And the Captain paid his shipmates  
Their wages in sterling cash.

And then he drove to his lodgings;  
But vainly he sought his bride:  
He called her—she could not hear him—  
She was walking along Cheapside.

The Mate, he flew to his mother;  
He hoped she was still alive.  
But, broken by sorrow and charing,  
She had taken a cab for a drive.

The Purser, a lonely orphan,  
Had nowhere to lay his head,  
So he went to the nearest tavern,  
And was carried up, tight, to bed.

## Credulity and Incredulity.

DISCOURSING on the miracle alleged to have occurred two hundred years ago at Paray-le-Monial, ARCHBISHOP MANNING is reported, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to have "said those who refused to believe this would, had they lived at the time, have refused to believe the Scripture miracles." The *Pall Mall* makes few mistakes, but surely this is one of them. Regarding those miracles in comparison with that miracle, MR. BRADLAUGH, indeed, perhaps, places them on the same footing, and would say that those who could believe the former would believe the latter.

BRITISH CANNIBALISM.—The sacrifice of an individual by Act of Parliament to the Public.



## CATCHING A LITTLE TARTAR.

"SO YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT DONKEY-RIDING, MISSY. AND WHY?"

"O, I'VE GOT A PONY, AND ONE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT DONKEYS AFTER THAT, YOU KNOW!"

"HAS A PONY GOT MORE LEGS THAN A DONKEY, THEN?"

*Missy (who doesn't like to be chaffed).* "YES; EXACTLY TWICE AS MANY AS SOME DONKEYS THAT I KNOW OF!"

## BETTER OFF THAN USUAL.

Now Members review a past Session,  
If barren, which might have been worse;  
Imposed more restraint and repression  
On Person; exactions on Purse.

We need not be much discontented.  
The Houses of late, each Recess  
Recurring, with burdens augmented  
Have left us, and liberties less.

But this time, for once, of few measures,  
If any, we have to complain,  
Designed to diminish our pleasures,  
Or curb us with bridle and rein.

There's always this great compensation  
For Parliament's vacuous jaws;  
A Session of no legislation  
Afflicts us with no needless laws.

Our Rulers of no more have reft us;  
Given small cause to bless them or ban.  
The Session but little has left us  
Unhappier than when it began.

For us the Recess a release is  
From all that a Briton annoys;  
Save ill-luck, expense which increases,  
And what Progress daily destroys.

MOTTO FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK GOLD RING.—  
"Cusses not loud, but deep."

## OUR BLACK-DIAMOND DIGGERS.

FROM a story told in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, it appears that pitmen are really accustomed to travel in first-class carriages. Very soon, no doubt a pitman will be able to keep his own carriage, unless he drinks a vast deal too much first-quality champagne, Château d'Yquem, and other extremely expensive wines. The craft of the pitman, heretofore a mere handicraft, is rising into an art, a scientific art like surgery; and the extraction of coals from the bowels of the earth will soon be on a par, both as to dignity and remuneration, with those operations by which the human frame is relieved of morbid formations and foreign bodies. The picks and other implements used in extracting coal will come to be made of the finest tempered steel, some of them perhaps of silver. Pitmen's wages will cease to be so called; they will take the name of fees; and young gentlemen, wishing to follow an employment which will occupy but a small portion of their time in its pursuit, be rewarded with high emolument, and not have its portals obstructed by any examination, will enter the Pit rather than the Medical, or any other Profession. In the meanwhile, who but a millionaire will be able to afford a fire?

## Benedicto Benedicatur.

"BLESS you, my children!" said His Holiness the Pope, through the eloquent mouth of his servant the Archbishop, to the Pilgrims ere they started on their progress from our shores. These progressionists, we may presume, were all of them true Catholics, and we may doubt if any Protestant who chanced to come among them would have received the Holy Father's benediction with the rest. Yet it is said that *Mr. Punch*, whom no one will accuse of Catholic proclivities, was heard before the Pilgrims left us to allege that, if he joined them, he would certainly "be blest."

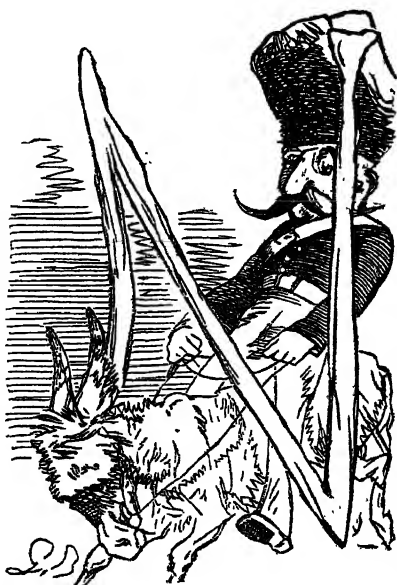


“HOLIDAY TIME!”





## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

*About the purchase of a Horse.*

OW my pony is getting old. Not strong enough to take a party of six fourteen miles without what they call showing signs of distress. Tell every one for months that I must get a horse. Or say "Cob." Cob sounds more modest: more like a person who only keeps one. "Horse" sounds like getting a Derby winner. Also, for another reason, if I say at a large dinner-party I must get a new horse, it gives the idea of my having a stud, consisting of a lot of old ones, and that I am going to "add to their number," as they say on Committees.

I consult my friend GLOPPIN on the subject. I generally consult him on any matters connected with horseflesh, on account of his sporting reputation, which he first gained through the cut of his trousers. In

fact, it was this peculiar cut that first gave him the idea of riding, as, up to the age of twenty-two, he had never crossed a horse. But happening one day to change his tailor, and being fitted by his new one with this remarkable sportingly cut pair of trousers, and, further, being congratulated by every one on their admirable fit, it occurred to him that he had better be consistent from the sole of his boots to the top of his hat, and so, when he next appeared in public, he was sporting all over. He was away for some time—at least, his friends lost sight of him,—and, when I saw him again, it was out with the hounds, about sixteen miles from my cottage, whither I had driven in order to see the throw-off.

*Happy Thought.*—The pleasantest way of seeing a throw-off is to be seated comfortably in a trap, drawn by a horse that won't start at anything. How one can remark on the want of pluck shown by the riders, and what an exciting spectacle it is to see them take the first fence! One enjoys it, too, all the more if you've had the slightest experience of taking the first fence yourself. I have. Then the fun of crying out "Yoicks!" "Tallyho!" and "Gone away!" from a seat in a carriage. Then the jokes which you can safely make to a nervous rider (always from your seat in the carriage), when he comes up to say "Good morning;" for instance, about the "throw-off," one can say, "I've come to see the hounds throw-off. Your horse looks as if it was going to throw-off first." Or something light and airy to that effect. Then you can inquire of some one else "How he feels outside a horse?" and ask another person, with a fresh horse, just to "pop over that hedge and let's see how he goes."

On the whole, the longer I look back on my past experience, and the more I consider the matter, the more firmly am I convinced that the pleasantest way of going out hunting is in a carriage, with plenty of rugs, a flask and cigars, and, if you follow the hounds by road, a hamper with luncheon.

"I know what you want," GLOPPIN says. This, on consideration, is clever of GLOPPIN, after I've told him what I want. But it's GLOPPIN's characteristic; he always knows "to a hair" what anyone wants, if they only tell him beforehand. "I know what you want," says GLOPPIN, quite angrily, as if I had put my case weakly or described my requirements inadequately; "you want a good stout cob—"

"Yes," I say, "about fourteen one."

"Well," replies GLOPPIN, doubtfully, "about fourteen one or two; something that would take you a distance when you wanted to drive, and that you could just step down and throw your leg over when you wanted an hour's jog along the road. You wouldn't object," he adds, slyly, "to getting a day's hunting out of him occasionally."

In the presence of my Aunt and company, to whom GLOPPIN is an oracle, I admit, with a smile intended to be quite as knowing as GLOPPIN's, that I should not object to a day's hunting out of him.

"Lor!" says GLOPPIN, looking round at the guests and fixing my Aunt, "I know the sort of horse he wants."

I, too, look round with an air of satisfaction, as much as to say to

those who didn't know it before, "I'm a bit of a sportsman; I can drive, I can ride, and I'm—keep your eye on me—I'm going to do quite the Country-Squire-like sort of thing—I'm going to buy a horse. You'll hear GLOPPIN mention the sort of thing, and you'll hear me close with him."

I am silent, regarding GLOPPIN expectantly. The guests too are listening to what he's going to say next.

He eyes me curiously, as if he were going to, subsequently, paint a portrait of me, from memory, half-length, the remainder being cut off by the dinner-table, and then he remarks, "Hm! Yes—he must be up to weight."

"Well," I demur, pleasantly, for I feel we are getting on a delicate subject, only sporting men are so fond of expressing themselves roughly, and with unnecessary bluntness even before ladies, "Well, of course, I couldn't ride a mere pony."

The youngest Miss WHEEBLE, whom I have taken in to dinner, and with whom I have been keeping up a gay conversation about parties, dresses, yachting, military balls, cricket-matches, polo, and pic-nics (all these subjects under a great mental strain, being entirely foreign to my usual serious line of thought connected with my seventh volume of *Typical Developments*), smiles, and observes that, of course, I couldn't get any hunting on a pony.

*Happy Thought.*—Good excuse, though, for not hunting. Not a bad idea to keep a pony and be always regretting he isn't a hunter. Get credit for being able to go over a seven-barred gate, because no one has ever seen you do anything to prove you couldn't do it. I think it out.

"Ah!" says GLOPPIN, not paying any attention to these remarks (another peculiarity of GLOPPIN's, and of sporting men, who like to ride rough-shod over you), "you ride about fifteen stun, I suppose?"

I knew he was coming to a delicate subject. He might just as well have kept this till afterwards.

*Happy Thought.*—Deny it. I don't ride what he calls fifteen stun. By the way, is a stun a stone, or isn't stun something to do with wine measure?

Safest, when uncertain about a sporting word or its meaning, to pronounce it as he does. It strikes me, as a note for Vol. XV., letter E, on Equestrianism, suddenly, how ignorant one is upon most matters of weight. How much is a *stun*? Is it twenty hundred-weight or not? *Not*, I should say, because fifteen times twenty would be three hundred, and I can't weigh three hundred hundred-weight. Let me recall, while GLOPPIN is measuring me with his eye to discover exactly what I do weigh, let me recall my Tables. "Four quarters make a hundred-weight." What quarters? What measure is this? Riding measure? . . . Make another note to look all this out, and have marginal references to article on Equestrianism.

"Why," says GLOPPIN, "I ride thirteen stun, and you must weigh quite two stun more than I do."

"O, no," I say, confidently.

"I'll lay you a fiver you're nearer fifteen stun than thirteen," he returns, sharply.

This is another sporting way of his of riding rough-shod over you. He knows I won't bet, and, because I don't take his wager, everybody present thinks he must be right and I must be wrong.

"What do you walk?" he asks, inquisitorially.

I don't know, and I haven't been weighed for two years. I haven't, because I object to the process. I shouldn't so much if it could be done quietly, and no one except yourself be a bit the wiser. But a weighing-machine is generally in some conspicuous part of some public building, and if you pay your penny and sit down, lots of people come round you and make remarks as to what they think you are, and then there's great excitement when the weighing machinist gives out your ticket and announces your weight.

I also object to it on another ground besides that of publicity, and it is that I don't believe the machines are correct. I don't think they give a correct return any more than any Income-tax payer does. No weighing-machine that I've tried has ever satisfied me.

I reply that when I was last weighed I think I was about twelve stone. I don't commit myself to this statement; I only *think* it. *Au fond*, I have a sort of idea that I was twelve stone something, which something was so much that it just grazed thirteen stone. This portion of the history I do not tell.

GLOPPIN is incredulous. "Ah," he exclaims, nodding his head in confirmation of his own bigoted opinion, "if you don't ride all fifteen, I don't know what riding fifteen is."

*Happy Thought.*—Drop the subject, or rather this part of it. That is, drop me, and take up the horse. Set down one, and one to carry. "Do you know of anything to suit me, eh?" I ask him.

"Ah!" he replies; "it's a precious difficult thing to get. I don't know," he says, turning to my Aunt, "if there's a more difficult thing to lay your hand on just at this moment than what he" (with a nod at me) "wants."

"Indeed!" says my Aunt.

We are all interested. Myself especially. Evidently I want a



## ON THE MOORS (DELIGHTFUL).

*Emily (just arrived).* "WHAT! NO LUNCHEON COME YET? ISN'T THAT IT ON THE HILL?"

*Tom.* "NO, THAT'S A MAN GOING HOME WITH GAME BAGS."

*Emily.* "WELL, THEN, THE BOY HAS EITHER EATEN IT OR LOST HIS WAY!"

[*EMILY has a healthy appetite, and things are rather unpleasant for TOM that afternoon.*]

very superior style of animal, and I draw myself up and listen with an air of some consequence.

"Yes," says GLOPPIN, "any dealer, or any one who knows anything about horses, will tell you"—this puts us all out of the question, as we haven't told him—"that the most difficult thing to get just now is what he wants, that's what they call a thorough old gentleman's Cob."

No, hang it! no. I protest against this description. If he had said a prancing Arab, or cream-coloured Persian steed, or something showy, or even a "covert hack" (which sounds sporting), I shouldn't have minded. But to put me down as something so portly that I can only be suited by the sort of horse a heavy Archdeacon would jog about on, is too bad of GLOPPIN—in company—and I believe he does it on purpose.

*Happy Thought.*—Laugh the suggestion out of court. Treat it as GLOPPIN's joke. If my attempt is successful every one will think it was GLOPPIN's joke, and a very stupid one.

"No," GLOPPIN insists, evidently rather annoyed at his suggestion being pooh-poohed, "that's what you want, an old gentleman's Cob, perfectly safe and sound. But," he adds, "it's a precious difficult thing to get."

I thought he knew of one. No, he doesn't, he wishes he did; worth any money just now. GLOPPIN promises to be on the look out, and to let me know of anything likely. A relation of his, he says, had the very thing—"the very thing," he repeats, emphatically, and then stops, as if debating within himself whether his relation couldn't somehow be got rid of, or the animal stolen, as it were, from under him. The expression on GLOPPIN's face just now does not suggest the idea of obtaining his relative's horse by any fair means.

"Won't he part with it?" I ask, presently, with the air of a millionaire, to whom money was no object.

"Part with it!" returns GLOPPIN. "He sold it last week."

*Happy Thought.*—CLUMBER, the livery stable-keeper, from whom we have our flies, may know of something or have something. Will see CLUMBER to-morrow.

Before GLOPPIN leaves us, I impart to him my ideal of the horse I want. Fourteen hands high, to go in my pony trap, perfectly quiet to ride or drive, good-looking, if not handsome, bay preferred with four black legs, must not be afraid of trains, mustn't shy, kick, or rear, be quite good-tempered, no vice, in fact all virtue, age rising six—by which I mean (whatever the expression itself may mean) between six and seven years old, price not more than forty guineas.

"Ah," says GLOPPIN, "you'd like one given you."

I should. One was given me once. I shall never forget him. He wouldn't stand still, he wouldn't be ridden, he wouldn't be driven, he never kept the same pace for two consecutive minutes, he tossed his head up and down as if he were throwing up a ball and catching it again, and after ten minutes of the most utter discomfort, I handed him over to the stableman, dismounted with the greatest possible delight at finding myself once more on my own legs (which, I am inclined to think are, after all, the safest and least expensive means of conveyance), and the next day I sold him at the hammer for what I could get.

This is a long time ago, and I flatter myself I know more about what I do really want now, so to-morrow see CLUMBER the Flyman. The Nursery Rhyme occurs to me—"Simple Simon met a Flyman"—it was Pieman, but the facility of the rhyme is ominous.

## Some One's Own Colours.

*The Standard*, with reference to modern Pilgrims, remarks that, owing to the policy of the Vatican, "there is being organised a Black International, which is the very justification of the existence of the Red International." Combine the colours black and red, and who should march under them? The Inns-of-Court Volunteers.

## A NICE MAN.

MR. SWIGGINS was a sot. He was also a sloven. He never had anything neat about him but gin.



## AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION.

"WHAT! SHIVERING IN THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST! HOW'S THAT?"

"O, SIR, PLEASE, SIR, WE WAS ONLY TAUGHT 'OW TO BEG IN THE WINTER TIME, SIR!"

## FIRING MONEY.

Two hundred pounds of powder, mate,  
To bolt of half a ton,  
And sixty tons the cannon's weight;  
Good gracious, what a gun!

The cost of these enormous guns  
Poor taxpayers astounds.  
A piece that weighs full threescore tons  
Must come to many pounds.

How chargeable the charge alone  
Of heavy guns like those!  
The damage will be all our own  
Whene'er they miss our foes.

For if your monster harmless roar,  
And fail to smash or slay,  
Bang, all for nought, goes some two score  
Of sterling pounds away;

A charge which might discharge one's rent,  
Make happy many souls;  
A wife and children; pay, what's spent  
By you in one year's coals.

True, Gunner, make the missile go,  
Which costs us such a lot,  
That we may something have to show  
For powder spent, and shot;

A hole in armour, big enough  
An Ironsides to lag,  
And enemies whose heads would stuff  
A more than common bag.

## Liberal Suggestion.

WITH reference to the pending sea-serpentine monster trial there is one suggestion which surely may be hazarded without fear of incurring contempt of Court. The partridge-shooting season has commenced, and Judges, instead of stalking over stubble and turnips, are sitting in the Court of Queen's Bench out of Term. For all the extra work which they are thus doing ought not the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his learned colleagues to be presented with a gratuity?

## PILGRIMAGES.

MR. and MRS. PARELEET, MASTER CLAUD, MASTER ERNEST and MASTER MORTIMER PARELEET, MISS EDITH, MISS ETHEL, and MISS MARGARET PARELEET, MISS JASSET, the Governess, ELIZABETH HOPKINSON, the Nursemaid, and MISS ISABELLA THORNEHURST, MRS. PARELEET's youngest unmarried sister, took their departure from the Victoria Station, on Tuesday last, by the 3.15 P.M. train, with luggage proportionate to numbers, on a pilgrimage to Sandbeach.

LORD BALBRIGGAN, The HON. HORACE EGBREMONT, SIR FREDERICK BOLINGBROKE, ADMIRAL HALLIARD, C.B., COLONEL HAMBOROUGH DODDINGTON, and MAJOR BASWICK, V.C., are on a pilgrimage in Norfolk, partridge-shooting.

The principal members of the Dramatic Company from the Band-box Theatre are on a pilgrimage in the provinces.

MR. PASTON PACEY has left Town, attended by his man, on his annual Autumn pilgrimage to his Great Aunts, the MISSES FREDERICA and JOANNA PASTON, at Priors-court, Perdrishshire.

Some of the oldest Members of the Venerable Antiquarian Association have started on a pilgrimage which will embrace Banbury Cross, Coventry, Gotham, Jack Straw's Castle, Old Sarum, and many other places rich in archaeological interest and historic association.

MR. WILLIAM BAGSTRAP, the travelling representative of the well-known house of BRADFORD, HALLIFAX, WAKEFIELD, & Co., is now on a pilgrimage through the Midland Counties, with samples of new woollen goods.

The Savannah Songsters and Wags of the Wilderness (amalgamated) are making a pedestrian pilgrimage to the fashionable watering-places on the South Coast.

MADAME CAROLANT, MISS ROSE NIGHTINGALE, SIGNOR TENORINI, MR. LAREMORE CHANSON, and HERR FRIEDRICH BANGMANN (pianist), are on a pilgrimage to the principal towns in the west of England.

The itinerant Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Celibacy is on a pilgrimage through the United Kingdom.

The EARL and COUNTESS OF EVERSFIELD, the LADIES SACCHARISSA and ALTHEA MARCHINGTON, and LORD OSEIC MARCHINGTON, accompanied by the Honourable and very Reverend the DEAN OF DORCHESTER, and LADY CAROLINE GAUNTLEY and their family, and attended by FRANK BARBER, valet, ROBERT BAKER, footman, SUSAN CHANDLER and SOPHIA DYER, ladies'-maids, and MAX OTHO, courier, are on a pilgrimage to the castles and abbeys in Upper Styria.

## SENSATION FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

PEOPLE at the Sea-side, who have nothing else to do but eat, and drink, and sleep, and smoke, and sew, and chat, and flirt, and bathe, and walk, and ride, and row, and sail, and lounge, and loll, and sit upon the beach and read a novel or a newspaper, will be glad to hear that fresh food for their minds is now ready at the libraries. Here is the latest batch just issued, together with the sequels, or companion works, which shortly may be looked for:—

*Going Out to Peck a Bit*, a story by the author of *Coming Home to Roost*.

*Hobson's Election*, a sensational sequel to *Janet's Choice*.

*Willie Woodenlegs*, a companion to *Timothy Cripple*.

*The Wits of St. Bernard*, a sequel to the story of *The Tallants of Barton*.

*Found in Fleet Street*, by the author of *Stranded, but not Lost*.

*The Actor's Performance*, a novel written for the readers of *The Earl's Promise*.

*The Good-humoured Young Coalpit*, by the author of *The Old Cross Quarry*.

*Very Curious Indeed, but, nevertheless, not Altogether Incredible*. A tale of thrilling interest. Edited by the author of *Remarkable, but Still True*.

WHAT Latin Poet ought to be sold in a limp binding?—HORATIUS FLACCUS.





## A DILEMMA.

*Auxiliary Recruit (to himself).* "MURDER! MURDER! WHAT'LL I DO NOW? 'DRILL-SARJINT TOULD ME ALWAYS TO SALUTE ME OFFICER WID THE FAR-OFF HAND, AND HERE'S TWO IV EM! FAIX, I'LL MAKE IT STRAIGHT FOR MESELF ANYHOW!"

[Throws up both Hands!]

## SIGHTS ONE NEVER SEES.

A CABMAN with an eye-glass.  
 A Prince of the Blood riding a piebald horse in Rotten Row.  
 An Archbishop in a punt fishing for gudgeon.  
 A Drinking Fountain erected by a wealthy Distiller.  
 A Quaker at the Derby.  
 The Corporation of London at a five o'clock tea.  
 Punch and Judy on London Bridge.  
 The Dean and Chapter all together in an omnibus.  
 An Elephant in a village pound.  
 An eclipse at night in Half-Moon Street.  
 Feats of horsemanship at the Oxford Circus.  
 Nigger Minstrels in the Bank of England.  
 A black man in a brown study.  
 Three blind Mice, out of a Catch.  
 An Archdeacon on a bicycle.  
 The Head of a finishing establishment for Young Ladies sitting in a swing, and reading a novel.  
 An old Gentleman, in a blue coat and brass buttons, at a music-hall.  
 A Beefeater at a Vegetarian Festival.  
 An infant born (well-authenticated case) with a silver spoon in its mouth.

## Clerical Envy.

THE Licensing Act is unpopular amongst Publicans, but appears to be approved of, at any rate, by some of the Clergy, of whom no less than four hundred and eighty-three have petitioned Convocation for the appointment of Confessors under the Licensing System.

## BAIT AND WHITEBAIT.

THE "gentle" craft some people Angling name;  
 The "lobworm" might more truly call the same.

## CONJUGAL TABLES TURNED.

IN New Albany, Indiana, according to the *New Albany Ledger*, there are two men inferior in physical strength to their wives, who are accustomed to thrash them. The assertion of Woman's Rights has more than triumphed in America, and ladies at New Albany have initiated Man's Wrongs. The tables will, perhaps, be turned sooner or later amongst ourselves in like manner, if women generally have physical training superadded to their education, and get to acquire development of their muscles as well as their minds. Then, very likely, in the Police Courts of the future, great hulking females will be brought before magistrates of their own sex, and committed for as long as a few weeks to prison for knocking down their husbands with smashing blows on the face, and stamping upon the poor fellows with heavy hobnailed boots.

## Good for Trade.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the like is true concerning hail, of which recent storms in some districts have much profited the glaziers. A certain gentleman in their line of business is an amateur of classical music. He never omits going, whenever he can, to hear HANDEL'S Oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, because, in the performance of that sublime composition, he always feels so highly transported with the *Hailstone Chorus*.

## Honour to St. Marie A-la-Coque.

CONSIDERING the exceedingly comic character of the Pilgrimage just concluded, and the fact that scores of educated English ladies and gentlemen went to worship at the shrine of a lunatic and hysteric Nun, POPE PUNCH THE FIRST, and ONLY, hereby, "out of his grace and goodness," confers upon those remarkable Pilgrims the style and title of ALACOCKOLORUMS.



### SKIRMISHING IN PERSPECTIVE.

"A GOOD SKIRMISHER, IF THERE IS NO COVER, SHOULD HIDE BEHIND HIS BOOTS!"

### SCIENCE IN SEASON.

UNDER the head of "Science Gossip" the *Athenæum* informs us that—

"An original suggestion as to the probable origin of nerve-force has been thrown out by Mr. A. H. GARROD. He believes that the difference of temperature between the interior of a living organism and its external surface is an available source of energy, hitherto unrecognised, which may reasonably be supposed to give rise to an electric nerve-current."

The National Association for the advancement of that which is the subject of our learned and scientific contemporary's above-quoted gossip, will perhaps deliberate on the suggestion therein contained. Experience (it may be hoped) has already taught the majority of philosophers that the affusion of cold water on the human body in the daily matutinal performance of "tubbing" is usually attended with a convulsion very similar to a shock of electricity. How much further they will get than that point, we shall be glad to see. In continuation, on MR. GARROD'S theory, the *Athenæum* observes:—

"Admitting such an hypothesis, it is easy to see why, at this season, most of us feel lacking in nerve-force, or why the prolonged use of a hot-water bath induces a feeling of faintness. The greatest supply of nerve-force, and, therefore, the greatest amount of vigour, is naturally to be got in cold weather, when a considerable difference of temperature obtains between the exterior and the interior of the body."

From the context of the hot-water bath with the season referred to in the foregoing passage, this may be supposed to have been written in warm weather. Accordingly, the sages of the National Association will perhaps consider whether the exhaustion occasioned by a high temperature, and the faintness induced by a hot bath do not mainly arise from what the Faculty call diaphoresis. Also whether, although the greatest supply of nerve-force, and therefore the greatest amount of vigour, is naturally to be got by some people, namely, the young, in cold weather, the smallest supply of nerve-force, and, therefore, the smallest amount of vigour, is therein as naturally to be got, worse luck! by the aged. Everybody knows how fast a cold winter carries off old people; and with what hopes, in case they have much property to leave behind them, a fall of the thermometer about Christmas inspires their youthful relatives.

As to the origin of nerve-force from the difference between internal and external temperature, the National Association may vouchsafe to perpend the following doggerel:—

What in fishes is the source  
Whence originates nerve-force?  
How much warmer is a trout  
As it swims, inside than out?

If these are only fool's questions, philosophers may be pleased to laugh at them.

### "Circumstances alter Cases."

BUNTING was using his telescope on the delightful new pier at Haroldstown. BRIGGS came up to him, and said, "What's that?" BUNTING, surprised, "Why, a telescope, of course!" Whereupon Briggs rejoined, "I should call it a *pier glass*."

### BROWN'S LAMENT.

I WANDER up and down,  
I've lately come from Town,  
My name is ROGER BROWN—  
I wonder why I'm here.

I shun the noisy sands,  
The brass and brazen bands,  
The flymen on the stands—  
I wonder why I'm here.

I'm weary of the Pier,  
I can't drink bitter beer,  
And things are all so dear—  
I wonder why I'm here.

I cannot swim or dive,  
I cannot ride or drive,  
I watch the folks arrive—  
And wonder why I'm here.

I neither row nor scull,  
If a trigger I could pull,  
I would not shoot a gull—  
I wonder why I'm here.

I never take a boat,  
I never watch a float,  
There is no *table d'hôte*—  
I wonder why I'm here.

I cannot by their rig  
Tell schooner, bark, or brig,  
Yawl, cutter, yacht, or gig—  
I wonder why I'm here.

Unversed in Nature's lore,  
The rocks, the cliff, the shore,  
I listlessly explore—  
And wonder why I'm here.

The commonest weed and shell  
Cast up by surf and swell,  
Their names I cannot tell—  
Why ever am I here?

I read the papers through,  
And think what I shall do  
Till dinner-time at two—  
I wonder why I'm here.

I've read *The Missing Heir*,  
I've tried *The Lonely Lair*,  
*The Ill-assorted Pair*—  
I wonder why I'm here.

I linger in the shops,  
I loiter over chops,  
I talk about the hops—  
And wonder why I'm here.

I've roamed the country round:  
A church or two I found,  
And an ancient village pound—  
I wonder why I'm here.

I wander up and down,  
I can't return to Town  
Because of MRS. BROWN—  
You know now why I'm here.

*Bythesea, September, 1873.*

### Canonization and Causes.

WITH respect to Canonization there are two "Causes" which certainly ought to be submitted to His Holiness the POPE. They are those which produce at least the great majority of apparitions and visions, which they have occasioned time out of mind. They have, therefore, pretensions to the title of "Venerable" which might be well entertained at Rome; and then, in due time, they might be decreed full Saints, by the names of SS. Hypochondriasis and Hysteria.

## A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR BACHELORS.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,  
I was—well, never mind the age—on my last birthday, and you may guess, therefore, that I was born in the year—no matter what. You may guess, likewise, that I am old enough to marry, and, indeed, that notion has more than once occurred to me, and, moreover, has been hinted at by some of my fair friends. But I am somewhat of a timid and unenterprising temperament; and, although I more than once have found myself upon the very brink of falling in love, I have been invariably saved by some slight incident from the fatal plunge. Only yesterday, for instance, I had chipped my second egg, and was reflecting on the charms of MISS XANTIPPE BOUNCER, to whom I had been lately introduced by MRS. GREYMARE, her maternal aunt and guardian, when, turning to my newspaper, propped

up before me by the teapot, I shuddered to behold these words,

“TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES FOR LADIES,”

heading an advertisement, in terribly large type.

You may conceive, Sir, what a shock was thus occasioned to a man of tender nerve. Methought, ladies employing tailors to cut out their costumes will probably proceed to wearing masculine attire, and there is no telling what garments they may think fit to adopt. Garments which the stalwart Highlander dispenses with may be in fashion with sweet ladies—or, at least, sweet married ladies. And this, Sir, is a prospect quite sufficient to deter from any overt act which might be mistaken for flirtation a single gentleman so nervous as

Yours, timidly,

TIMOTHY TWITTER.

Silver Street, Saturday.

## NEW PATERNAL POSTAGE RULES.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL (preparatory to leaving office) gives notice that from and after the 1st October next the following rules and regulations will be in force, and that any deviation from them will be punished with the utmost rigour of the Law:—

1. No person is to write, outside a letter, anything but the direction. If it is wished to send a public message, a halfpenny card must be employed.
2. A Stamp, once affixed, must remain, and any person washing off a Stamp, and gumming it on another envelope, will be liable to prosecution.
3. Directions must be properly punctuated, with a semi-colon after the name; a colon after each following line; and a period after the concluding word, which must be written large. Otherwise, no letter will be delivered.
4. Sealing-wax is prohibited, as the sharp edges of a carelessly-made seal tend to tear other letters.
5. Two Halfpenny Stamps may be used in lieu of a Penny Stamp, but only when the letter is posted on Sunday, and other Stamps are not to be obtained. But the POSTMASTER-GENERAL recommends the Heads of Families to ascertain from every member of the household, on Saturday evening, before or after prayers, whether he or she is supplied with Stamps for the following day.
6. For London letters, the district initials must be added, or the letter will be detained for a week. Wrong initials will entail prosecution.
7. Letters placed in the wrong box at a receiving-house will be confiscated.
8. No Writer is to inscribe his own name at the corner of a direction, as the Receiver can discover the Sender by perusing the letter, and the Postman's attention is liable to be distracted by any need-

less writing. Initials, however, are permitted, but not more than two.

9. Stamps, at the Sender's peril, may be enclosed, but the letter must be strongly perfumed, as otherwise the smell of the Stamp can easily be detected, and tempts the officials.

10. No letter under four inches long, by two and a half wide, will be delivered in any circumstances, and ladies are specially desired to notice this.

11. Where two letters are addressed to the same person, the numerals No. 1, No. 2, must not be inscribed, as they might mislead the Postman into calling at the wrong house, but “Letter Number One” may be written in words, on the back.

12. Letters to persons of any title must be addressed correctly, and in accordance with the rules in *Dod's Peerage*. For instance, if a letter to a Dean be addressed “the Venerable,” instead of the “Very Reverend,” it will not be delivered. The omission of the contracted word “Bart.,” or its use where a Knight is addressed, will be equally fatal.

13. No tradesman is to be addressed as “Esquire,” either at his place of business, or his country house. He cannot have two social positions.

14. Schoolboys are to be addressed by their Christian names and Surnames alone, without any prefix, as are all Collegians, except those at the Universities, and all servants, except widows.

15. Coloured or tinted paper is not to be used for envelopes, as it confers on the letter a certain importance which is unfair to other Correspondence.

16. No flourishes are to be used, and no dashes or underlining will be allowed. Write legibly, and leave the rest to the intelligence of the Department.

17. Where there is doubt as to the number of a house, “8” or “9” must not be written. This compels the Postman to ask a question. The letter should be sent in duplicate, a copy to each house, and the person for whom it is not designed will return it to the Postman, on pain of prosecution.

18. If a stamp be placed in the wrong corner of the envelope, or be reversed, or affixed sideways, the letter will be destroyed.

19. The POSTMASTER has heard, with profound astonishment and regret, that a Postman, who has just taken letters from a Pillar, will hold open his bag to receive a letter with which a maid-servant or other person hurries up, a moment too late. Any Postman detected in such an offence against System will instantly be discharged.

20. Posting a letter is a serious and solemn business, yet it is frequently entrusted to children and others without an adequate sense of responsibility. The Police will receive instructions to prevent such persons from depositing letters, as, unless the nature of an oath be understood by them, a prosecution of a defaulting receiver might be defeated. No child under twelve must be sent to post a letter.

[These simple rules are provisional only, and may be added to by a paternal POSTMASTER, at his pleasure, should he be able to devise any other regulations in accordance with the present policy of legislation for British Citizens.]

## KING COFFEE.

A NEWSPAPER, the other day, published the somewhat serio-comic announcement that—

“The principal officers in command of the expedition against KING COFFEE and the Ashantees embarked at Liverpool yesterday *en route* to the Gold Coast.”

The expedition against the Ashantees will be no joke to those concerned in it, or to any others capable of imagining, and not incapable of sympathising in, the hardships and sufferings which it will cost brave men. Yet who but feels as one sitting at a burlesque when he contemplates the idea of BRITANNIA going to war with KING COFFEE? It will be recollected that, in the Crimea once, she went to war without KING COFFEE, so to speak; for the Coffee wherewithal her troops were provided was green, inasmuch that it could not be ground, and was of no use. No mistake, however, of that kind, is meant to be made on this occasion; for active operations are in progress at Deptford Victualling Yard to supply the Forces with soluble Chocolate. And as to Coffee, let us hope that KING COFFEE, of the Ashantees, will get so effectually roasted as to be done thoroughly brown, and ground up as easily and completely as if he were Mocha.

## COOK'S PILGRIMS.

THE late Pilgrimage has at least earned the DUKE OF NORFOLK and his companions a name. Those devotees are now denominated Norfolk Dumplings.

## A CHIEF AMANG THEM.



OCASION to make an after-dinner, or, after-supper speech was, according to the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, taken at Paray-le-Monial by MONSIGNOR MERMILLON, the Swiss Bishop, whose Ultramontane zeal has rendered his see too hot to support him. This expatriated ecclesiastic, remarking on the presence of certain "flower" of the Scotch nobility among the A-la-cockalorums, said, with a pleasantry which may have been unconscious:—

"Geneva had given Knox to Scotland, but Scotland was now

having her revenge, and setting to Switzerland an example of freedom."

Of freedom from superstition? Perhaps so, but hardly in the person of Scotland's not numerous if highly select pilgrims to Paray-le-Monial. The honour which MONSIGNOR MERMILLON ascribed to Scotland was sturdily disclaimed on Scotland's behalf by MR. JAMES DOW, a truly representative Scotchman, and also the representative of our above-quoted contemporary, who, responding, on call, to the toast of "The Press," avowed himself the Protestant Correspondent of a strongly Protestant paper, and with frankness, but respect, told his hearers "plainly that since he came among them he had seen much that he could not sympathise with nor appreciate," and added that, as to KNOX:—

"MONSIGNOR MERMILLON had alluded to the doctrines of Knox, in which he (MR. DOW) had been brought up, and no Scotchman present had any cause to be ashamed of the country which had accepted those doctrines. KNOX, like themselves, was a believer in the Incarnation, and those who accepted his teaching were quite as strongly opposed as the Catholics themselves to the materialism which had been denounced that day—opposed to it whether it appeared in the writings of men like STRAUSS, or the cheap scepticism of the young man of the period."

Not only were the flower of the Scottish nobility, some of them, included amongst the Paray-le-Monial Pilgrims, but the pilgrimage was attended by a Newspaper Correspondent, who moreover displayed a signal correspondence to the Scottish national flower. On the subject of JOHN KNOX, MR. JAMES DOW was to be touched with impunity no more than a thistle. He would not hear defamation of the great Scotch Reformer unrebuked, but lifted up his voice and bore testimony against it in the spirit, but without the cant, of a Covenanter. It is not very easy to see how Scotland is, as MONSIGNOR MERMILLON asserts, now having her revenge against Geneva for having given Scotland KNOX. Scotland is not giving Geneva knocks in any blows Geneva may receive from the flower of the Scotch nobility who joined the pilgrimage to the shrine of MISS ALACOQUE. Even if Geneva gets any, the knocks are of the very softest. But Rome received rather a good sound knock from redoubtable JAMIE DOW.

## Icarus Down Again.

A CERTAIN M. DE GROOF, called "The Flying Man," seems to have been so called from not flying. He failed in an attempt to fly at Brussels, and has repeated his failure at Liège. The man who attempts to fly like a bird, in general succeeds in only proving himself a goose.

## HORTICULTURAL.

MRS. MALAPROP, who is fond of gardening, takes great pride in showing her friends and neighbours her "Pompous" grass.

TELEGRAM FROM HOLLAND.—There have been *fêtes* at Flushing. They went off admirably well. The Flushing people are flushed with success.

## STRIKES THAT PAY.

THE following extract from a contemporary, taken alone, would seem to indicate that, as to dearth of fuel and illuminating material, we have companions in distress:—

"THE OIL STRIKES.—A Correspondent, writing to a Boston paper from Petroleum County, Pennsylvania, says that the recent great strikes in the oil regions have caused intense excitement."

The idea thus suggested of an analogy between petroleum-diggings and coal-mines is not at once dissipated by what follows:—

"At the oil towns of Pleasantville, Oil City, Reno, Franklin, Pithole, and elsewhere, new wells are being started daily, which produce largely, and the oil is of excellent quality. Not only have these important strikes created consternation, but the 'flowing' of the 'dry holes' made by disgusted proprietors in the days of the great oil fever of 1864 and 1865 is a nine days' wonder."

What are those "important strikes" which have "created consternation"? If not strikes of petroleum diggers why consternation? From the remainder, however, in our Boston contemporary's statement, it appears that "consternation" is, if not a clerical or a typographical error, a Malapropriety; and the strikes which have created the feeling of joyous excitement for which it stands are strikes of oil, with which wealth-bringing fluid the oil towns of Pleasantville are flowing, not, indeed, exactly as with milk and honey, but rather like the celebrated river of Lydia, with gold.

## COOL QUARTERS.

WE copy from the *Hastings and St. Leonards Chronicle*:—

"To be Let, permanently preferred, a Furnished Bed-room, in White Rock."

In the height of summer, when the nights are hot and sultry, we can imagine that it might be a welcome relief to have the chance of sleeping in a grotto; but, at this season of the year, when mornings and evenings are growing chilly, to pass whole nights in a White Rock bed-room, even on the temperate South Coast, strikes us as an uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, experiment. They must be a very hardy race at Hastings and St. Leonards, for the expression "permanently preferred" may be fairly taken to imply that the proprietor of the bed-room would not be at all surprised to find some one who would be a tenant for his "cool grot" all the year round.

On a second reading, the words seem capable of another interpretation—our Standing Counsel is at Sittingbourne, so we are deprived of the advantage of his opinion—and may mean that the furniture of the bed-room is not the ordinary mahogany, polished pine, or painted deal, but white rock, which would, certainly, be clean, cool, and ornamental.

## CORPORATE IMPUNITY.

THE end of the inquest on the Wigan Railway accident is that nobody is to be hanged, or placed in danger of being so, or of getting penal servitude or imprisonment with hard labour. For—

"The jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental Death,' and added that the London and North-Western Railway Company are not justified in allowing engine-drivers to run through Wigan Station at so high a speed as was the case with the tourist train on the night of the accident, and that it was desirable that the speed of fast and through trains should be materially slackened on passing such places."

Suppose engine-drivers were not allowed to run with a dangerous velocity through Wigan Station, and one of them nevertheless had, and caused a fatal accident, would the Coroner's jury have been content with finding that he was not justified in doing so? Would they not have returned a verdict of manslaughter against him, and sent him to be tried for felony? But even now, after the warning given as above to the Railway Company above-named, should that Company neglect the warning, and the result of their negligence be another smash, and more corpses, will any Coroner's jury, having had to sit upon them, so deal with the masters as they would deal with the man? What a thing it is to be a Director of a Railway Company! for Coroners' juries never recognise the possibility of Joint-Stock Manslaughter!

## A Light-Hearted Seaman.

THE Captain of a celebrated Company's steamer, homeward bound, had the misfortune to run his ship ashore at the back of the Isle of Wight. Nothing daunted, the gallant Skipper, poking his First Officer in the ribs, cheerily observed, "We have struck ile."





### AMUSEMENTS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

*Fred.* "HULLO, CHARLEY! NOTHING THE MATTER, I HOPE?"

*Charley.* "OH, NO—RATHER HARD UP FOR EXCITEMENT; THAT'S ALL! SO I THOUGHT I'D JUST TAKE THE GIRLS OUT FOR A LITTLE EXERCISE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO JUMP IN, AND GIVE THEM A TURN?"

### THE NEW MODEL NATION.

HOME Rule! Is it that? Nothing more, but that only?  
Will we rule but ourselves and no people besides?  
A bright star of Ocean, risplindint, but lonely,  
Will green Erin evermore gleam o'er the tides?

Och, divil a bit; but we'll warrant our praises  
From His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER'S pen;  
And we won't shine apart, but, far beaming like blazes,  
Illumine the world as a light for all men.

They'll look on the Emerald Isle as a beacon  
Which tells 'em the courses they ought to pursue.  
The Archbishop that once was an English Archdeacon  
Has spoken the words that we'll prove to be thrue.

Hurrah for the land wherefrom discord has vanished,  
Where unity, order, and harmony reign;  
Whence party processions and fights are all banished,  
And not any Fenian conspirers remain.

When Ireland we talked for the Irish of winning,  
For only the half-moon did Irishmen cry.  
Home Rule will be all well by way of beginning:  
'Twill over all nations extend by-and-by.

That is, if the haythen return to submission,  
And do and belave all they're bid by the Praists;  
Or else they're upon the high road to perdition;  
And the divil may fetch the impenitent baists.

There's just the laist chance for the heretic Saxon;  
Some hope for JOHN BULL, that weak, doting old fool,  
Themselves and their ways if they'll turn their own backs on,  
And England succumbs under Irish Home Rule.

THE END OF A BOOKWORM.—To be Buried in a Book.

### A REPUBLICAN WARMING-PAN.

HAS not the newspaper paragraph subjoined a significance?—

"TITLE OF MARSHAL M'MAHON.—It is said that the title of MARSHAL M'MAHON has been somewhat discussed, and that it is proposed to style him Lieutenant-General of the Republic."

Lieutenant-General is a title which implies a Superior. The Republic is a body politic, and not a person. He whom it is proposed to style Lieutenant-General of the Republic is the Republic's President. He stands in relation to the French Republic as the Lieutenant of the Tower to the Tower of London. As a Lieutenant, he is the Lieutenant or *locum tenens* of somebody. The Lieutenant of the Tower is HER MAJESTY'S. Is it not to be presumed that the Lieutenant-General of the French Republic will be so entitled as being considered, in that capacity, the *locum tenens*, *ad interim* between Republic and Monarchy, of HENRI V.

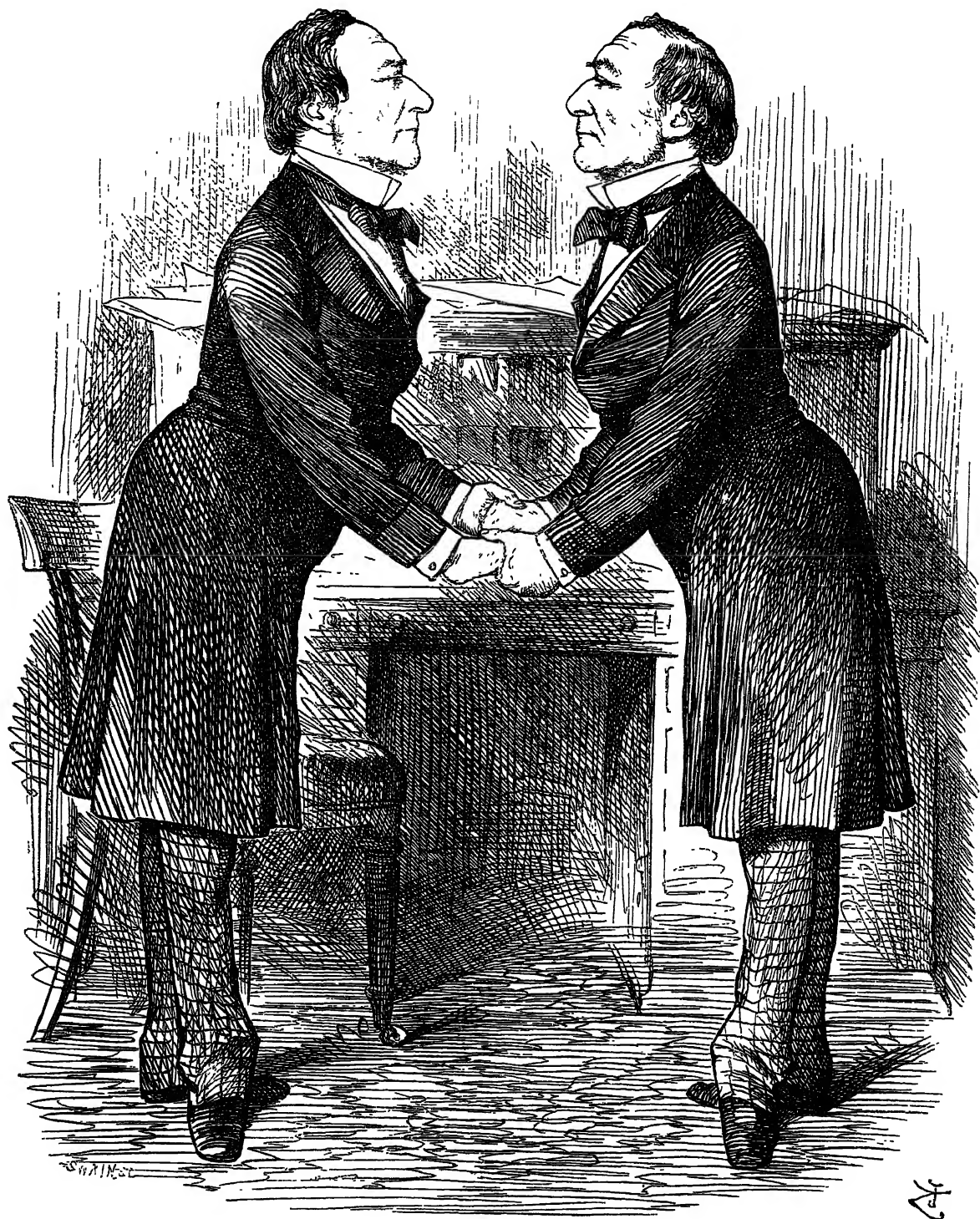
### ECONOMICAL EXHAUSTION.

WHAT signifies this newspaper paragraph?—

"COALS EXPORTED.—It appears from an official document just issued that the declared value of coals, &c., exported in the last eight months was £8,755,831. In the corresponding period of the previous year it was £5,940,785."

It is true that the proverbial prodigal was thought a very extravagant fellow for burning his candle at both ends. Nor even can it be denied that, on a superficial view, the extravagance which he committed in so doing was, as compared to supplying mankind with light and heat at the rate above indicated, whilst our own coals at home are at famine prices, stinginess itself. To dream, however, of putting any check on the progressive exhaustion of our coal-beds, represented by the foregoing figures, is really, in the unshaken judgment of commercial philosophers, and statesmen of enlarged views, forbidden by economy.

A "LIGHT" REPAST.—A Feast of Lanterns.



“SELF AND PARTNER.”

MR. GLADSTONE. “MY DEAR FIRST LORD, I HAVE THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN *YOU*.”

MR. GLADSTONE. “AND I IN *YOU*, MY DEAR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; AND IF OUR COLLEAGUES WERE ONLY LIKE US, WE SHOULD ALL BE AS ONE MAN!”



## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

*Still bent on the purchase of a Horse. Plans.*

OPPORTUNELY in the interim between this conversation with GLOPPIN and my interview with CLUMBER, the Flyman, I spend to the best advantage in obtaining information as to horses generally.

The reports about the prices of horses just now are something alarming.

A casual acquaintance in a train has something to say on the subject. This casual acquaintance I have long taken to be of a strongly sporting turn, for three reasons: firstly, because he lives, I believe, a long way out in the country; secondly, because, in the summer, he wears a white hat with a black band round it; and, thirdly, because I don't know his name, or his profession, or business, if any; but, in a general way, I suppose him to be "something in the

City," and something, only much more so, in the country, where I can imagine him strolling through his stables with a cigar sticking out of one side of his mouth, his hat cocked on the other side of his head, to balance the cigar, and inspecting everything, from a break to a handful of oats, with the air of a man who had been taken in once, but was never going to be "had alive" again.

At the same time, and on due consideration, I should not be extraordinarily astonished were he to turn out to be the Cashier of some Mercantile Firm, at work from nine till four regularly, with ten days' holiday in the summer.

Assuming him, however, to be of a sporting turn for the purposes of conversation—

*Happy Thought.*—By the way, to assume everyone to be something merely for the purposes of conversation. Must lead to discussion.

For example, assume a man to be a soldier; talk to him of the latest invention in breech-loaders (if you can—I can't), manoeuvres, campaigns, the exemplary conduct of the Light Cavalry in Abyssinia (if you know anything about it—I don't), and so forth. He will join you satisfactorily for some time, then you can put such a test-question to him as would tend to elicit his opinion with regard to "the probable expense of a Messman's Kit?" or any such professionally-military-sounding inquiry. Should he really happen to be in the Army, then he will probably stick his glass in his eye, seem puzzled, and ask you "what the deuce you mean?" in which case, you can retire behind your trenches (I haven't the faintest notion what effect this would have on an enemy, but I've often met the phrase in print, and like it), and pleasantly beg to be pardoned if your "phraseology" (use this word) is incorrect; or say "technically incorrect," which *does* look as if you had some acquaintance with the subject—and add that you yourself are not a military man.

Should he, however, have to excuse himself on the same score, you can take high ground (all part of metaphorical field operations with "trenches" and "high ground"), and observe that you had asked for information, under the impression that he was in the Army. This will flatter him, as a rule, and he may after this confide to you, with a smile, that he travels in the wool trade.

*Happy Thought.*—If so, look out for being fleeced. [N.B.—Arrange this *jeu de mot*. Put it down to SYDNEY SMITH, or SHERIDAN, or THEODORE HOOK.]

This "assumption for purposes of conversation" would really be found a most entertaining pastime for *voyageurs*. You can be eccentric in your assumptions. Thus, meeting a gentleman in black, with an imitation Roman collar, high ecclesiastical coat, and so forth, you can ask him, "How's the dashing Ninety-fourth getting on?" and "where he's quartered now?" If this irritates him, be provided with *pince-nez*; pull them out, stick them on your nose, survey him from hat to heel, and apologise for short-sightedness.

Assume somebody you've never seen before in your life to be LORD WUNBOROUGH, for example, whom also you've never set eyes on. In the course of conversation on politics, say to him, with a knowing twinkle, but preserving a deferential tone, "Yet I think

your Lordship voted on the opposite side last Session." He will blush, smile, feel half inclined to accept the title, but honesty will gain the victory over his innate snobbism, and he will reply, most good-naturedly, "I think, Sir, you mistake me for some other gentleman." He will not add, "I am not a Lord," because to do so would be to let himself down too suddenly from the pedestal where you had placed him. After this the conversation will flow easily, and you'll have made a friend of him for life. When he re-enters the bosom of his family, he'll say to his wife, "Fancy, ELIZA, I was taken for LORD WUNBOROUGH to-day. Absurd, wasn't it?" His wife won't see anything absurd in it, and, on the whole, depend upon it that, in this case, you've put husband and wife in a good temper, and made a whole household happy for one evening.

Assume a Banker to be a distinguished Artist, and he'll be delighted. Assume an Artist to be a Queen's Counsel, and he'll be immensely pleased. Assume a gentleman at large to be the Secretary attached to some foreign legation, with a secret mission, and he'll be highly gratified. Assume that a literary man would have made a first-rate preacher, and that a philosophical writer would have made his fortune if he had only stuck to the violoncello, and you will increase the number of your friends everywhere.

On the strength of these assumptions, they will everywhere speak of you as a "deuced sharp chap," a man who "sees below the surface," one who can "read you up," and so forth. And why? Because you've struck the key-note of that general dissatisfaction which everyone feels, and which is the strongest reason for everyone so working in his "station of life," as to make the best of it.

[N.B.—The moral finish of the above paragraph is a specimen of my style in *Typical Developments*, Vol. VI., *On Normal Causation Socially Considered*—and has not, of course, much to do with my going in search of a horse. Still, it occurred to me. Before now, I've been nearly two hours getting from Langham Church to Leicester Square, simply because people would button-hole me in Regent Street. And meeting my Casual Sporting Friend was an opportunity to put before the world my *Theory of Gratuitous Assumptions*, which was not to be lost. *Passons!*]

My Casual Acquaintance, the cause of the foregoing discursiveness, says, shaking his head,

"Ah! horses are a price now. Why, you can't look at one under eighty guineas."

Of course, as a fact, I *have* looked at one for less, and, to take it literally, as merely meaning looking at a horse and nothing else, I have looked at one—at several—for nothing.

To be always "going to look at a horse" is, by the way, the most inexpensive way of getting a reputation for being "deuced well off."

"I went," says my Casual Acquaintance, fiercely, as if recalling the incident vividly to his own mind, and challenging any one to contradict him, "I went to look at a mare at CHICK'S place, over the hill by Cooper's Gravel Pits, you know—"

I nod; so as to help him on: but I don't know. However, such names as "CHICK'S place" and "Cooper's Gravel Pits" have a country-gentleman sort of ring about them, which, in a carriage full of people, I would rather accept as matters of course than as entire novelties taking me by surprise.

My Casual Acquaintance being satisfied, or appearing to be so, continues, "Well, when I got up to CHICK'S, Old WILLIAM there—you recollect Old WILLIAM?"—I look puzzled, feeling it won't do for me to recollect every one and everything with the same readiness that I did "CHICK'S" and the "Gravel Pits,"—but he goes on to explain, rather impatiently, that he means,

"Old WILLIAM, who used to be at the Kennels—"

*Happy Thought.*—O, yes; of course. The Kennels.

[It's no use, after acknowledging "CHICK'S," &c., at first, to stick at trifles, but I haven't a notion of what he's alluding to. It suddenly strikes me that perhaps he is proceeding on a theory of Gratuitous Assumptions, and that, as it were, he's playing at "taking me for somebody else." Be cautious what I admit.]

He goes on, "I thought you'd recollect him," meaning Old WILLIAM, but I make no sign, being unwilling to go any further into the mire. "Well, Old WILLIAM told me he'd got something that 'ud suit me down to the ground. It was nice enough, and I shouldn't ha' minded offering fifty for the mare. But, Lor bless you! what figure do you think they put her at?"

I don't know. Eighty, I suggest, that being my idea of a maximum price.

"Ah!" he rejoins, smiling ironically, "try twice eighty, and you'll be nearer the mark. Two hundred guineas, Sir, they wanted for that animal."

I am incredulous.

"It's a fact," he says, getting out, having to change carriages; "and, if you're going in for horseflesh now-a-days, by Jove! you'll have to pay for it. Good day."

*Happy Thought.*—Better not "go in for horseflesh."

But my Casual Acquaintance must be mistaken. By the way, I'll find out who he is. If he isn't a sporting man at all, what on





### THE BRITISH TOURIST.

*Brother (with Guide-Book).* "LOOK HERE! THERE ARE SOME RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE ABOUT THREE MILES FROM THIS BRIDGE. WE'VE NOT DONE THAT!"

*Sister.* "WELL, I'M VERY TIRED, BUT I SUPPOSE WE MUST GO."

*Elderst Ditto.* "OF COURSE WE MUST! IT WILL NEVER DO TO GO HOME, AND HAVE TO CONFESS WE HAVE NOT 'DONE' EVERYTHING THAT IS TO BE SEEN

Earth should he know about it? By this time there's no one to ask. He always carries, I notice, a hand-bag. If I might look into his hand-bag, I might find out who he is. He can't be a bag-man, because he's invariably first-class.

*Happy Thought.*—He's evidently a Hand-bag-man, which, of course, makes all the difference.

After this I meet five persons, each within a quarter of an hour of the other, who all, being consulted by me upon this engrossing subject, put on an air of extreme vexation, and express their wish that they'd only known it three weeks or even a fortnight ago, when, it appears, several people living in remote districts were so anxious to get rid of horses (always exactly the sort I wanted, of course) that they'd rather have given them away than been obliged to keep them.

"And now—?" I asked, hoping against hope.

"Ah! now!" they all said, and shook their heads, as if these opportunities were lost for ever—as, indeed, they were.

I could almost have said to them, "Why on Earth didn't you write to me, and tell me that horses were going for nothing?" But, of course, the evident reply would have been, "Well, how the Dickens could we tell you wanted such a thing?"

"But," again I feel inclined to say, "My dear fellows, when there are such good things going begging, why not *always* buy them for me?"

*Happy Thought.*—I do say this to two friends. One is going to Devonshire, the other to Norfolk. The latter says he often sees the sort of thing I want for twenty pounds.

"Do you?" I exclaim, and grasp his hand warmly. "Then, look here, when you see one at that price don't wait to write, but snap him up—buy him for me. I can trust your judgment perfectly."

He accepts this *carte blanche* commission. He doesn't ask for the twenty pounds to take with him so as to be ready.

*Happy Thought.*—Better not mention this part of the subject. What's twenty pound?

I look upon this as settled. Settled, that is, with SWOPLER, who's gone to Norfolk. And settled also with TOM BOWMAN, who says that, "when he's among the farmers in Devonshire, he often sees just the thing I want, to be got for twenty-five or thirty, down on the nail."

*Happy Thought.*—Give him *carte blanche*, and let him catch a farmer on the nail.

In the meantime, I can be looking about on my own account.

Let me see, GLOPPIN, SWOPLER, and TOM BOWMAN, are all, so to speak, my agents, looking out for something that'll exactly suit me at a low figure. Pretty sure to get one out of the lot, and, if there's anything nearer home, I shall hear from CLUMBER, the Flyman, when I call on him.

*Happy Thought.*—Much better to get it through GLOPPIN, SWOPLER, or any friend. No necessity to go to a horse-dealer then. Prejudice against dealers. Why? If I want a coat, I go to a dealer in coats; I don't get it through a friend. If I want a hat, I go to a dealer in hats. If I want a fish, I go to a dealer in fish—a fishmonger ["And would you were as honest a man."—SHAKESPEARE]. But, if I want a horse, the person we avoid is a dealer in horses. Why? Think it out.

### A Moderate Welshman.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET, who is an accomplished artist, has erected a statue, of his own design, near the Menai Straits. It was "inaugurated" the other day. SIR LEWELLYN TURNER made a pleasant speech on the occasion, but we wonder whether it has been accurately reported? He is made to say that, besides being a mark for seamen, the statue "might remind many persons of the immortal NELSON." Considering that it is a statue of NELSON, we think SIR LEWELLYN was not much too sanguine.



### SAD, BUT A FACT!

"'ULLOA, MY LITTLE MAN! YOU SEEM IN A BAD WAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"PLEASE, SIR, IT'S ALL ALONG O' MOTHER 'ITTIN' ME ABOUT THE 'ED WITH THE POKER, SIR!"

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! YOUR MOTHER!"

"AH! BUT I GOT HER SIX MONTHS FOR IT, I CAN TELL YER!"

### A SONG FOR THE DULL SEASON.

*By a Cockney Economist.*

'Tis now the cheapest time of year  
For all who hold a town life dear:  
'Tis now the season when we may  
Care little for what people say:  
Wear shabby clothing an we please,  
And live completely at our ease;  
When tired of walking, take a bus,  
Nor fear our friends will sneer at us;  
At Greenwich treat our wife and imps  
To frugal feasts of tea and shrimps;  
Take economic trips to Kew,  
Or go on Mondays to the Zoo,  
Paying but sixpence for the view:  
At theatres with cheapness sit,  
If not with comfort, in the pit;  
And e'en, for now no eye we fear,  
Refresh our lips with ginger-beer.

Scant orders now our Cook receives;  
Our dinner-table sheds its leaves:  
If friends drop in, pot-luck they take,  
No fuss on their account we make;  
No costly viands grace the board,  
No dainty drinks we now afford;  
Cold mutton with content they eat,  
And deem a pudding quite a treat.

If to the Park we fain would hie,  
No button-hole bouquet we buy:  
No gloves, or shabby ones, we take,  
And boldly wear a wideawake:  
Bargain to get our chairs half-price,  
And save a penny for an ice.

In short, from morn till even chime,  
To please ourselves is now our time.  
Tired with the Season's costly noise,  
We seek relief in calmer joys.  
No balls our daughters now entice  
To dress at an alarming price;  
No cards invite us now to roam  
At midnight forth to an "At Home."  
Just when we like we go to bed,  
Nor wait until our eyes are red.  
For there's no luxury so cheap  
As Nature's best restorer, sleep;  
And take our fill of this we may,  
Now MISTRESS GRUNDY is away.

"VACATION (B)RAMBLES."—Blackberries in September.

### LITERARY RELICS.

"RELICS OF LITERARY MEN.—Any person possessing the Chair or Table habitually used by CHARLES LAMB, COLERIDGE, BYRON, &c., and willing to part with it, may hear of a purchaser by addressing . . ."

The "&c." emboldens *Mr. Punch* to inquire whether any of the following interesting and valuable relics would be acceptable:—

The Table habitually used by FRANCIS ("Old") MOORE, M.D., when engaged in the preparation of his Almanacks. The green baize is covered with curious pen-and-ink astrological figures and diagrams. Two of the legs have been cut with a pocket-knife, probably by one of the young MOORES in a playful mood.

The Desk habitually used by MR. JOSEPH MILLER to record those famous jests, which have now been the property of many fortunate generations. It has a large ink-spot in the middle, and in the drawer there is a parchment document, certifying that the fluid was spilt by MR. MILLER late in his career. Also the Table which he was wont to set in a roar.

The Easy Chair in which RABELAIS sat and shook. It has been re-covered with American cloth more than once since RABELAIS' time, and the wood-work is of the present century. The cushions are wanting, the arms are gone, and the springs have disappeared; but in all other respects (except that the castors are modern) the chair is just as it was when the great Gallican reclined in it, and smoked his pipe in company with FENELON and MONTAIGNE. This interesting relic can have a twelvemonth's guarantee from the present possessor, who is parting with it because he is about to be married, and the lady wishes to refurnish the house.

One of the Tables which it was the practice of EDWARD COCKER to use when compiling his Arithmetic. No Addition has been made to it since his time, but there is a Division down the centre, and

three of the legs have been Subtracted—it is traditionally believed by some enthusiastic admirers of the great Arithmetician.

The legs of a table made by MR. CRUSOE, when living in the island where he resided for many years in solitary isolation. On one of them the letter "F" has been rudely carved with some sharp instrument, and all the antiquaries to whom this curiosity has been shown pronounce it to be FRIDAY'S initial, cut by his own hand. The top of the table is, unfortunately, missing, but it is believed to be in the possession of another branch of the family. If forthcoming, it will be included in the Conveyance.

The reticule MRS. GRUNDY was in the habit of carrying on her arm when she paid visits to her friends and neighbours. This is in the possession of a lady who has a distinct recollection of hearing her grandmother relate how well her mother remembered the profound impression the memorable words "What will MRS. GRUNDY say?" used to make in the country circles in which they both moved as contemporaries.

The broomstick on which DEAN SWIFT composed his well-known meditation. It has been handed down from generation to generation, and is rather the worse for wear. Very suitable for a Museum, Mechanics' Institute, or Literary and Philosophical Society.

The steps by which the Reverend DR. SYNTAX was enabled to mount his horse, when leaving home on his equestrian tour.

### "Let the Toast be 'Dear' Woman."

FATHERS and Husbands will be much cheered by an announcement that meets the eye on all the railways. "MESSRS. SO-AND-SO respectfully solicit a visit from their Patronesses, as they have made a great reduction in the cost of dresses," &c. We always stuck up for the British Lady. Her heart is in the right place, wherever her back hair may be, and we rejoice to read of her economy in these dear times.



### OUR MANŒUVRES.

*Captain of Skirmishers (rushing in to seize Picket Sentries of the Enemy). "HULLO! HE-AR! YOU SURRENDER TO THIS COMPANY!"*  
*Opposition Lance-Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER WAY, SIR. WE'RE A BRIGADE, SIR!!!"*

### A DEPTFORD DONKEY.

THE Conservatives are up and doing. One of them has sent *Mr. Punch* a soul-stirring appeal, addressed to the Electors of Deptford. They are informed—in reference to the late contest at Shaftesbury—that "the *Mantle of BOADICEA, Queen of the Iceni, has fallen on the Dowager MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER*. She has led you on," proceeds the placard, "let not defeat come!" If the framer of this address had turned to the next page of his *Pinnock's Catechism*, he would have found that he was favouring his friends with a bad omen. Does not COWPER say something about a "Druid," and "a sweet but awful Liar?" We are quite sure that the exemplary lady, whose name has been so ridiculously used, would be the last to desire to imitate QUEEN BOADICEA, and to exterminate her antagonists, and it could be wished that some rudimentary instruction, however slight, were considered necessary to a person who undertakes to stir politicians into action. *Punch* hereby sentences the Writer of the Address to learn the Tennysonian poem, *Boadicea*, containing the lines—

"Hear, Iceni, Cateuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!  
 Up, my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers, trample them under us."

### A Pilgrimage on Sunday.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Morning Post* observes:—

"One or two of the noble British pilgrims were at the races on Sunday. They might have done worse."

From a Protestant point of view, perhaps, they might. For instance, instead of doing a little horse-worship, they might have engaged themselves in bringing discredit on faith by the practice of superstition. What their own Church, that is the POPE, has to say to their anti-Sabbatarian sporting, the POPE, of all men, only knows. The Papal Church claims to be the sole authority for keeping Sunday holy; and Infallibility alone can tell whether or no that is done by going to the races.

### THE PRICE OF PEACE.

WE'VE paid the Alabama Claim,  
 Much o'er three millions sterling fined,  
 By *ex post facto* law; the same  
 Our Yankee friends how like to bind!

When we change cases by-and-by,  
 Will arbitration suit their plan?  
 Or will they due redress deny,  
 And bid us take it if we can?

Our money we have bid farewell,  
 'Tis gone across the Atlantic main;  
 And we shall find we've had to shell  
 All that, most likely, out in vain.

### Mere Invention.

UP the Highlands way there is, in wet weather, a handsome Cataract, the name whereof is spelt anyhow you like, but is pronounced "Fyres." There is not much water in hot weather, and then Art assists Nature, and a bucket or so of the fluid is thrown over for the delectation of Tourists. One of them, observing this arrangement, said that the Proprietor

"Began to pail his ineffectual Fyres."

[This story is quite false, which would be of no consequence, but that every Scottish Tourist knows it to be false. Our Contributor should really be more careful.]

### CLASSIC COURTESHIP.

How our young friend CECIL WYSE wooed his pretty present wife. He said to her, tenderly, *Sapere aude*. And she did dare.



### "LET THE TOAST GO ROUND."

*Good Templar.* "VERY WARM, COACHMAN. HAVE A DROP?"

*Coachman.* "THANK YE, SIR. (*Drinks.*) AUCH! O, MURDER! 'AM POISONED!—WHAT'S THAT?"

*Good Templar.* "ONLY TOAST-AND-WATER!"

### ELECTOR TO HIMSELF.

How much better off are we  
For a Liberal Ministry?  
Much? No better? Or the worse  
In position or in purse?  
Do I find that they have done  
Good or ill to me, for one?  
Am I happier at this hour  
Than when they came into power?  
Have I less to pay, or more,  
Now than what I had before?  
Am I freer to do my pleasure,  
Or restrained in greater measure?  
If the Ministry remain,  
Is my prospect loss or gain?  
Is it—let alone the Nation—  
Increased or reduced taxation?  
Will their great Reforms redouble,  
Or abate, my plague and trouble?  
Liberate me from inflictions,  
Or enslave with new restrictions?  
As I answer query, "or,"  
I shall vote against or for,  
Irrespectively of names,  
Party ties and party claims.  
Not Conservative reaction;  
Liberal dissatisfaction,  
Which coercive laws awaken,  
Rather has allegiance shaken.  
Whom I vote for don't inquire;  
Then you'll render me no liar.  
By one measure I am better,  
For the Secret Vote a debtor.  
Nicer boon for your true Briton,  
Than the Ballot, ne'er was hit on.  
Gratitude for further favours  
May reclaim the mind that wavers;  
But things must be made more pleasant  
Than they are for us at present.

### BROKEN ENGLISH.

MRS. MALAPROP is staying at an old farm-house in one of the Middling Counties, and writes word that it is in a very "diplidated" condition.

### FAITH AND FASHION.

MR. PUNCH,

LIKE one or two more people of my acquaintance, I am away on a holiday, and the place of my temporary abode being very slow and very fashionable, where excursion vans and trains are unknown, of course I follow the general example, and go to Church, and find myself one of several hundred strangers, who are trying "to catch the Verger's eye;" which, by the bye, I find accomplished quickest by those who carry their right hand in the waistcoat pocket.

I took the liberty of taking stock of my fellow occupants of Pew 2000 on Sunday last. There were six in all (except a child, who sat on a mat), including myself—the only male. No. One, at the top, carried at least—as the Yankees say—"five hundred dollars' worth of dry goods on her back;" and she had a little girl of about six years old, like a little dancing dog, who carried in lace another two hundred dollars' worth. There were, besides, her mother's jewellery, parasol, scent-bottle, fan, and Prayer-book, which was the most expensive money could buy. She was a handsome woman, and divided her time between fanning herself, arranging her necklace, which was very handsome and massive, and using her gold-topped bottle.

Next to her sat an unmarried sister—very much ditto all round.

Next to the sister sat a charming, neat-looking, middle-aged, single lady, who evidently adopts the modern very high style, and, probably, was interested in the Baldacchino question—but simple and quiet withal; though she bobbed about like a perch-float towards sunset.

And, next to her, came two sisters. O, *Mr. Punch*, they were two ladies—Grecian features, small heads, plainly plaited hair, no chignon, small round brown straw hats, with simple ribbons of the same colour, trimmed with a little heather, and ornamented with one small flower, perfectly plain dresses of Indian cloth or brown holland, made by themselves with a sewing-machine, were all the attractions, except their faces, which they boasted. They looked like two angels, and sang like angels too.

Then I thought to myself, suppose I was to marry that over-

dressed girl, No. Two in the Pew, what would happen? Say she has three hundred a year—the first thing she would do would be to spend six hundred on dress, and cry for a carriage. The *trousseau* would, probably, not all be paid for; there would be a mob of millionnaires, and no end of speeches, at the wedding, and a regular show-room of wedding presents, all worth nothing, or next to nothing, as regards utility. By Jove! I would sooner take the Ritualistic old maid!

Suppose I was to marry one of those angels, and that I had three hundred pounds a year—she would make it go as far as I would make five hundred. Probably they neither have any money, but haven't they friends? There would be wedding presents, too, and useful ones—table-cloths from one uncle, a few spoons from another, a cheque for fifty pounds from the Squire of the Parish, a silver tea-pot from the parishioners and Sunday-school children, and all kinds of tokens of love and affection which simplicity and good breeding always attract.

There, that's enough! But let me advise young ladies who want husbands to put not their trust in chignons and gimcracks, for men don't like them,

Yours, *Mr. Punch*, obediently,

HARD HIT.

P.S.—I mean to go to Church again, and sit in the same Pew—it does me good.

P.S. No. 2.—I have been to Church again. Please send me a quart of prussic acid and a brace of pistols. They are both going to be married.

### The March of Science.

THE amount of electricity in the human frame must be much greater than philosophers have hitherto supposed, for we notice that billiard-tables are now supplied "provided with Electric Markers." Perhaps, this is only the first result of some new scientific discovery, which will speedily supply us in succession with Electric Waiters, Electric Postmen, and Electric Policemen.



## THE OLD COUNTRY AND THE NEW.



CERTAINLY we are very much behind the times in this Old Country. For the last six weeks Newspaper Editors have been at their wit's end for news, pending the annual London Exodus. Look how much more fortunate our Transatlantic cousins are. Here are four distinct pieces of news taken from the *Times*.

We learn from a letter from Philadelphia, that in Arkansas—

"A man, who had been clerk of Perry County, feeling aggrieved at a newspaper article against him, entered Perryville, the county town, while the Court was in Session, and declared his intention to kill an attorney of the Court named MATTHEWS."

It appears that the man kept his word, and with his friends broke up the Court, and drove MATTHEWS out of Court into a neighbouring shop, when firing round commenced, and MATTHEWS was wounded, and escaped to the woods. The Court then resumed its sitting, and issued warrants for the ex-clerk and his supporters, but they came back in force, captured the town, and hold it.

"Political differences were at the bottom of the affair, and the defeated party have complained to the Governor."

In the neighbouring State of Kansas, a man by the name of KELLER, who had murdered and burnt his whole family, was arrested by the Sheriff of Linn

County. A mob assembled, and seized the Sheriff, and threatened to hang him and burn the town, unless KELLER was given up. According to the newspaper—

"The Sheriff had kept his prisoner hid, and endeavoured to dissuade the mob; but they discovered the hiding-place, brought out the murderer, and, taking him to the woods, hanged him with very little ceremony."

Then comes a piece of news from Louisiana, that two men met at Old Prairie to settle a duel with fists. A crowd assembled, and a new quarrel arose which "required fire-arms for settlement":—

"Pistols were drawn, and in almost an instant three men were killed and a fourth mortally wounded. Among the killed was one of the participants in the fist fight. The authorities interfering, several of the party were arrested."

The news retailed above falls very short of the little merriment which has been created by three white men, MESSRS. VAUGHAN, RUFFIN [Query, a penultimate letter "a" omitted?—P.], and BALICH, who finding DAN CALHOUN, a negro, asleep by a well which he had been digging—

"—covered him with the contents of a small vial of turpentine from head to foot. They then, 'just for the fun of seeing him jump,' applied a lighted match to his head, and were not disappointed. In an instant DAN CALHOUN was enveloped in a sheet of flame, and, bounding to his feet with a yell of agony, ran about like a deer, zig-zag, in the most ludicrous fashion."

Of course the poor fellow died in the greatest torment, and the three fiends have decamped.

"All the good citizens, it is stated, regret the circumstances exceedingly; but for some reason the magistrates of the town refused to issue a warrant for the arrest of VAUGHAN, RUFFIN, and BALICH, who, however, thought it advisable to leave the locality."

This stirring news makes us long to do something. We feel now as if we must run out into the office of one of our neighbours, the *Tiser*, or the *Sporting Life*, or *Daily News*, for instance, and commence "firing round." Life is too dull with us here, and we can no more sit quietly at our daily toil, with so much going on within a fortnight's post, or a few minutes "wire." We must make Fleet Street lively somehow, and equal to the States.

A PRICKLY PAIR.—A couple who are always nagging.

## BEDLAM IN COUNCIL.

THE annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, as quoted by the *North British Daily Mail*, contains, in a description of the management of the parochial asylum of the Abbey Parish of Paisley, the following statement:—

"Last winter a debating society was organised among the men, and it is said to have been a source of great amusement. At the meetings of this society the Governor presides, but the discussion is conducted entirely by the patients, the inmates who are not members of the society forming the audience. The discussion of the question, 'Whether Lunatic Asylums are really an advantage to the country,' occupied two sittings, and was decided in the affirmative by a small majority."

A debating society, organised amongst lunatics, is one whose proceedings are only too likely to be a source of great amusement to persons apt to be gratified by speech and demeanour which disgust or sadden those of whom the higher feelings are more acute than their sense of the grotesque. To people of the latter kind, the debates of such an association must frequently present scenes almost as painful as those which occur almost every day in the French National Assembly. Only the lunatics enjoy, or, at least, possess, the advantage of having for President the Governor of their institution, who knows how to enforce order.

The decision that lunatic asylums are really for the advantage of the country, carried by a small majority of lunatic asylum patients, seems to show that sane counsels prevailed, though by a few voices, among the insane, and thus that the debaters, or, at least, the voters, of unsound mind were outnumbered by the convalescent. Otherwise the Lunatics' Debating Society would, perhaps, have decided the question as to the advantage of lunatic asylums in the negative, and have passed a resolution that, to render them really advantageous to the country, their inmates ought to be all let out, and the community at large shut up in their place.

Among subjects for early discussion by the Lunatics' Debating Society at Paisley, may be suggested the question, "Whether the Earth is a Disc?" as it is maintained to be in a pamphlet by a

philosopher signing himself "PARALLAX." If they were to argue this point, probably, unless the convalescents mustered very strong, "PARALLAX's" idea of the flatness of the Earth would be affirmed.

## TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND HISTORICAL PAINTERS IN GENERAL.

A HANDSOME piece of Plate, to be selected from any crockery barrow in the Tottenham Court Road, on any Saturday night, is offered by us to any Historical Painter who will paint "The Parting of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and His Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH, at their Last Interview previous to the Passing of the Catholic Relief Bill." The Picture must faithfully represent the scene described in the Fifth Volume of the *Despatches and Correspondence of Arthur Duke of Wellington* (lately reviewed in the *Times*). His Majesty must be painted in his oiliest brown wig, and in tears—and the dear old Duke's nose must stand out boldly in the foreground.

... "The Duke represents his interview with the King to have been very painful indeed. The King was in a very agitated state, and even spoke of abdicating. The Duke said it was the more painful in consequence of the very peremptory language he was obliged to hold to him. However, the King was very kind, and kissed him when he left him."

## Very True.

THE bell-ringers of Chesterfield, and those of Alcester, near Redditch, are reported to have struck, because they are required to ring extra peals without extra pay. When *Macbeth* said to his attendant—

"Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell."

he meant his wife to be requested to do exactly the reverse of that which the bell-ringers now on strike have done in striking. Mark you that!

## A DREAM OF FAIR THEATRES.



CONSIDERATE MR. PUNCH,

A HAPPY thought occurs to me. I think of waking some fine morning, and, while I sit at breakfast, finding in my newspaper a paragraph like this—

“CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £20 from ‘Box-Keeper,’ on account of fees which have been fraudulently exacted from the public.”

This fictitious idea may seem a trifle premature, but I may live to see it realised—if only I live long enough. And I may likewise live to see some such a notice as the following, to give an extra relish while I chip my second egg-shell:—

“SHAKESPEARE STREET POLICE COURT.—The worthy sitting Magistrate, MR. RHADAMANTHUS MINOS, stated that he had received by post a cheque for £50, which he was requested to put into the poor-box, being a return of a small portion of the money lately paid for booking places at the Royal Claptrap Theatre.”

These happy thoughts of mine have in some measure been suggested by my reading a few words about the management of theatres, whence I extract the following as worthy of your notice:—

“The absurdity of calling upon visitors to a theatre to pay extra charges for taking the trouble of giving the manager an assurance that they intend to be present must be obvious. If I go to a restaurant and order dinner for a party of six, a table is kept ready for us at the appointed hour, without any additional cost to me, and with the risk to the proprietor of our not appearing. At the box-office of a theatre I pay the money in advance, and, should the weather or any untoward event prevent our attendance, the manager has the price of six seats in his till. The charge for bills is even more irrational than the charge for booking. If one were to go to a restaurant and ask the waiter what he could have to eat, he would be more than surprised if that functionary held out the bill of fare in one hand and demanded a shilling in the other for the information required. Yet at a theatre the visitor does not wonder at being called on to give a fee to learn what he has paid to see.”

Now, really, *Mr. Punch*, is such a system fair? You know, a shilling fee for booking, and a shilling to the Cerberus on duty at the door, add twenty-five per cent. to the price paid for your seat, and if you do not “wonder” at such rapacious blackmail, you at least are apt to growl. Fancy, if your tailor were to clap on a percentage for handing you his bill, because you wished to pay before he sent in your new suit! Or imagine, if you paid a visit to your dentist, being asked to give a shilling to the footman at the door! Such brigandage is only to be met with at the theatre, and when we are more civilised it will surely be suppressed.

If one may credit the advertisements, the drama never was more flourishing than it is at present. Crowded houses, great attractions, unparalleled successes, are daily penny-trumpeted through the penny papers: and every week some splendid triumph is (said to be) withdrawn prematurely, in the heyday of its glory, to make room for another which the next week will be advertised as more triumphant still. Managers indeed appear to be afflicted with embarrassment of riches, and to hold so many trumps that they know not which to play. But alas! all is not gold that glitters on the Stage, and theatrical advertisements are hardly more voracious than the puffs of other wares. Late dinners and home comforts are direful rivals of the Stage, and if I were a Manager I should study first of all to make my house attractive by making it accessible, without causing loss of temper by such paltry petty larcenies as those I have described.

With which wise hint believe me, bowing to your own superior worldly wisdom, Yours in all humility,

Parthenon Club.

SOLOMON SOLOMON SMITH.

A SONG WITH A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—“*Champagne Collier.*”

## SAVAGES IN CLUBS.

WORTHY MR. PUNCH,—

The savage custom of chewing toothpicks is still practised by some members of this civilised community, and causes daily shudders to people like myself who are delicate of nerve. The barbarity of eating peas with the assistance of a knife is barely more revolting than this brutal practice; and yet persons of fair standing, I regret to say, indulge in it. At the Club which I frequent I could point you out a score of fellows, all of decent family, and otherwise of wholly irreproachable demeanour, who unhappily are slaves to this abominable habit. In the pauses of a meal, and for at least a *mauvais quart d'heure* after its conclusion, you see their horrid instruments protruding from their jaws; and they pay no heed whatever to the suffering of fellow-creatures who may sit contiguous. For my own part, I protest I would as lief behold tobacco chewed as toothpicks at the dinner-table, and I wish with all my heart that dining-rooms were set apart for men who are addicted to this offensive practice, and that in the other chambers of the Club there were placards in large letters of “NO TOOTH-PICKING ALLOWED.”

Beseeching you to lay your cudgel on the shoulders of the culprits, I have the honour to remain

Your most obedient Servant,

BLACK BALL.

P.S.—I am told there are some monsters who will perpetrate this dreadful act in society where there are ladies present, and who have even been detected brandishing their weapons, as a savage would his tomahawk, in the doorways at a ball. Such outrages are too atrocious for description, and, as their perpetrators must be wholly lost to proper feeling, it were idle to endeavour to reclaim them to humanity.

So, with virtuous indignation, I leave them to their fate.

## SAINTS AND SECULARISTS.

THE Dissenters and their friends, constituting the National Education League, aggrieved by having to contribute their compulsory mites to a system of education not uniformly and wholly exclusive of instruction in the doctrines of the Church of England, may yet derive some consolation from the following item of intelligence, happily foreign:—

“RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—The Prefect of Lyons has suspended six Schoolmistresses and one Schoolmaster for not having given religious instruction to their pupils. He has also, for similar reasons, interdicted three Mistresses and six Masters from exercising the profession of teaching.”

Even the Wesleyan Conference has decided that, “in justice to the interests of National Education in its broadest sense, and to the different religious denominations of the country,” School Boards ought, as a contemporary says, “to be everywhere established, and an undenominational school placed within reasonable distance of every family.” The Methodists, and all other conscientious Dissenters, may congratulate themselves that there are no Prefects in England to suspend Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses for keeping “undenominational schools.” Here, in this happy and favoured land, all those religious denominations at least enjoy the blessedness of beholding undenominational schools conducted freely by undenominational teachers—a consolation, if not a satisfaction, which they share with their associates of a denomination which signifies no religion at all.

## THE ANTIDOTE TO CRIME.

THE *Times*, in a column of paragraphs, publishes:—

“AN EXPLANATION.—Out of 1348 youthful offenders committed last year to Reformatories, 631 could neither read nor write.”

The young rogues, therefore, who could not read and write, were in a decided minority. Those who could, exceeded them by a majority amounting to eighty-six. This, to be sure, is not quite a conclusive proof that education promotes crime. Still it cannot but suggest the conjunction of the three R's with another R, to which they have hitherto been assumed to be entirely antagonistic, but may now be regarded as at least associated with it in the phonetic alliteration of Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic, and Roguery.

## Very Thoughtful of Him.

HER MAJESTY'S carriage journey to Inverlochy was performed during heavy rain. *En route*, The MACKINTOSH and all his Clan received HER MAJESTY. This was a case of the right man in the right place, and no mistake.



### PIETY THAT OVERFLOWETH.

"ULLOA! ANNIE! CLARA! MARIA! WHY, WHAT THE DOOCE——"  
 "HUSH, HERBERT! TAKE OFF YOUR HAT! WE'RE IN CHURCH!"

### VERDUN EVACUATED.

INVADERS' tread is off thy soil, fair France.  
 Thou, scowling with just hate, behold'st them go,  
 Indignant at unmerited mischance,  
 Which brought on thee unutterable woe.

Who, that a generous idea could frame,  
 To fight for, shared thine anguish not with thee?  
 Who but partakes thy fury, as thy shame;  
 Thy thirst for vengeance now that thou art free?

Insensate Europe comprehended not  
 The grandeur of thy vaunt, without thy will  
 That none within her bounds should fire a shot;  
 When thou wast satisfied, that she was still.

No more did stolid Germany perceive  
 The justice of thy quarrel with her scheme  
 Of giant Unity, which would bereave  
 Thyself of thine ascendancy supreme.

She spurned the honour of thy visitation;  
 Thy legions, on their march beneficent,  
 Bore back, and occupied a noble nation:  
 Thus with a crime repaid a compliment.

Now she retires, and leaves thee to repair  
 Thy ruins, and thy shattered strength restore;  
 To brood upon revenge: or to beware  
 Thy neighbours of assailing any more.

### CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

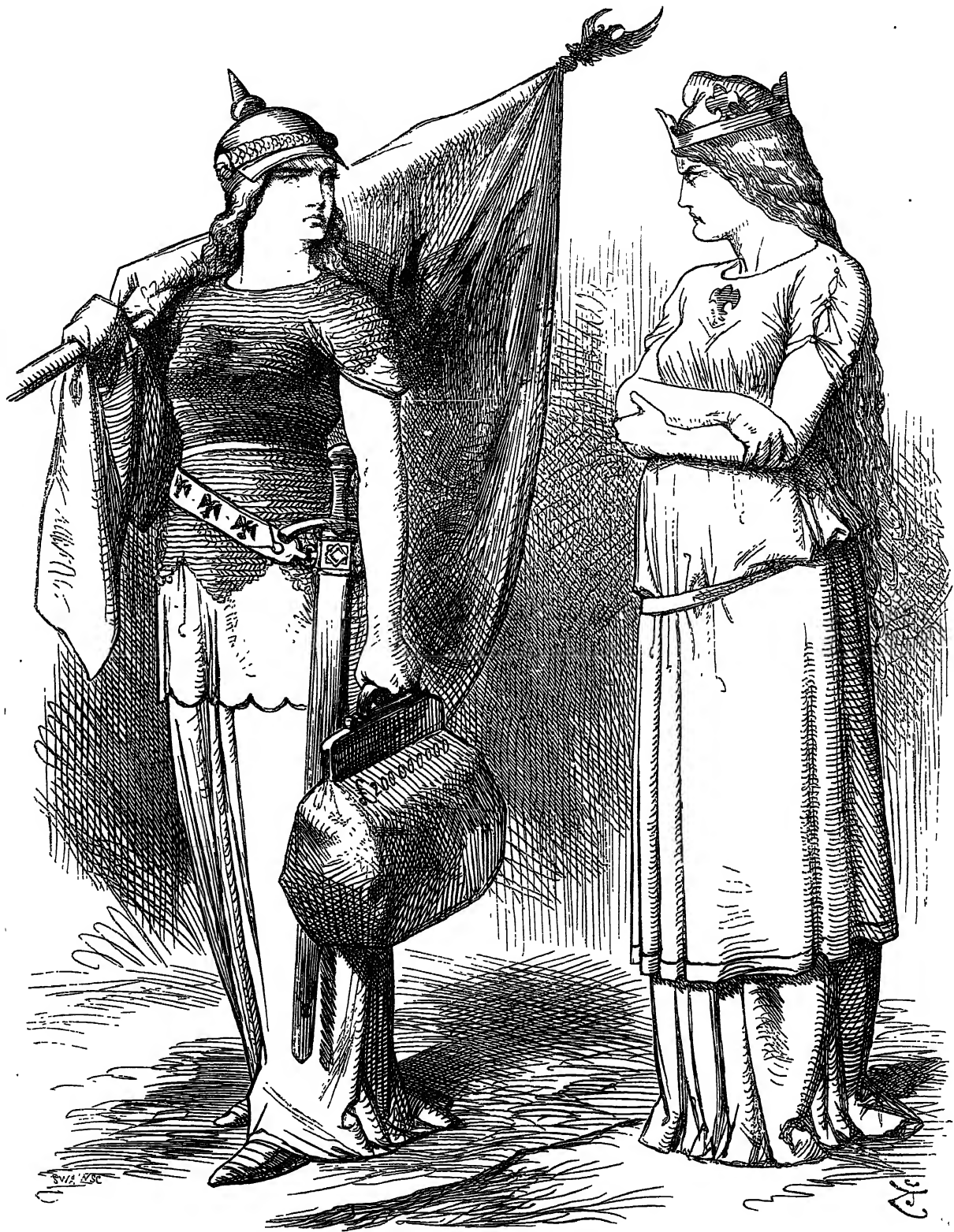
THE man who said that he was so particular about his bacon that he never ventured on a rasher without first seeing the pig, which had supplied it, must have been an Irishman.

### EXPERIMENTAL DISCIPLINE.

GEORGE PILLARD, bricklayer and habitual robber, convicted at the Central Criminal Court for the robbery of a watch, accompanied by the violence of striking the man whom he robbed a tremendous blow behind the ear with a loaded walking-stick, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude and two floggings of twenty lashes each, received flogging number one in Newgate on Saturday morning last week. He bore the punishment without howling, but not perhaps without pain, although with bravado. According to a report of his whipping, "at the end of it he coolly asked to have the remaining twenty lashes given him then and there." He probably knew that the terms of his sentence did not allow this request to be granted. Whether he meant it or not, he was led back to his cell, there to meditate during the next six months on the prospect of the second chastisement which he will receive at the end of that period. Very likely, however, he would rather have had it all over at once; and it is satisfactory to find that judicial physicians have fully discovered the importance, in order to the thoroughly efficacious administration of the lash, so as to affect the feelings of a brutal ruffian as much as possible, of dividing the doses. This arrangement has the further very great advantage that, if the first dose, as in the case of MR. PILLARD, has apparently not produced the desired effect, due care may be taken that a more powerful arm, and an improved cat-o'-nine-tails, shall render the second strong enough.

### Sparkling Suggestion.

THE practice of adulterating tea with iron-filings might, one would think, be easily detected by dipping a magnet of sufficient power into the suspected article. There is a variety of tea which, so adulterated, might, having been confiscated, it has been suggested by an inmate of Earlswood, be utilised instead of being thrown away. His idea is, that as filings of iron are much used in pyrotechny, materials for making fireworks are composed by the mixture of iron-filings and gunpowder.



“AU REVOIR!”

GERMANY. “FAREWELL, MADAME, AND IF——”

FRANCE. “HA! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!”





## SEA-SIDE HINTS.



FIRST thing to do, on arriving, will be to call on the Mayor, Borough-reeve, High Bailiff, Chief Constable, or other the principal Civil authority of the place. He is the proper person to direct you where to apply for lodgings, and, if not able to accompany you himself, will place the Town Crier, or some other Corporation officer, at your disposal. It will be advisable for you to be provided with complete evening costume, that you may be suitably equipped, in the event of the Mayor

asking you to dinner. If the Mayor is not at home, leave a card with your temporary address inscribed upon it in legible characters, that he may know where to return your call—if he pleases. The Crier will expect a small gratuity. Be most particular in your selection of lodgings. Choose a house with clean doorstep, bright knocker, fresh paint, and spotless window blinds and curtains; with a small garden in front, and a large one in the rear, well stocked with wall fruit and vegetables; and with a roomy coach-house (for the perambulators), and stabling for as many horses as you may bring with you. It should have a commanding sea view, taking in the whole range of coast from Puffin Bay to the Great Gorm's Head, be well secured from the wind, close to the Pier and Esplanade, and within convenient reach of the principal country walks and drives. You will, of course, satisfy yourself that the house stands on a gravelly soil; that it is freehold property, and does not smoke; that the drainage, ventilation, spouting, ceilings, gas, and water supply, are all in perfect order; that the servants have been at least two years in their present employment; that the children and domesticated animals (if any) are all quiet, orderly, and honest; and that the religious and political opinions of the landlord (or landlady) are in unison with your own.

Before you come to terms, *which should invariably cover all extras*, ask a few questions as to the previous occupants of the rooms, the age of the furniture, and the character of the neighbours on either side and over the way; and do not conclude the bargain until you have ascertained that the house is furnished with a filter, a fire-escape, an aneroid barometer, and a powerful achromatic telescope suitable both for marine and astronomical observations. You may spend a day or two in search of lodgings possessing all these indispensable requisites, but when you have found them, you will be well rewarded for your pains by the comfort in which you will live during the three weeks or month of your tenancy.

Before you take a single meal in your rooms, send for a chemist and have the water and bread carefully analysed, and test the milk with a lactometer.

The first morning of your occupancy, directly after breakfast, investigate the latitude and longitude of the place where you are staying, its origin, and the etymology of its name, its population, rainfall, geological formation, and staple manufactures, its historical associations—the part it played in the Wars of the Roses, and the side it took in the struggle between CHARLES THE FIRST and the Parliament—its eminent men, the number of its churches, chapels, and schools, and the position it holds in the Registrar-General's Reports, for salubrity and sanitary improvements.

You will, of course, bring with you from home, hampers, and chests, and barrels, containing almost every article of provisions you are likely to require, and these you will take care to keep in your own rooms under your own eye. It will be as well to prepare an inventory (in duplicate) of all these stores, and to check them with it each morning in the presence of the landlady or her deputy. The duplicate your landlady will sign, and retain until your departure. Any provisions remaining unconsumed you will pack up, and take away with you on leaving.

You can, if you choose, pursue an exactly opposite course—use neither lock nor key; put a noble trust in your landlady, and never dispute a single item in her weekly bill; repose a generous confidence in the local tradesmen, give the prices they ask without a protest or a question, institute no disparaging comparisons between their charges and those ruling at Market Harpham, breathe not a word about the benefits and advantages of Co-operative Associations; and go away when your monthly ticket has expired, attended by the blessings and good wishes of all with whom you have had pecuniary dealings.

(N.B. You might try both plans on two different occasions, and note which answered the best.)

A visit to the Sea-side affords an admirable opportunity for the cultivation of the mind. Do not, therefore, waste your time over newspapers, magazines, or novels, but bring with you from your own bookshelves those standard works which you have long wished for leisure to read; or take up some branch of natural history, or perfect yourself in a foreign language. Write long descriptive letters to the absent ones every day, keep a diary and a register of the weather, and post up each morning the minutest items of your expenditure, balancing your accounts continually, that you may be certain you have sufficient money for the time you propose to stay.

When you walk on the beach or the rocks, always be on the look out for rare and beautiful shells, precious stones, choice sea-weeds, curious marine creatures, and any other objects which may illustrate your natural history studies, or form an acceptable addition to your aquarium.

Never omit to satisfy yourself where the wind is, and, if it remains too long E. or N.N.E., make a representation in the proper quarter.

Never stir out without your umbrella.

## WELL-EARNED REPOSE.

THE Government has not chosen to adopt the suggestion of raising MR. CALCRAFT to the Peerage on a retiring pension; and the other day an accident ensued. It is high time that the aged Finisher of the Law was pensioned off, for at his time of life he cannot be expected to go on finishing it with the finish which once distinguished his execution.

Intellectual vigour, however, may survive manual dexterity; and MR. CALCRAFT, if not LORD CALCRAFT, or LORD DE NOOS, or EARL HEMPSTEAD, might easily earn a good income by going about and delivering lectures illustrated with model apparatus; thus ministering to a refined popular taste. Crowds would pay to go and hear him.

Another means by which MR. CALCRAFT could doubtless make money would be the sale of his portrait, photographed in various attitudes and sizes. Very many people would make a point of procuring it. At present there is no photograph of MR. CALCRAFT in any of the shop-windows, although there are not a few sun-drawn pictures of persons on whom the exercise of his office would be a benefit to Society.

But something handsome ought to be done for a public functionary who has been so highly instrumental as MR. CALCRAFT in the elevation of his kind.

## Name and Nature.

THE *City Press*, in a brief account of the Tichborne family, states that it was one of great county influence in Hampshire before the Norman Conquest, and mentions that "the name of Doughty came into the family in 1829 in lieu of Tichborne," and that the two names were finally conjoined as Doughty-Tichborne in 1853. The motto of the Tichborne Arms, according to our Civic contemporary, is *Pugna pro patrâ*. If, as was doubtless the case, the Tichbornes were ever true to their motto, they were always, from the time they began to practise it, and long before the names of Tichborne and Doughty came to be amalgamated, Doughty Tichbornes.

## Teachers at the Tower.

It is well that the Beefeaters are so called for a different reason from that which orthography seems to indicate. The function of the Beefeater does not consist in feeding on beef. If it did, in these days of high-priced butcher's-meat, when eating beef is eating money, the Beefeaters would be very expensive Historians to the Crown.

## TERM OF ENDRAMEMENT.

SYLVIA is now a very rare name. Why? Probably because of its inevitable diminutive. Of course a girl who had been named SYLVIA would be called SILLY.



### "A WOMAN O' BUSINESS."

*Husband (who has been on the Continent, and left his Wife some Blank Cheques). "MY DEAR LOUISA, I FIND YOU HAVE CONSIDERABLY OVERDRAWN AT THE BANK!"*

*Wife. "O, NONSENSE, WILLY, HOW CAN THAT BE? WHY, I'VE TWO OF THOSE BLANK CHEQUES LEFT YET!!"*

### TEAS AND TEASPOONS.

THE convivial gathering, which, instead of a dinner, Dissenters and Teetotallers are accustomed to hold for the purpose of discussion or demonstration, is, in their characteristic phraseology, called "a tea." Does not the term "a tea," thus applied, sound unpleasantly like nonsense? Do you not feel that they might as well say "a coffee?" And why not sometimes meet at "a coffee," too? Coffee is specifically "the sober berry." Further confounding general with particular ideas, and reckless of absurdity, people might talk of "a sugar" or "a milk"? What would anyone, hearing for the first time of "a tea," understand by it? Surely some special description of tea, distinguished in commerce, as Pekoe, or Kaisow, or Assam. "A tea," if you did not know what it meant, would be as indefinite as "a spinach." It is also an ambiguous expression. When two teas and a brandy-and-water, as the waiter said, were getting over the palings, one of the teas was "a tea." Of course the brandy-and-water must have been a great scandal to his honest associates the teas, if they were Teetotallers. In Paris waiters talk of "*un grog anglais*." Accordingly, "a tea" should signify a cup of tea.

The Spiritualists are wont to practise necromancy at what they, too, call "a tea"—and, the other day, according to one of their organs, the Spirits laid "a tea" out for them. Spiritualists appear to share with Teetotallers and Nonconformists the mental condition indicated by habitually speaking and partaking of "a tea." Aversion to Spirits other than ghosts is professed by many Spiritualists; and Spiritualism and Teetotalism are often united.

"A tea," in dissenting and teetotal phraseology, may be said to mean an evening meal of which the fluid portion is tea, and the solids principally consist of bread-and-butter, muffins, crumpets, and cake. The origin of the expression "a tea," in this sense, may be guessed to have been Yankee and feminine. Tea is a drink said to cheer but not inebriate; but "a tea" not uncommonly produces effects more than simply exhilarating. Under the head of "Shirley,"

the *Hampshire Independent* publishes the following piece of local intelligence:—

"GOOD TEMPLARS.—The Ray of Hope Lodge of Good Templars, established at the village hall, purposed having a procession on Tuesday afternoon last, followed by a public tea and meeting; but man proposes and the weather disposes; for the procession did not take place owing to the heavy down-pour of rain. About one hundred sat down to tea, after which, the weather having cleared, a procession of the officers and a few of the Members, in regalia, was formed, headed by the fife and drum band of the Lodge, and paraded the principal streets, returning to the village hall, when addresses on the objects of the Society were delivered by several speakers to a crowded audience, presided over by MR. LUKE. The addresses were interspersed by songs by several Members of the Lodge."

The Good Templars, some of them, did still have their procession—after tea. Ordinary people might make such an exhibition of themselves after brandy-and-water. Who could march about the streets in "regalia," preceded by drums and fifes, for the purpose of proclaiming their personal habits in respect of drinking, sober? Surely the tea of the Teetotallers who commit this sort of extravagance must be very craftily qualified; and the Good Templars may have established a Ray of Hope Lodge; but it is to be feared that there is not even a ray of hope for them at Shirley. If, however, "a tea," unqualified, is sufficient to make some people tipsy, it may be said that teas are the *Agapæ* of milksops.

### The Turf and the Till.

WE are, as a nation, accused by foreigners of worshipping the golden calf. That idolatry is doubtless practised to a great extent in England, but horse-worship also extensively prevails, and the devotees of the golden calf, if as assiduous, are not so enthusiastic as those of the golden colt. There is, however, a daily increasing number of Britons who combine those two objects of veneration, and adore them both.



### INCONVENIENCES OF LODGINGS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

"PLEASE, MISS, HAVE YOU ANY OBJECTION TO 'AVIN' THE WINDOWS OPEN INSTEAD OF THE DOOR, ON ACCOUNT OF THE *PARTYWHATSLEEPSINTHEBACK-PARLOUR'S* DRESSIN'-ROOM BEIN' AT THE TOP O' THE 'OUSE, HE THINKS YOUR DOOR BEING CLOSED WHILE HE'S A GOIN' HUPSTAIRS TO HIS BATH MIGHT BE MORE AGREEABLE BOTH TO YOU AND TO 'IM, MISS!"

### TO THE SCHOOL BOARDS OF ENGLAND.

*Swimming. (Punch in earnest for once.)*

Know, all School Boards, by these presents that, whilst you are squabbling and straw-splitting about Religious Education, English boys are daily being drowned because they cannot swim, and, if this state of things goes on much longer, their deaths will be at your door. And now we will condescend to tell you how to supply this want in boys' Education. In every town certainly, and probably in every large village, where the School Board reigns supreme, a tank of water, twenty yards by ten, can be supplied at no ruinous cost, if nothing better can be had. Take a strip of thick flannel or thin canvas, about a foot broad, cut two holes for the boy's arms to go easily through, and fasten the band loosely but firmly behind the shoulders; tie a cord to the belt about three feet long, and fix the end of the cord to a long, light pole. Peel your boy, and put the harness on him; promise not to duck him, and *keep your word, by all means*, and walk alongside the bath or tank, letting the boy lie on his chest in the water, and you will find that nine boys out of ten will learn to swim alone in three days—if treated with kindness, confidence, and encouragement.

LORD SHAFTESBURY has done incalculable good by having the boys of the Worcester Training-ship made to swim—some of the boys who have gone to Sea having jumped overboard and saved life: and we take off our hats to his Lordship. And to you we repeat the universal reply of F.M. ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, "You have your orders, Gentlemen—execute them." P.

### DIPLOMATIC NONSENSE.

AN Ass, attached to a Legation, goes about saying that the firmest Treaty is no better than a cheese eaten by vermin, when it has been ratified.

### A SELFISH SUGGESTION.

IN for another little war,  
Millions doomed to pay therefor,  
Shall a part again pay all;  
Income-tax payers, large and small?  
Come, ye wealthy sons of toil,  
Rolling in your strike-won spoil,  
Gorged with beef, and wine, and beer,  
Meat and coals who make so dear;  
Come, consumers of champagne,  
Colliers, great as is your gain,  
Ye on whom no taxes fall,  
Whose taxation's optional,  
Great Untaxed, come lend your aid;  
You can pay what must be paid,  
As the *Alabama* claim  
You defrayed, do now the same;  
And this Ashantee war's bore  
Drink us out of, as before.

### A TRIFLE TO TOUCH FRANCE.

ACCORDING to the *Comte Cavour* of Turin, the Italian Government has determined to adopt the Prussian spiked helmet as a head-dress for Generals, in the place of that in use at present. This announcement is likely to create noisy indignation in France; may even procure the Cabinet of Turin a demand for explanations from the French Government. The Italian Minister of War will perhaps explain that the Prussian helmet is adopted, not because it is Prussian, but because it is spiked; that no offence is meant by the spiked helmet to any but the enemies of Italy in action, whom it will enable its wearer, whether a General or a common soldier, to fight more effectually, on occasion, by a new mode of warfare, stooping down, head-foremost, and butting his adversary with the spike in the "bread-basket." Let us hope this explanation will prove satisfactory to the susceptibilities of France.

Guffaw.

"DID you ever," roared OSCAR, addressing RUDOLPH, "hear the *tic douloureux*?" "How!" growled RUDOLPH, "what *tic* do you mean by that?" "Ha, ha!" shouted his associate; "the tick of the Death-watch!"

### HAPPINESS WITH ECONOMY.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD, the other day, in a speech on laying a foundation-stone, took occasion to point out the necessity of meeting high prices by the reduction of personal expenditure. Unfortunately, the necessary reduction of personal expenditure involves, in all particulars except one, the necessary reduction of personal enjoyment—at least, a Briton's. On the other side of the Channel, human nature may appear to superficial observers different from what it is here. The Bishop said that:—

"Those who had been in France had seen that the Frenchman could be as happy with his *eau sucrée* as the Englishman with his champagne."

But a little thought would have convinced them that the equality of happiness they had seen depended on the equality of gratification. If a Frenchman is as happy on *eau sucrée* as an Englishman is on champagne, it is because he likes *eau sucrée* as much as champagne. Happiness arises from, and is directly proportionate to, pleasure, or the hope of pleasure, without pain or the fear of pain; and diminishes exactly as we are obliged to stint ourselves in the enjoyment of good things. The one only particular in which it is possible to retrench with unabated happiness is ostentation; and that retrenchment is possible only for a philosopher, who does not care about appearances, or, if he have any regard for them, can reason himself out of it. But not even a philosopher can reason himself out of delight in wine, or into satisfaction with sugar and water. He may cut down his tailor's bill with equanimity, but, unless he loves Australian meat as much as English, he will grieve in curtailing his butcher's, and will prune his wine-merchant's with sorrow.

FROM BRADFORD.

THE Atomic Theory is understood by Chemists, the Not At-Home-ic Theory by Footmen.





## AN EXAMPLE.

*Old Lady.* "BE CAREFUL WITH MY UMBRELLA, CABMAN; IT'S A PRECIOUS ONE!"

*Cabby (gallantly).* "NOT SO PRECIOUS AS WHAT'S WALKING UNDERNEATH IT, MUM!!"

## A BRAZEN CLANG.

THE trumpet gives out no uncertain sound;  
The trumpeter's head with a mitre is crowned.  
THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS a fanfaronade  
Performs, to blow up, for the POPE, a crusade.

THE POPE, as a Vicar, the Archbishop knows,  
Has no need of soldiers to slaughter his foes;  
The Archiepiscopal war-trump is blown  
For bloodshed to bring back the Pope-King alone.

Mere prayers for the Pontiff exert enough might.  
For his kingdom of this world to rouse men to fight  
Resounds battle-blast; throat of brass utters bray:  
Whilst bold MONSIGNOR GULBERT trumpets away.

## British Manners and Customs.

THE window of a Refreshment Bar and Supper Establishment in Holborn exhibits an announcement of "Fine Welsh Natives, per 1s. 6d. dozen." This, in the minds of foreigners, might raise a suggestion that Great Britain was as one of the Fiji Islands. It carries us back to the prehistoric period when the Howells of the day may be supposed to have banqueted on the Morgans whom they slew in battle with stone axes and arrows; and the Williamses, the Evanses, the Joneses, and the Merediths to have devoured each other in like manner at the same time; about which time the world was created.

## HAUGHTY GIRL!

CECILIA TORRINGTON was perhaps right to discourage JOHN SWAINTON's attentions, for he had but six hundred a year; but she would have shown better taste, if she had treated him in a less supercilious manner.

## MYSTERY OF THE SKY.

"A LOVER OF NATURE" writes to the *Times* stating that PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD detected, in the snow which fell at Stockholm in December, 1871, minute particles of iron; that an English chemist, DR. PHIPSON, had previously collected microscopic iron dust on glycerine exposed to a south-west gale shortly after a November meteor-shower; and that PROFESSOR BAUMHAUER mentions that he also, many years ago, detected grains of iron in the interior of hailstones which fell in Holland. What shall we say to these undeniable facts? That they afford fresh proof that *vates* may mean both bard and seer together—thus, that the line

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower"

was a vaticination of the prophetic soul of GRAY? Or that there is a great deal more than most people suppose in the story of *Jack and the Beanstalk*?

## Rabelaisian.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to inquire the exact meaning of the expression "Pantagruelian Philosophy." The next time he has a very bad cold, and is put upon a diet consisting mainly of "a thin food, made by boiling groats or oatmeal in water," and bears his misfortune with patience and fortitude, he will understand the phrase in all its force, and be entitled to consider himself a "Pantagruelist."

## GOLD AND JEWEL.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, at the head of the expedition against the Ashantees, will doubtless prove himself worthy of his Christian name. A Garnet on the Gold Coast is as a precious stone with setting handy; but in sending our Garnet against those niggers we are risking our gem.



## HYPERBOLE.

*Saxon Sportsman.* "ANY SNIPE ABOUT HERE, MY MAN?"

*Pat.* "SNIPES, IS IT?! FAIX, THEY'RE GINERALLY JOSTLIN' 'ACH OTHER HEREABOUTS!"

## SPIRITS AND FOOLS.

WHAT more than has been already said a thousand times over can be said of the "shocking affair" which, in substance, has happened times out of number, related, as below, by a contemporary, under the heading of "Fatal Foolishness?" Six navvies were assembled at a house in Bettws Garmon, a hamlet near Carnarvon. Their day's work was over, "and they commenced to play" games with each other. Two played at soldiers:—

"One of them, a member of the Carnarvonshire Militia, named CHARLES WILLIAMS, a native of Carnarvon, took up an old gun and began to go through the drill with a companion, who was also a Militiaman. WILLIAMS was ignorant of the fact that the gun was loaded. He cocked it, brought it up to his shoulder, presented it at his comrade's head, took steady aim, and fired. His comrade fell down a corpse, the ball having passed through his head. WILLIAMS voluntarily came on to Carnarvon and delivered himself up to the police."

It may be thought that the foolishness of this kind of act, which fools keep repeating, as the moth and the daddylonglegs repeat that of flying into the candle, cannot possibly be further set forth than it has repeatedly been. Perhaps that is so; but there is a folly in connection with it which, those who are likely to commit, or may be able to prevent at least, have not had so frequently pointed out to them. That is the folly of leaving a gun about loaded, which is conditional to the foolish act of letting it off. A gun could hardly be fired, in foolishness, at a companion by one fool, if it had not been left about loaded by another fool.

The fool who leaves about a loaded gun, and the fool who pulls its trigger, or the trigger of any gun, whether loaded or not, whilst the gun covers anybody whom he does not mean to shoot, are nearly as great fools, one as the other. But the latter of those fools is something worse than a fool; for covering anyone with a gun and drawing the trigger, even knowing it to be unloaded, is shooting that person in idea, and that idea is a vicious and criminal one in itself, and ought, perhaps, in act, to be rendered more punishable than it is.

## COCKFIGHTING AND CRUELTY.

THOUGH dogs delight to bark and bite,  
You must not set them on to fight—  
Which gamecocks also love to do;  
But mind you don't provoke them to,  
Although by Nature they're inclined;  
Or you will be severely fined.

'Tis true they like it; but what then?  
You deem it sport? You cruel men!  
O, how such sport can you enjoy,  
As seeing animals destroy  
Their kind, and one another maim?  
Out on you, wretches! Fie, for shame!

Bets laid on them that you may win,  
You'd have them fight? The more the sin.  
To cruelty you add the vice,  
Which makes it worse, of avarice.  
And then, poor creatures, after all,  
The stakes they suffer for how small!

Our battles are another case;  
The slaughter of the human race:  
The mutilation of our kind.  
But these things must be—never mind.  
We have sufficient reason for  
Our every great or little war.

Battles, wherein men make men bleed,  
Somewhat beat cockfighting, indeed.  
But then there's honour to maintain,  
"Prestige" to keep up or regain,  
Or to be gained, O Christian friends,  
Our Commerce has important ends.

## Below Stairs.

MUCH attention at the present time is being paid to Cookery. This is highly commendable, for whatever the proverb may say, we cannot have too many cooks—of the right sort. The royal road to happiness runs through the kitchen. Who was it that said Man's heart lies in his stomach? Was it BRILLAT-SAVARIN or DR. KITCHENER? But the movement must not go too far—it must not extend to "cooking" accounts.

Fools are now-a-days very sceptical, many of them; otherwise, but that superstition is objectionable, and should not be practised upon even for a good purpose, any who really believe in "Spiritualism" might be deterred, at least from snapping guns supposed to be unloaded, by the suggestion that demons do sometimes load guns that lie in their way in order that fools may shoot people with them in fun. Guns firmly believed to have been discharged before they were put by, are, as a matter of fact, on examination now and then, found to be loaded; and this, probably, has really been the work of evil or idiotic spirits—in the body.

## BRENTFORD THE DIRTY.

To be ashamed of a course is usually a sign that it will be abandoned. Brentford is actually showing shame that it is the dirtiest place in Middlesex. We have hope for Brentford. But it has a pedigree of dirt. SHENSTONE wrote of it—

"As when through Brentford Town, a Town of Mud,  
A herd of bristly swine is pricked along,  
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
Still groan and grunt, and moan their troublous song."

In the remote days of that pleasant Shepherd, Brentford was famed for its mud, and its name suggested a picture of piggishness. It is still dirty. But there are symptoms of reform, and some day the Two Kings may have a cleaner domain, and not find it needful to smell so often at their one nosegay, to get rid of the Neapolitan odours of their unsavoury Capital, and Middlesex's.

## TRIPPLICITY AND UNITY.

VICTOR EMMANUEL apparently has made all square both at Berlin and Vienna. Ultramontane France will perhaps perceive that this means Three to One.

## OUR REVISING BARRISTER.



"All naked were his manly arms, and shaded by his hat,  
Like some old senator of Rome, that simple Archon sat."

He has had a good deal of trouble with some of the claimants of votes, but he flatters himself that he has polished them off handsomely.

*Exempli gratia* (which for the benefit of those dear "self-made men" he translates, "for the sake of example"—it is put thus, "e.g.," for shortness, gentlemen) he transcribes a passage, and a passage at arms, from his note-book.

TIMOTHY JINKS claimed to vote for Marylebone, in respect of a house which he occupies in Skimpole Street, Cavendish Square. He was objected to by both the Liberal and the Conservative agent, and also by the Overseers.

*Mr. Punch.* There seems to be a deal of objection to you, JINKS. How can you be so objectionable?

*Mr. Jinks.* Do you see anything so objectionable about me, Sir?

*Mr. Punch.* Well, if you come to that, I can't say I do. Your hair might be better cut, and that blue cravat with salmon spots is caddish to the last extent, but I do not see that those facts should deprive you of political rights. What is urged against you? Give me the notice.

*Liberal Agent.* To save the Court trouble—

*Mr. Punch.* Sir, I decline to be saved trouble. I sit here to receive trouble, and, to do you justice, you supply me liberally, as a Liberal should, ha! ha! ha! ha! (*Everybody convulsed for ten minutes.*)

*Conservative Agent.* I would withdraw our objection, Sir, if—

*Mr. Punch.* You will withdraw yourself, Sir, if you presume to repeat such an unconvolitional, I mean unconstitutional proposal. You are not going to play fast and loose, nor are you going to blow cold and hot, nor are you going to hold with the hare and run with the hounds.

*Conservative Agent.* Sir, your wisdom is proverbial.

*Mr. Punch.* If you mean that for a scoff, Sir, go to prison for six months with hard labour. If you mean it for a compliment, you're another. Now, get on, get on. I really cannot allow the business of the Court to be delayed in this manner. Remember, we owe a duty to the public, and we should endeavour to proceed with work as rapidly as is compatible with the interests of justice, than which, as CICERO says, in a passage which you may recollect, for I don't, nothing can be more divine. Will you go on? Why do you object to JINKS of the Blue Cravat?

*Liberal Agent.* I fancy I am entitled to speak first, Sir.

*Mr. Punch.* Do you. Then you'll speak last, Sir. Fancies do not become respectable solicitors. Do you know the pretty music, "Tell me where is fancy bred?"

*Liberal Agent.* Yes, Sir, and the answer to the inquiry; namely, "I am not a baker."

*Mr. Punch.* Ha! Very clever, very smart, very new! Excellent! (*Waxes furious.*) How dare you, Sir, insult the Court with such levity? Once more, will you tell me your objection to JINKS of the Salmon Spots?

*Liberal Agent.* You said I was not to speak, Sir.

*Mr. Punch.* Take care, Sir, take care, or you will get into trouble.

*Liberal Agent.* I submit, Sir—

*Mr. Punch.* You had better, Sir, I can tell you. Well?

*Liberal Agent.* The Overseers, in the discharge of their duty, which is—

T

HE Battle of the Constitution is now being fought in the Registration Courts, as the late SIR ROBERT PEEL suggested that it ought to be. *Mr. Punch* has been sitting incessantly, purifying and increasing the Registry. It has been hard work, for the weather has been hot (whatever it may be when this is read), and he has had to imitate the gallant judge who decided between *Silas Farrings* and *Nehemiah Dodge*.

*Mr. Punch.* Do you imagine, Sir, or do you fancy, Sir, as you like the word, that I do not know the duties of an Overseer? Do you think I am not aware that the word means the same as Bishop?

*Liberal Agent.* As a Dissenter, *Mr. Punch*, I protest against any such statement, or any theological allusions, in this Court.

*Mr. Punch.* O, you are a Dissenter, are you? I never saw one before. I have seen an octopus, though, and many other things. Do not suppose I have no general information. I know a deal.

*Conservative Agent.* So do I. It is a sort of wood; likewise distribution of cards at whist, or other games; likewise a town near Dover.

*Mr. Punch.* There's one game, Sir, that you will do well to avoid, and that is trifling with the Court. Now, as this Dissenter, who, all the same, seems to me a most respectable man, and an honour to his chapel, will not tell us about JINKS, perhaps you will be so good. Is the poor man to stand there with a blue cravat and lacerated feelings all day?

*Mr. Jinks.* I am not exactly a poor man, Sir. Men with houses in Skimpole Street are usually rich men. But I forgive you, as you meant well.

*Mr. Punch.* No living man shall forgive me, Sir. How dare you? Take back your forgiveness this moment. I did not mean well. Let well alone. I begin to think that you are objectionable.

*Liberal Agent.* Sir, with your usual perspicacity—

*Mr. Punch (aside).* Don't much like the word—reminds one of perspiration, which is needless. Never mind.

*Liberal Agent.* *Rem acu tetigit!*

*Mr. Punch.* I like to hear HOMER quoted—shows a man is a gentleman. Didn't know that Dissenters were allowed to read HOMER.

*Liberal Agent.* You have discovered, Sir, that MR. JINKS is a humbug. We discovered it a little earlier, and therefore objected to him.

*Mr. Punch.* I am ashamed of you, JINKS. To be a rascal may be an accident—to be a humbug is a crime. To think that this should become a Criminal Court!

*Mr. Jinks.* Ask him why he says so, Sir.

*Mr. Punch.* Don't be dictatorial, JINKS. I won't stand it in a man with a blue cravat. However, I ask the question.

*Liberal Agent.* MR. JINKS was repeatedly and respectfully requested—

*Mr. Punch.* That's the Three R's.

*Liberal Agent.* To say for whom he would vote at the next election. He roughly and rampagiously refused.

*Mr. Punch.* Three more. Three and three make six.

*Liberal Agent.* Your arithmetic is unexceptionable, Sir. Well, Sir, we thought that as his name was a vulgar one, "JINKS," he would naturally think it the aristocratic thing to vote for a Tory, so we objected to him.

*Mr. Punch.* And you?

*Conservative Agent.* We put a similar question; we received a similar answer.

*Mr. Punch.* Or reply? You might as well have said reply, but the moral is the same. Well.

*Conservative Agent.* We thought that, as his name was a vulgar one "JINKS," he would naturally be a vulgarian, and vote for a Radical, so we objected to him.

*Mr. Punch.* And is this the Nineteenth Century?

*Conservative Agent.* I am not on oath, Sir, but, if you ask me my impression, I believe that it is, because the last was the Eighteenth.

*Mr. Punch (smiling).* Now that's a very curious fact, and you reason from it very ingeniously. But I forgot, I was in a rage. I was going to ask, with becoming indignation, whether in the nineteenth century a man could be robbed of his rights because he refused to declare his intentions. (*Aside.* A deuced neat sentence that.)

*Mr. Jinks.* Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! A Daniel come to judgment!

[*Throws up his hat against the ceiling.*]

*Mr. Punch.* JINKS, I suppose you got that hat out of a shop.

*Mr. Jinks.* I did, Sir.

*Mr. Punch.* But, like the nigger, you can't tell the price of it, because the shopkeeper didn't happen to be there just then.

*Mr. Jinks.* Sir, I paid for it.

*Mr. Punch.* Then, Sir, you must be a fool to damage a hat which you have paid for. I happen to know that the Legislature did not intend to confer the franchise on fools. Your name is struck off the list, and now what have the Overseers to say?

*Overseer.* It is not his house at all, Sir, it is his son's.

*Mr. Jinks.* It is taken in his name, but I pay the rent, and he is in Africa.

*Mr. Punch.* Monster! You have sent your son to Africa to be eaten by lions and tigers and missionaries and cassowaries, and you claim a vote in his name. In the whole annals of crime I never read anything so atrocious. Satan—I mean Saturn, devouring his offspring, was the Prodigal Son's father compared to you. Your vote is gone for ever. And I say, JINKS, do you want to let that house in Skimpole Street, because I know a young couple who are looking out, and I dare say we shouldn't quarrel about terms. Come in here.

[*The Court rose for lunch.*]

## COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.



the monkey and other animals, which no doubt corresponded to the intellectual development."

On the address which included this passage its learned reader received the congratulations of DR. CARPENTER, who said that "science ought to be proud of" such experiments as those described in it. This other distinguished physiologist added that—

"He believed, along with DR. FERRIER, that the intellectual faculties of man were in the posterior portion of the brain—a theory directly opposed to phrenology, which placed the animal functions at the back, and the intellectual faculties at the anterior part of the brain."

The *Times* represents DR. CARPENTER as saying that—

"He had long since expressed his disbelief in phrenology in an article that had had the credit of killing the *Phrenological Journal*, which maintained that the animal faculties were placed at the back of the head, and the intellectual at the front."

VERY philosopher, such as DEMOCRITUS, included among the audience of a paper "On the Localisation of the Functions of the Brain," read by DR. FERRIER, in the Anatomical and Physiological Department at the late meeting of the British Association, must have been entertained, if not instructed, by some part at least of what he heard there. According to the *Morning Post*, DR. FERRIER, in the course of narrating a series of well-conducted experiments, which he afterwards, not without reason, said he thought "would ultimately lead to a distinct and scientific phrenology," observed that:—

"The frontal part of the brain was broader and larger in man than in

If DR. CARPENTER killed the *Phrenological Journal* with an article, long ago, he also, by anticipation, killed another bird with the same stone. He killed so much of DR. FERRIER's paper as he contradicted. Of course he killed it without having shot at it. Apparently he did not hear it; or, rather, imagined that he had heard exactly the reverse of it. This is, if correct, remarkable in connection with the circumstance that:—

"DR. GEORGE HARLEY congratulated PROFESSOR FERRIER on the able address he had delivered. He was sure that every one in the room, whether possessed of scientific knowledge or not, had perfectly understood the subject."

So it seems; to judge of everybody by DR. CARPENTER. DR. HARLEY appears to have agreed with DR. CARPENTER as to Phrenology. He observed that, "along with science there had always gone a pseudo-science." As reported in the *Times*, however:—

"DR. BRUNTON alluded to the faculty of will and self-restraint as distinguishing man from the lower animals, and said that this was probably situated in the anterior part of the brain. It was noticeable that criminals, who were deficient in that faculty, possessed only a small portion of brain in the front of the head."

Behold how diametrically doctors differ about the functions of the brain. Are the intellectual faculties in the front and the animal at the back of it, or *vice versa*? That is their little diversity. Along with science, truly, "there has already gone a pseudo-science;" but on which side is the pseudo-science in the case of physiologists who differ from each other, as Big-endians from Little-endians, or as white from black?

Of course DR. CARPENTER's supposition that the intellectual faculties of man are situated in the posterior portion of the brain cannot have been evolved out of his own consciousness. Clairvoyants are said sometimes to see at the back of the head; but DR. CARPENTER, though a man of science, if not pseudo-science, does not appear to be a clairvoyant. It would also seem that the learned Doctor is very far from being a clairaudient, unless either he, or DR. FERRIER, has been misreported.

A physiologist's opinion respecting the relation in which the intellect and the animal feelings lie fore and aft in the brain may perhaps, even if Phrenology is false, depend on the shape of his own head. As to Phrenology, however, suppose it false; still every philosopher has a vigorous faculty, if no organ, of "Comparison." Any such an one must have been able to appreciate, with some amusement, the above-collated differences between doctors.

## JOHN BULL'S REFLECTIONS BEFORE THE ASHANTEE WAR.

KING COFFEE CALCALLI—KING COFFEE CALCALLI!

No doubt you have earned a sound thrashing:  
And, that making a sally, without shilly-shally,  
And rasing Coommassie from out of Prah Valley,  
And your red velvet parasols smashing,  
Would prove quite a godsend to Fantis, Ahantis,  
Nor much source of regret to your subject Ashantees.  
But still I can't feel as much heart as I like  
To feel, when I get up my dander to strike;  
And, if I for war must draw trigger,  
I cannot but wish the war bigger;  
That I'd not to display so much vigour,  
And pay such a very large figure,  
For no more than to wollop a nigger!

Thus, KING COFFEE CALCALLI, although I don't vally  
Your opinion a rush, and our notions don't tally  
Of what's good and what's bad as 'twixt weak folk and  
strong.  
And what rights over black unto white men belong,  
And what duties to whites are due black men among,  
I should like to feel surer that, in my own view,  
All the rights were with me—all the wrongs were with you.  
For even in fighting a nigger,  
One sets to the work with more vigour,  
If one feels that one's cutting a figure,  
Proof 'gainst faction's most keen-sighted rigour,  
And civil's most cynical snigger—  
And, in this case, I've doubts if the two may not rally  
'Gainst JOHN BULL, in support of KING COFFEE CALCALLI!

## TEMPLARS AND MALTESE.

It is announced that the DUKE OF RATIBOR has accepted the Grand Mastership of a separate branch of the Maltese Order of Knights, established on the basis of their original principles, but repudiating extreme opinions. It may be observed that the Maltese Knights are not only not to be confounded with the Templars, to whom they were akin, but that they are particularly to be distinguished from those later Templars who, comparatively to their predecessors, perhaps, if not to mankind in general, call themselves "Good." The Good Templars appear not to be concerned about Ultramontane principles, further than these may be involved in respect of Mountain Dew. They evidently have nothing in common with the Maltese Knights; and they differ from them in nothing more than in being very inimical to malt, considered as an ingredient in beer, which they vilify with the appellation of an "intoxicating fluid," though the epithet they have arrogated appears to indicate that they think no small bear of themselves.

## Gaudeamus Igitur.

OUR friend the *Standard* begins an article on Spain with the words, "Anybody, that great Conservative Statesman," and so on. May we express our humble but heartfelt joy at hearing that anybody is a great Conservative Statesman? It is news, but good news, in the present state of parties.

## AN ACHIEVEMENT.

MR. BELLOWES, according to the *Times'* Critic, has produced a French Dictionary, within pocket compass, so perfect, that there is no pretext for the cry, "Bellows to mend!" This is an achievement, which may well take the wind out of any successor to BELLOWES!





## THE SKETCHING SEASON.

*First Tourist (to Party asleep).* "DO YOU MIND THESE SHEEP, MY GOOD MAN?"

*Second Ditto (raising his Head).* "EH? O, DEAR, NO, I DON'T MIND 'EM! DON'T MOVE 'EM ON MY ACCOUNT." [Goes to sleep again.]

*First Ditto (aside—making off).* "STODGE OF NEWMAN STREET, BY JINGO! 'XTREMELY AWKWARD! DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS DOWN HERE!"

## "THE NEWEST GRIEF!"

LICKINGS to lickings still succeed;

On Renfrewshire comes Dover:  
If Bath and Taunton follow lead,  
We well may cry, "All's over!"  
Our day is past—our die is cast:  
We're shunted, shivered, shattered:  
Our popularity o'er-cast,  
Our fighting forces scattered!

'Tis hard to look facts in the face,  
When they are so unpleasant;  
Hard, the five-years'-since-past to place  
In contrast with the present:  
But harder still, when, to deny  
Conservative Reaction,  
Is to admit that Lowe and I  
Have not giv'n satisfaction.

Hardest of all to feel the shot  
That bowls our Generals over,  
Comes from our own ranks, oft as not,  
With ballot-box for cover:  
That those who used to hoist our flag,  
Forget its place in story;  
Till Liberal wishes for the drag  
Are quite as strong as Tory.

Is it that Red Republic's tricks,  
And Yankee revelations,  
Lead BULL the "most advanced" to fix  
As the "least favoured" nations?  
Is it that Unions, workmen-led,  
Don't go to prepossess him,  
For the time, when, hand over head,  
King Mob comes to redress him?

Is it that, looking round the world,  
Of chequered lots, means, rank, full,  
His wings of aspiration furled,  
He sighs, "Rest and be thankful;"  
Doubts promise all too bright to last,  
Whistles too dearly paid for;  
If progress may not be too fast,  
And slows should not be stayed for.

Is it that, starting, all abreast  
A burst of "burning" questions,  
BULL and BRITANNIA I've o'er-prest,  
And o'er-taxed their digestions:  
That Irish hates by boons increased,  
I've got myself more trouble in;  
Have Parson lost, yet not gained Priest,  
Snubbed Derry, nor won Dublin.

Is't that I've not held high our flag  
To "Rule BRITANNIA's" thunder?  
When others played the game of "brag,"  
Have rather knuckled under?  
Have let Old England, fighting shy,  
Down in the scale of nations,  
And baked JOHN BULL more humble pie  
Than he could eat with patience?

Or that I've kept, for little wars,  
The pluck that big ones frightened;  
And through my very fear of jars  
The danger of them heightened?  
Have sent the Army to Old Boots,  
In new ways while inducting it:  
And by short service scared recruits,  
By way of reconstructing it?

Or that I've not shown game enough,  
With licensed wittlers clashing?  
That AYRTON's tongue has been too rough,  
Or BOB LOWE's shears too slashing?  
In short, is't for good deeds or bad,  
Sins of o— or com-mission,  
That the *Pall Mall* with me is mad,  
BULL in such ill-condition?

Or is it but the destined end  
Of too much praise to start with:  
The recoil-kick of candid friend,  
That for our good we smart with?  
Is it that I have been too just,  
Till men's respect o'er-tried is,  
And votes me out, in sheer disgust  
As it did ARISTIDES?

In any case, whate'er the cause,  
The end comes near and nearer—  
The closer Dissolution draws,  
My vision waxes clearer:  
Tory Reaction let it be,  
Or Liberal Defalcation,  
May Parliament's "Good bye!" to me  
Be "Good speed!" to the nation.

Well, stand or fall, I've held the right  
'Gainst blunder and defection;  
The captain who falls front to fight,  
May hope for resurrection.  
So, with hand on the helm of State,  
Steel-clad, sword-drawn, sedately,  
Viking-like, I will meet my fate,  
Up-standing, stern, and stately!



## “THE NEWEST GRIEF!”

MR. GLADSTONE. “ANOTHER DEFEAT, CARDWELL!”

MR. CARDWELL. “AH, YES!—YOU MEAN ON THE GOLD COAST, AT CHAMAH?”

MR. GLADSTONE. “NO, SIR, I MEAN ON THE SOUTH COAST, AT *DOVER*!”



## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*Reports himself after a brief Vacation.*

ES, Sir, for once and away—I add “and away” because I have just returned from the Continent—I must claim to represent myself. Myself *en vacance*—myself in the enjoyment of a short, alas! too short, vacation. I travelled with my second step-grandmother (my grandfather—Heaven rest him!—having married thrice, and left his last and youngest to bless his memory), and a well-informed friend, who said before we started that he had long ago visited the places where we intended going, knew them all by heart, and could give us every possible information. Wasn't he to be a very useful person? Wouldn't anyone have taken him on such a recommendation (his own)? No matter what you, Sir, would or would not have done

in a similar position, we did—we embraced him, *Ma belle Grand-mère la deuxième, et moi*—we embraced him with effusion, considered that we had a treasure, and consulted him as to the future of our route.

Our united ages amounted to—but this is unimportant, as we were more than half-price on every line, and a child's ticket was out of the question, though in *La belle Grand's* case it was at first worth consideration.

Sir, when I travel, I travel with an object. I do not allude to either of my companions, in making the above statement. One object was, to compare great things with small—to compare, *i. e.*, the hotel bills of England—of merry England—with those of France, where live “our lively neighbours.” Another object was to note down the simplest, most effective, prettiest, and most satisfying-at-the-price dishes, and learn something in addition to the knowledge of economising resources which I have already, in times past, gained from a close observance of many a Continental *table d'hôte*.

I chose Brittany.

I had been there and still would go.

Rule BRITANNIA! *Les Bretons ne seront jamais esclaves!!* I understand, now, what this means. It never did apply to us modern Britons, but to the ancient and present Bretons, and observe Breton in the masculine, for the Bretonne is in quite another pair of *sabots*. The Bretonne will always be a slave, if she goes on as she is now, while the brave Breton will be her master.

Who carries the large umbrella, the baskets, the wood, the sacks? The Bretonne.

Who rides the donkey, and smokes his pipe leisurely? The Breton.

Who toils in the field, cooks the dinner, and waits at table? The Bretonne.

Who strolls out to see that his wife and daughters are well employed, and then strolls back again with an appetite for dinner? The Breton.

If the cosmopolitan traveller, who would do in Rome as the Romans do, will insist on doing in Brittany as the Bretons do, then if he has the good fortune to be travelling with his aunt, wife, daughter, or grandmother, let him at once in fine weather, load her with his Ulster coat, his umbrella, his rugs, his stick, his carpet-bag, while he himself can lounge along the road with a cigar in his mouth, and a light, joyous heart in his bosom.

I pointed this out to my elderly relative, and rather than run the risk of being burdened *à la mode de Bretagne*, she willingly paid for *voitures* to wherever we wanted to go. The Ulsters and carpet-bags were, as it were, hung in *terrorem* over her head. She was *Mrs. DAMOCLES* out for a holiday.

Though my object was, as already stated, to mark prices and dishes, yet did I not think it necessary to invest in a “Cook.” The travelling tickets issued by this remarkable and energetic creation of the nineteenth century tend to inundate the Continent with a flood of omnivorous tourists, and, by consequence, tend to raise the prices everywhere, and to Anglicise the hotel dinners; so that there may be at last a second application of the old proverb, that “Too many Cooks spoil the broth.” Such, Sir, is my own personal and private opinion; I may be wrong; I often am when representing myself, as on this occasion.

Brittany, however, is still comparatively unknown to English tourists, though familiar to all Jersey men, who find themselves usually as much at home at such an out-of-the-way place as St. Quai as they would be among the *patois*-speaking children on the rocks off Sorel Point in their own picturesque island.

At Dinan, however, there has been for a long time an English Colony and an English Club, but these “*Insulaires*” (as the guide books call them) have not caused any perceptible alteration in the habits and customs of the inhabitants.

But to the point of this little tour. How comes it that, in such French towns as will find their equivalents in Chichester, Winchester, and in most of our Cathedral and market towns in this country, I can have my bed-room (so furnished as to serve for a sitting-room) on the first-floor, and a better—far better—breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, with “ordinary wine,” and coffee afterwards, for seven shillings a day, at the most, and I can't get off in England under, at least, twice that sum, *per diem*, paid for a gross monotony of roast beef, boiled beef, strong gravy soup, fried soles, chops and Worcester Sauce, boiled eggs, ham and eggs, thick coffee, and adulterated tea?

And then, in country towns, where could I take my Grandmother to dine? At a farmers' ordinary? Can I take her to any haphazard coffee-room, with its dingy, fly-stained paper, its heavy-looking tables, its sepulchral smell, and its chance rough-and-ready customers? No, a private room is forced upon me. I can't help it, I must have it, and must pay for it.

How many delicious, inexpensive, tasty courses did we not get at the Hôtel de France at Dol-de-Bretagne? How many? I do not know—I stopped counting at number seven, when I was *au bout de mes forces*.

For the benefit of intending tourists, let your own carpet-bagman recommend this Hôtel de France at Dol, kept by *MADAME RAVEAUD*, most amiable and charming of hostesses. Here my step-grandmother had a room in which she could have given a ball had she been so minded, with four windows commanding good look-outs, and altogether of a cleanliness which really ran godliness uncommonly hard. This chamber was two francs a day: first floor, mind, only one-and-eightpence. At an English hotel, similarly situated, for less accommodation I have paid nearly three times the sum.

I find on my arrival in England that *Mrs. KING* at the British Association Meeting has been trying to induce us to combine our resources and our sauces, live in one happy family, and attend more carefully to the kitchen economy. Bless her heart! we needn't live as “one harmonious whole” in order to arrive at a *consommé* “devoutly to be wished.”

Let every lady when travelling note down certain dishes, find out how they are made, and establish her own private cookery-book. A franc here and there will be well spent in acquiring this knowledge. This is the advice of one who has done it, and is always doing it. A combinational table is the result, that is, you have the pick of all countries, and if, *Madame*, you will only see to it yourself, and not confide in even the “most trustworthy person in the world” (nearly every household is blighted by one of these “inestimable treasures”), you may depend upon it that the result will be, as the toasts phrase it, “your health and happiness.”

For the present I am, Sir,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I'll drop you another line on this topic of the day.

## To a Correspondent.

If your edition of POPE gives the line in the *Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot* as you quote it—

“Bear, like the Turk, no bother near the throne,”

either you are entitled to the credit of having discovered a new and curious reading, or a letter must have dropped out in the last word but three.

## NEW BOOKS.

*How to Dress on Fifteen Pounds a Year as a Lady.* By a Lady. In the Press, shortly to be published, uniform with the above—*How to Dress on Nothing a Year as a Kafir.* By a Kafir.





### A WONDERFUL CURE.

FANNY FEELS SO MUCH BETTER SINCE SHE HAS TAKEN THE WATER AT SPOONSWELL, THAT SHE GOES REGULARLY TWICE A WEEK, EVEN ON WET MORNINGS.—(N.B. BOB BRABAZON'S FEELINGS EXACTLY CORRESPOND.)

## ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

### LATEST TELEGRAMS.

*From Our Own Correspondents.*

### FOLKESTONE.

BOAT arrived about the usual time. To the discontent of the fashionable visitors, whose one excitement is to come down and laugh at the afflicted passengers, only two persons were very ill, and one of these, an old lady, retained strength enough to bonnet a playful youth who made a jeering remark about her. A meeting is to be called at the Town Hall to consider how such an outrage, by a stranger, ought to be punished. Serious quarrel on beach, on account of a lady having occupied a bathing machine an hour and a quarter, but adjusted on her explaining that she had not been bathing, but watching another lady—on shore. Much sympathy for her expressed by the married population, less by the single. Numbers went off to see the Martello tower blown up, and great disgust felt at the cowardly conduct of the railway people, who refused to risk the destruction of a train by bringing down combustibles.

### BRIGHTON.

Cramped, but nothing to what is expected shortly. Lobsters in the Aquarium much annoyed by the persistent conduct of excursionists, who batter the glass with umbrellas. Seventeen bands all playing at once on the Parade, nigger minstrels, organists, and vocalists aiding to promote the repose sought by jaded visitors. Report that a really fine cigar can be purchased in the town, but wants confirmation, and is discredited by the oldest inhabitant. Prawns uncommonly good to-day. Eighteen hundred and sixty-four persons sat for photographs between 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. MR. DISRAELI at the Bedford. Usual politeness of Britons displayed in bringing opera-glasses and small telescopes to bear upon his supposed window. Rather less paint than usual on Parade.

### BATH.

In consequence of the report that if the Liberals should be beaten at Bath, the general election would take place in November, the leaders of party on each side met, under a flag of truce, to consider whether it would be better to fight, or to make things pleasant. It was resolved that nothing ought ever to be made pleasant in Bath, and a fight was determined on. A miracle was wrought at the hot bath. A Catholic lady's watch fell in, and when recovered was found to be going, which had not been the case for a year. The Catholics say that this is due to the consecration of the waters by St. Odoacer; the Protestants allege that the hot water melted the oil, and released the clogged wheels. Sermons, each way, will be preached on Sunday.

### YORK.

The old place is still haunted by little Mayors, but the big ones have left. The Yorkshiremen audibly wonder at the smallness of the picked specimens of municipality, but one Tyke who was too critical received from a stalwart South-country Town Clerk a repartee between the eyes, and admitted, when he got up, that he had better have held his tongue. The scramble at the refreshment station is as delightful as ever, and numbers of ladies and children went starving to the north, having been utterly unable to make their way through the crowd of burly and selfish excursionists.

### SCARBOROUGH.

A lady who used to be considered the leader of dress here, having been in the habit of appearing in five different costumes daily, has been entirely snuffed out by another lady, who changes her dress eight times, and "wondered who that dowdy thing was that came out after lunch exactly as she was dressed before it." A retort, which we will not at present repeat, occasioned what promised to be a disagreeable interview between male friends of each party, but on its being ascertained that both were simply advertising certain millinery establishments, friendly feelings and a champagne lunch ensued.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN."

STUDY OF A FRENCHMAN AND A GERMAN ON BOARD THE BOULOGNE BOAT.

#### WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

We regret to say that a collision between two British matrons has occurred here, in consequence of one having accused the other of surreptitiously obtaining (through a servant) Miss BRADDON'S last novel from the lodgings of the aggrieved party before she had done with it. Very sensational language was freely used on both sides, and it is thought that the gentlemen of the long robe will find increased employment in consequence.

#### RAMSGATE.

A painful affair has taken place here. A gentleman whose London residence is not a hundred miles from the New Road, went down to Ramsgate to join his wife, who had been lodging there some days. Having omitted to notify his intention, he found that his wife had gone out on an excursion with some friends, and that no dinner had been ordered. He flew into a natural fury, left on the table a card stating that they would meet no more, broke several looking-glasses, and a Parian statuette of Patience, and went to Margate, where he became so intoxicated from grief and other causes, that he was locked up for the night. He will be brought before the Magistrates to-day. His unoffending but penitent wife returned to the scene of the catastrophe, merely observed "Just like him," gave his London address to her landlady, and ordered pickled salmon for supper. This shows that the frightful shock had affected her mind, as the article is not in season.

#### EVERYWHERE.

A railway accident took place near here, last night. We have not heard the particulars, but great damage was done, and in applying for information the officials invited us to visit a district which we shall not more clearly describe than by saying that it furnished the greatest of Italian poets with the theme of the most effective portion of his trilogy. It is needless to say that the invitation was declined.

A REAL CENTENARIAN.—The Aloe.

#### TIPPLERS' TAXES.

LET us drink, and pay our share  
Of the taxes, O my friends!  
Partial burdens are unfair:  
Topping, let us make amends.

Doctors, lawyers, artists, clerks,  
Income-tax on earnings pay,  
We go free, as blithe as larks  
Carolling at dawn of day.

If we drank not as we do,  
They'd be forced yet more to pay;  
But, through drink, the Revenue,  
In a measure, we defray.

When a tax the Gatherer screws  
Out direct, for him who pays,  
'Tis as pain a tooth to lose,  
Which no chloroform allays.

Paying whilst you drain the pot,  
Or enjoy the sparkling glass,  
Is as having, feeling not,  
Teeth drawn under laughing gas.

Some at we, in every cup,  
Poorer better classes spare;  
Therefore let us liquor up,  
And their burdens help to bear.

#### Nautical Intelligence.

THE Admiralty has issued a Circular warning those whom it may concern that marriages heretofore wont to be performed on board Her Majesty's Ships, on foreign stations, by the commanding officer—no chaplain or consul being in the neighbourhood—have been declared not valid by the law officers of the Crown, and directing that no marriage shall in future be solemnised on board a Queen's Ship by the commanding officer. In a British man-of-war, therefore, except by a parson, or consular authority, for the future, no more couples, but ropes only, are to be spliced.

#### MICHAELMAS "GEESE."

Those who are taken in by puffing advertisements.  
Those who demand *encores* at concerts and other musical entertainments.

Those who turn up their noses at Australian meat.  
Those who believe that the alcoholic fluid they buy at eighteen-pence a bottle is sherry.

Those who take a railway journey without insuring their lives.  
Those who eat and drink what they know will disagree with them.

Those who wear a high black hat when they have the chance of being comfortable in a low white one.

Those who drink green tea.

Those who paint—themselves.

Those who persist in giving fees and gratuities at theatres where they are strictly forbidden.

Those who encourage street beggars, street minstrels, street mountebanks, and street organists.

Those who fancy that with a little care they can live as cheaply at the sea-side as at home.

Those who imagine that coals, meat, and other luxuries will ever again be reasonable in price.

Those who wear thin boots in wet weather.

Those who enter into conversation with strangers in the streets of London.

Those who lend umbrellas.

Those who look to see how a novel is going to end, before they are half-way through the first volume.

Those who propose without feeling sure that they will be accepted.

Those who believe that they shall live to see the New Law Courts finished, Leicester Square beautified, Temple Bar removed, Vestrydom abolished, London properly governed, and the streets kept clean in winter.

THE GOOD TEMPLAR'S GROC.—Animal spirits and water.



## OUR RESERVES.

(AUXILIARY FORCES, NORTH OF IRELAND.)

*Last Joined Supernumerary.* "NOW, THEN, SENTRY, WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE YOUR OFFICER?"*Militia Sentry (old Yankee Irish Veteran, who has been through the "Secesh" War).* "SALUTE, IS IT? DIVEL A SALUTE YOU'LL GET ONTILL YE PAY YER FUTTIN'!!"

## UBI PRUDENTIA.

"NAY, nay, dearest ALFRED," said CLARA so sweet,

"I cannot adopt your suggestion,  
'Tis charming to see such a duck at one's feet,  
But marriage is out of the question.""I've promised SIR PETER; he's three times my age,  
Rather grumpy, and awfully yellow;  
But his book at his banker's—he showed me a page—  
Were it yours, you dear penniless fellow!""Now please not to scowl, but behave as you should:  
The chances of life are all reckoned:  
When anything happens to him, if you're good,  
Come and ask me to make you my second."

## Theatrical.

THE Adelphi Theatre to let, for a term of years!! Shades of Maiden Lane, is it possible! Shades of REEVE, O. SMITH, WRIGHT, and PAUL BEDFORD, can such things be! Yes, and MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER is going a-starring in the provinces. He quits town, bids adieu to the Adelphi, but seeks the country, so that he may be once more happy among *The Willow Copse*, *The Hop-Pickers*, and *The Green Bushes*. Well, "we used to was, didn't we, JACK?" "I believe you, my b-o-o-oy!" *Eceunt Omnes.*

## TO MUSICAL CORRESPONDENTS.

No: all wrong. The *Cors de Chasse*, at M. RIVIÈRE's Concert, are not performed on by Chiroprudists, nor does it mean that the *Cors* in question have arisen from going out to the *Chasse* in tight boots.

## THE NEW SOLICITOR.

MR. HENRY JAMES is the new Solicitor General. One of that gentleman's warmest admirers, *Mr. Punch*, heartily gratulates him, the Ministry, and the nation, on the appointment. He trusts, also, that MR. JAMES's seat at Taunton is safe, as after a dose of Dover's powder, a dose of James's powder might not do the Cabinet much good. *Mr. Punch* has always predicted the new Solicitor's rise, and some years ago quoted, with accustomed felicity, an improved passage from SIR WALTER SCOTT. When asked to mention some lawyers who ought to be promoted—

"*Punch* thundered forth a roll of names:  
The first was thine, O HENRY JAMES!"

## Down on the Nail.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph announces a—

"STRIKE OF NAIL-MAKERS.—At a meeting at Bromsgrove yesterday of operative nail-makers, it was resolved to strike at once for an advance of ten per cent. It is expected a similar strike will take place in the Dudley district."

The nail-makers are singularly late in contracting the contagion so long rife amongst our flesh and blood who constitute the Striking Classes. Nail-makers have hitherto not been known to be concerned in any strike beyond hammering nails. In nescience of the merits of their case, we can only say we wish they may not find that they have struck the wrong nail on the head.

## NEWS FOR ARTISTS AND AMATEURS.

A GENUINE Murillo is now on view. For cards, apply at the Admiralty.



### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Madge.* "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO SORRY ABOUT, ARTHUR?"

*Arthur.* "MULTIPLICATION!"

*Madge.* "O, I KNOW ALL ABOUT MULTIPLICATION!"

*Arthur.* "DO YOU? WHAT'S TWICE TEN, THEN?"

*Madge.* "O, TWENTY-ONE, OF COURSE!"

*Arthur.* "NO, IT'S NOT! IT'S ONLY TWENTY!"

*Madge.* "AH, BUT EVERYTHING'S RIZ, YOU KNOW!"

### STRONG-MINDED SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THERE are two subjects in connection with the Rights of Women, and their interests, which might have been discussed by the Social Science Congress, but have not.

Next year, perhaps, these omissions will be supplied; unless Progress shall have anticipated the Reforms which have failed to be advocated.

A paper then will, otherwise, perhaps, be read, urging the necessity for the enactment of a Permissive Prohibitory Marriage Bill, to limit the number of churches and other places licensed in any district for the celebration or performance of matrimony. In this essay will be pointed out and demonstrated the right of women to be protected from their own weakness, which makes them consent to be reduced to matrimonial slavery. Attention will also be directed to the need of a measure tending to limit the continually increasing population, which makes life less pleasant and more expensive every day, and will, if not checked, make Posterity so numerous as to be a burden to itself.

An address will, perhaps, also be delivered by a lady endowed with superior strength of mind, suggesting the expediency of extending Woman's mission by employing women, willing and able to officiate, in the capacity of executioner. For this step in the direction of Progress might be advanced the argument that a task, in which all gentleness consistent with efficiency is desirable, would be wisely intrusted to the gentler sex. An additional suggestion that could be made is that in pursuance of analogy, which couples the opposite sexes in the antagonistic relation of marriage and that of dancing, Mr. KETCH should have his ministrations limited to female offenders, whilst the feminine Finisher of the Law should be appointed to finish it upon good-for-nothing men.

### Damages for Damages.

To the Wild Irishman and the Flying Scotchman hath come the grief so often and so patiently endured by the Tame Englishman. Let us hope that justice will be served out hot by the Avenging Juryman.

### LYRIC FOR LORD LUSK.

He's the Coming Lord Mayor,  
And he cometh from where  
Flow the Clyde, and the Spey, and the Usk;  
Let's strike up a song,  
To a tune on the gong,  
In praise of brave ALDERMAN LUSK.

He says he's "thick-skinned,"  
But he shall not be pinned  
To a word that's as rough as a husk.  
He means he don't mind  
Any joke, free and kind,  
So here's one for ALDERMAN LUSK.

If he asks us to dine,  
We will eat and will wine,  
Till there's pressure on waistcoat and busk;  
And My Lord's Loving Cup  
Punch and Dame will suck up,  
To the health of his Lordship, bold LUSK.

We'll come dressed very swell,  
And emitting a smell  
Of patchouli, otto, and musk;  
Or less old-fashioned scent  
On our wipes will be spent  
For our banquet with excellent LUSK.

But his life's not all glee;  
He must sit, don't you see,  
From ten in the morning till dusk,  
And serve justice out, hot,  
To knave, blockhead, and sot:  
No sinecure, eh, jolly LUSK?

He'll detect lies and crams.  
Into bubbles and shams  
He'll run, let us hope, a keen tusk;  
And swindlers, who go  
For a "Limited Co.,"  
He'll limit to Quod, the stern LUSK.

And now, noble friend,  
This soft lyric must end,  
Our throat is as dry as a rusk;  
So, "Hip, hip, hooray!"  
Is the last we shall say  
For the present, *in re* ANDREW LUSK.

### TRAGI-COMIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FOREIGN Gentleman the other day committed a rash act in an hotel at an English watering-place. He left behind him a scrap of paper whereon were traced the following words:—

"I have been drugged last night in my drink. I am disconsol. I am rob all mon l'argent and mon watch d'or. I take my life deliberate."

The newspaper paragraph which contains the foregoing inscription is headed "Tragical Death." Every instance of death is of course an event more or less tragical; but to render that epithet peculiarly apposite in any particular case, that case ought, one thinks, to be a case in which any peculiarity savouring of antithesis to tragedy is not very conspicuous. Broken English, interlarded with French, produces an effect which can hardly, in any circumstances, be regarded as other than comical.

### Tunnel under the Sea.

(From a Correspondent.)

THEY'VE advanced a step in this matter, I am glad to read, though I don't know who "they" may mean. But shall we ever go to Boulogne from Folkestone by a Tunnel? O happy day! But tell that to the Sub-Marines. I will subscribe willingly to it as a Season ticket-holder, for being afraid to cross by boat, I am always *habitans in sacco*. But, on board, I'm more *habitans in sicko* than ever. Hurry 'em up and oblige.

COMMUNICATED.—A "Home Ruler"—My Wife.



## ANTAGONISM IN EXCELSIS.

To the Editor of the Times.



OW SIR!

In a leading article, the other day, you were good enough to say, "*The whole nature of a woman, at least of ninety-nine women out of a hundred, is antagonistic.*"

Having informed my husband—not, of course, that I am obliged to give him an account of what letters I send—that I should address a remonstrance to the papers on this subject, he told me that I ought to write to the paper in which the observation appeared. I shall do nothing of the kind. I believe that—slave as a woman is—I am at least free to select my organ of publication. I choose to write to *Punch*, and I do.

The statement in your article is perfectly untrue. The whole nature of a woman is to be absolutely, if not abjectly, submissive. When I am not interfered with, no person can be more conciliating; that is to say, if I am allowed my own way, because it is right that I should have it. If I am meanly agreed with only because I belong to what is called the weaker sex, or to keep me quiet, things are different. I scorn to be treated like a child, and I refuse to have my own way, if it is to be given me for any other reason than because it is my right.

"Antagonistic," indeed! The word sounds imposing, but it means that a woman does not choose to be put upon. I hope that she never will choose. Even the Marriage Service, written by men for men (I am sure they thought little enough of women) declares that a woman is to be honoured. Is it honouring her to trample her under your feet, to laugh at her arguments, and to refuse compliance with her wishes? Yes, I dare say that some men are base enough to say that it is. But no such insult is permitted in the house in which I am the head.

Mrs. KING's nonsense about servants being ill-treated, and her proposal that they should have more liberty, and be relieved by relays, is such utter idiocy that I have no patience—and yet I am a patient person—to argue against it. Likely that I would give my orders to some JANE in the morning, and find that she had conveyed them to some SARAH in the afternoon, that JANE might go trapesing out with CORPORAL SPONGE, of the Artillery, and that SARAH might excuse her blunders by saying—which of course would be a falsehood—that she had not understood what I wished! As to servants being ill-treated, they are treated a great deal too well, and there ought to be a separate police-magistrate—a female one would be the best—who should hear the complaints of mistresses, and have power to punish idle, impertinent, or overdressed menials properly.

But that is only a part of the ridiculous stuff talked at the precious Social Congress. (Socialism, by the way, was no word for a lady or gentleman to use when I was younger; not that I am old.) It is proposed that families should live in common—very common—and that one staff of servants should attend to a whole group of employers. That is, a married woman is to give up her establishment, and live in an hotel, which would be sure to be a bad one, because nobody would have command. My husband has his faults, many, and he knows them, or if he does not, it is not because I have failed in my duty to point them out to him, but I will do him the justice to say that he would never dare to make such a proposal to me. I married into a house which is not what he could have afforded to give me, and which is one he should have had too much pride to live in so long, but still it is my own house. If I thought he could for a moment meditate such a plan as Mrs. KING's, the proposition for a change should not have to come from him, but the change would be of a very different kind. I should demand a separate income, and should retire to the society of my dear mother, whose many weaknesses and absurdities I should overlook in consideration of our relationship, and of her affording me an asylum from tyranny.

Whether women, that is, ladies, could live together in the way proposed, is not worth arguing, because no lady would listen to the idea. But if such an arrangement were possible—which it is not—it is certainly not to the "antagonistic" nature of women that the certain failure should be laid. It is probable that we should have our differences, and I, for one, should not conceal my opinions, if I thought that there was any disposition to meanness in housekeeping; if the hours of meals were ill regulated; if children (I do not happen to have any) were permitted too much prominence in the establishment; if persons to whom I objected were introduced as visitors, or guests; if offensive remarks were made on any friends of my own, or upon my dress, amusements, or reading. I should resent the perpetual encouragement of young men in order to secure them as husbands for any girls in the place, and flirtations would not escape my censure, whether they were carried on by single or by married persons. I should decline to sanction any political discussions, unless in the tone of good society, and I should entirely refuse to countenance any theological conversation that opposed itself to the teachings of the Church Catechism. I should not expect any gentleman to take the licence which I deny to my husband, and to pollute the atmosphere with smoke. I should emphatically protest against any festivities, or increased hospitalities on the Sabbath. If I thought that other ladies were indulging in extravagance in costume, or in frivolity, as a Christian woman I should feel it my privilege to warn them against sinful error. Other matters on which I might think it right to assert my own judgment might arise, and if they did, I certainly should assert it. But I deny that I should be "antagonistic," and I protest against your launching a word which will become a cant phrase with the thoughtless and the worldly.

Wishing you a better frame of mind, I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Clapham.

PRISCILLA BOADICEA BROWNRIFF.

P.S.—To attack women without offering them an opportunity of answering is cowardly; that is, manly.

## THE JOLLY PILGRIMS.

A COMMITTEE has been established in France for the organisation of Pilgrimages. Of these excursions it has promoted two regular old orthodox ones this year; Pilgrimages to the Holy Land. Under its auspices the cost of travelling, and of food and drink in Palestine, is regulated for the pilgrims. The newspaper paragraph containing the particulars above referred to, omits to state whether or no the Pilgrimage Committee makes any provision of proper reporters for those expeditions. No miracles have been reported to have occurred on any of the late occasions when pilgrims have congregated at Paray-le-Monial and La Salette. None probably did occur for any reporters, provided for the purpose of reporting them, to report. That may have been owing to the presence of other reporters, the Special Correspondents of British Protestant journals. These incredulous gentlemen may possibly have, by their mere attendance, prevented miracles, as sceptics present are said to prevent spiritual manifestations at a *séance*. But, touching spirits; by the forethought of a truly considerate Committee:—

"Pilgrims are recommended to carry arms, and to take a good flask of brandy to mix with water."

This adjunction of spiritual fortification to the arms of the flesh is most judiciously prescribed; whatever heretical Teetotalers and Good Templars may please to think. It seems quite to accord with the British popular idea of "the monks of old," with whom the ancient pilgrims were of the same kidney. Imagination depicts the modern pilgrims going on their way rejoicing in brandy-and-water, and singing the canticle, *Poculum elevatum*, or the song of WALTER DE MAPES.

## THE LORE OF A LIFE.

WOULD I had once more, from the date  
Of birth to start, beginning then,  
All the good things I ever ate  
And drank, to eat and drink again!

Myself I daily would allow  
As much as what was good for me.  
Then still would years, when old as now,  
And plenty, too, before me be.

## A TRULY BRITISH QUESTION.

THOSE peoples of Europe who talk broken Latin go by the name of the Latin Races. Would it not be more correct to call them the Dog-Latin Races?

## Sir Edwin Landseer.

BORN 1802. DIED OCTOBER 1, 1873.

MOURN, all dumb things, for whom his skill found voice,  
Knitting 'twixt them and us undreamt-of ties,  
Till men could in their voiceless joy rejoice,  
And read the sorrow in their silent eyes.

O Sovereign Power, for whom, like other Kings,  
Old life's surcease joins hands with new life's start,  
Till, with the herald, staff in grave that flings,  
We cry "Queen Art is dead—Long live Queen Art!"

Her rule, that once reached heaven, from that high sphere  
Had fallen down and down: the rainbow wings  
That bore her once where angels carol clear,  
Grew clogged and foul with stain of earthly things.

But, hurled from heaven, her earthly empery  
Reached far and wide, from where the still lagoon  
Mirrors the lovely City of the Sea,  
By light of golden sun or silver moon:

To where fair Florence, in her crown of towers,  
Smiles, with the beauty of a royal bride;  
Or where Queen Rome displays great MICHAEL's powers,  
Worthy of Roman fame and Papal pride;

Or where, through level of the Lombard plain,  
The guided streams spread fatness, and, from far,  
White cities, girt with seas of greening grain,  
Gleam o'er the mounds that the great river bar;

Or where the blink of the Low Country sun  
Against the marsh-mist scarcely holds its own:  
And boors make revel among smoke-wreaths dun,  
And slow canals skirt polders osier-grown.

Alike in lands where all was fair and bright,  
And lands where all was dim and dull of show,  
Queen Art found realms to own her sovereign might,  
Subjects their tribute at her feet to throw,

Till even upon this, our little isle,  
That looms so large in light of various fames,  
The Fair Queen deigned at last, though late, to smile,  
And dubbed her Knights—a few, but glorious names.

HOGARTH and REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, and those  
Less, and less only, than those peerless three,  
Who with them caught our manners as they rose,  
And their time mirrored for all times to be;

And WILKIE, who, to Dutch Art's faithful truth  
Added a gentler grace, in purer themes;  
And TURNER, who made poet's fancy sooth,  
And coupled widest truth with wildest dreams;

And, last not least, him, whose death we deplore;  
A name writ large upon Art's lieger-roll,  
As any of the mightiest gone before—  
Who, first of painters, gave dumb things a soul—

And made men feel the links that hold men bound  
In love and joy and grief with those dumb things,  
Till hidden depths of sympathy were found,  
Where human kindness flowed from secret springs.

He sought the shieling of the shepherd dead,  
Beside whose bier nor man nor woman weeps;  
Only the colly lays his faithful head  
Upon the coffin, where his master sleeps.

Up, with St. Bernard's searchers of the snow,  
The good monks' good dogs, in the drifts was he;  
Or, where the wild white horses, foaming, go,  
With brave Newfoundland saving life from sea.

Or where the lordly blood-hound, with pricked ear  
And scent suspicious, watches for his lord,  
At the locked door, from whose sill, trickling clear,  
The blood bespeaks surprise and treacherous sword.

The lesson teaching still of love and trust,  
In dogs' true service that pleads strong, though mute:  
Or with bright humour piercing the thin crust  
That hides the common germs in man and brute;

Showing us Jack in Office, proud of place,  
Or full-wigged Sapience, laying down the law;  
Or High Life's dainty and disdainful face,  
Or Low Life, big of jowl, and broad of jaw:

Or sending through the townsman's stagnant vein  
The quickening mountain-air, unbreathed of men,  
Where from the ling the moorcock whirs amain,  
Startling the antlered monarch of the glen.

Or where by mountain tarn, when evening's light  
Lies limpid on the edges of the hill,  
The hunted red-deer, panting from his flight,  
Seeks sanctuary, serene and safe and still;

Or where o'er the untrodden waste of snow,  
Great stag's great shadow on the moonlight falls,  
As neath star-studded skies with frost aglow,  
Rival on rival, shrill, in challenge calls.

How many a weary pacer of the street,  
In City pent, has paused these scenes to scan,  
And drunk the heather's fragrance round his feet,  
In draughts wherewith wild Nature strengthens man!

His Art has been sound teacher to his age,  
Whether of sympathy 'twixt man and brute,  
Or lessons drawn from Nature's wholesome page,  
And pleasure that, in truth, has deepest root.

Few have lived happier, busier lives than he,  
Whose Art, plied with delight, delight still gave,  
And if at last a cloud fell o'er his glee,  
It hung not long between him and the grave.

Our best known name in Art has passed away;  
Of gifts, though bounded, truest, most his own;  
Who did such work as none of earlier day,  
And shall by that to latest days be known.

And as the artist wrought, so lived the man:  
Humorous, joyous, genial of mood,  
With love that took all live things in its span,  
And, without effort, all things to it wooed.

Whatever growth of Art may grace our time,  
His still shall hold its place—apart—alone;  
Others as high by other roads may climb,  
None can be wider loved, or worthier known.

### A MODUS VIVENDI.

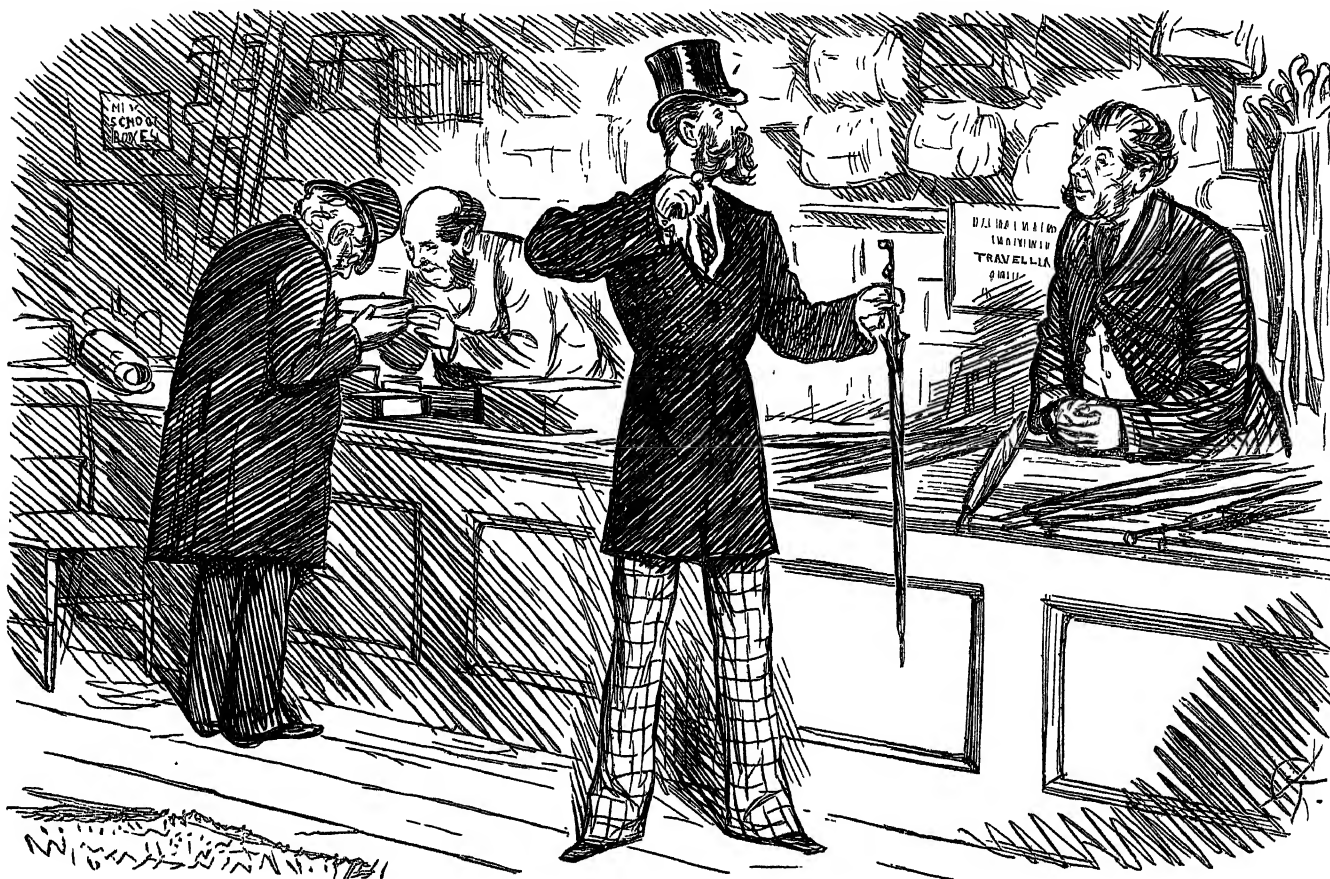
By accounts from Germany, it appears that the German Ultramontane organs have published an "identical manifesto," addressed by political leaders of the papistical faction to Roman Catholics, exhorting them to make, by their votes at the next election, "a firm stand against the despotic majority." Moreover:—

"It points out that of the immense sums of money obtained by the war, and by the increasing revenue derived from growing prosperity, not a thaler has been applied to lighten taxation or for peaceable outlay, but all has been absorbed by the army, the fortresses, and kindred objects. The Ultramontane leaders proclaim their motto to be, 'Truth, Justice, and Liberty.'"

Ay, Truth, Justice, and Liberty; but the greatest of these, PRINCE BISMARCK will probably be apt to suspect, is Liberty, according to the Ultramontane idea of that blessing; the liberty of Bishops to rule their flocks independently of the laws of the German Empire, and subject to the dictation of the Roman See. Spain enjoyed Ultramontane liberty, for example, when the Spanish priesthood could hand over heretics to the secular arm, and so forth, not to specify, in bad taste, historical facts vulgarly known. Liberty of this kind includes Truth and Justice; it is, we know, liberty to enforce the truth by just means. The liberty of blowing the war-trumpet, so as to stir up a crusade against the Kingdom of Italy is perhaps a particular of liberty in general as understood by Ultramontanes; but if they want to have taxation lightened, and money laid out peaceably, they should desist from taking this liberty, and, on the contrary, beseech the POPE to try and make an amicable arrangement with his "Sub-Alpine King."

### HONOURABLE MENTION.

SHEFFIELD may, with good reason, appropriate to itself some well-known words of the Poet Laureate's, in his *Locksley Hall*, and boast that certain steel instruments, for the manufacture of which that town is famous, are "foremost in the files of time."



### WHOLESALE.

*Swell Customer.* "YA-AS, THIS IS NEAT. AUGH, I'M WATHER 'XTWAV'GANT 'N 'MBWELLAHS!—NEVAR GO OUT WITHOUT ONE—SOMEBODY'S; AND NEVAR GO HOME WITH ONE—ANYBODY'S. YA-AS. NOW—AH—WHAT DO YOU CHARGE FOR THESE BY THE GWOSS?"!!!

### STIFFENING PRICES.

AMONG the news over which we are accustomed to break our fast, the subjoined truly cheering announcement appeared the other morning:—

"THE PRICE OF COAL.—An advance of 3s. 4d. on all descriptions of house coal supplied in the Manchester district will take place to-morrow, furnace engine coal and slack being at the same time advanced 1s. 8d. per ton. Prices are also stiffening in the Wigan and West Leigh districts."

The cry is still they rise. Coals, not being raised in due quantity, rise in price. They rise, daily, higher and higher. As yet it is only the coals that rise. Coals keep rising, and temperature is about to fall. There is every prospect that the fall of temperature will correspond in ratio to the rise of coals. As mercury descends in the thermometer we may expect that coals will ascend in the market. Thus, whilst prices go on stiffening, is it not to be feared that limbs and bodies, frozen for want of a fire, will stiffen too? But what is that to the coal-owners and the colliers? A consideration which, of course, will very much enhance the jollity the former will congratulate themselves on their enormous gains withal, and the latter will quaff their champagne and gorge themselves with meat four times a day. How can they be expected to sympathise with their flesh and blood stiffened by the ever stiffening prices of coals, the result of enlightened and beneficent legislation, which has emancipated workmen from all restraint that ever withheld them from dictating their own terms without regard to the consequences, affecting other people only, of their avarice, luxury, and laziness? Of course, enlightened and beneficent legislation can never be reconsidered. The operation of the natural laws regulating supply and demand must on no account be permitted to be interfered with in this land of Free Trade, except by the Trades' Unions; but perhaps something could be done by Government to check the unreasonable impatience too likely to actuate unintelligent multitudes stiffening in the depth of winter under a coal-famine, to which they do not properly resign themselves as a visitation from their fellow-man.

In the good old times, when bread rose to a starvation price, there were sometimes other risings. Would it not be prudent to take, betimes, measures of a precautionary nature, in view of possible effects of combination among our honest, hard-handed colliers, similar to those which used to be excited by the greedy Protectionism of a bloated aristocratic landed nobility and gentry?

### "MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

MR. PUNCH's susceptibilities are exquisite, and he has seldom had them awakened more sweetly than by a theatrical advertisement which appears daily, and runs thus:—

CHARING CROSS. W. H. C. NATION'S Love Songs. To charm the sensitive and the tender-hearted.

"Sensitive and tender-hearted!" Words which exactly explain Mr. Punch's gentle nature. He lives but for music, for that of which MR. THOMAS MOORE so beautifully says, in *Lalla Rookh*—

"And music, too, dear music, that can touch,  
Above all else, man-milliners and such."

At an early period he means to go and be charmed. Meantime he hears that the burlesque into which the "Love Songs" are fitted, is very clever, and he always rejoices in the success of anything stamped with the name of A'BECKETT.

### Respect for Court.

CONTEMPT of Court has in many cases lately been visited with very heavy penalties. Let us not incur the like by pointing out that the justice of punishment without reward is one-sided. It may, however, be permitted to suggest that some acknowledgment is due to a Respect for Court which has been continuous, consistent, and profound. The more substantial the recognition the better.





## A FRIEND IN NEED.

MR. GLADSTONE. "MY DEAR JOHN, I CONGRATULATE YOU! JUST IN TIME TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH OUR BLACK FRIEND YONDER!"  
JOHN BRIGHT. "H'M! FIGHTING IS NOT QUITE IN MY LINE, AS THEE KNOWEST, FRIEND WILLIAM; NEVERTHELESS—!"





## CATCHING A TARTAR.



H! if all Britons were Grahameses, brigands would do well to give them a wide berth. Well may the Correspondent who forwards the account of this *preux chevalier* with brigands at Denia, near Valencia, describe him as "a man of considerable nerve, great presence of mind, and ready resource." This we call very mild language indeed, after reading MR. GRAHAME'S deposition before the Justice of the Peace,—how he was riding home the other evening in his *tartana* (a Spanish one-horse shay) when the vehicle was suddenly stopped by a

band of "six, eight, or more," brigands armed with guns—four on the right of him, two on the left of him, to say nothing of a dagger in the rear—in reply to whose summons MR. GRAHAME promptly let fly four shots from his revolver, right and left, and, under their cover, leapt out, and ran for his life. A gun, loaded with buck shot, was fired at him, hit him in the thigh, and brought him down. Leaping up again, he drew the fire of "from twelve to sixteen barrels," whose bullets whizzed round his head and body. By this time some of the villains—worse luck for them!—had come up to him. The indomitable Briton threw himself on one of them, wrenched his gun from him, knocked him to the ground with the butt-end, and followed up this by flooring two more in the same fashion. One only was left: the ruffian aimed at him, but GRAHAME was equal to the emergency, and reversing the gun, with which he had already floored the three, he let fly at the fourth, who at the same moment let fly at him. Our hero saw no more of this worthy—no doubt he was the owner of the dead body afterwards picked up. "Some of the other ruffians now coming forward," the indomitable Briton began, with both hands, to throw stones at them from a heap, "fortunately beside him on the road." Stones in the hands of GRAHAME may well have seemed to these ruffians, after their experience, more formidable than the bullets in their own guns, for the deponent adds, with charming *naïveté*, "When I had beaten them off, I ran in the direction of Denia, calling for help at the top of my voice." The top of his voice could not have been very high, one would fancy, after his previous exercise; nor can we be surprised to read of his soon after "lying down, faint from loss of blood, among the vines," and hearing the *tartana* driven off at full speed.

There is a smack of *Falstaff's* exploit at Gad's-hill about this story, which makes one very glad to read, at the end of it, that very substantial and ghastly *preuves de conviction* were forthcoming in proof of the tale:—

"As soon as the news was conveyed to Denia, the authorities proceeded at once to the spot, where they found a man disguised and masked, quite dead, a loose jacket, and a good deal of blood. The pony and *tartana* were found near Ondara, three miles distant from Denia, the pony covered with wounds inflicted with a knife or dagger to make the poor animal go its fastest, and the cushions of the *tartana* saturated with the blood of the wounded brigands."

If this fall into the hands of MR. GRAHAME, or his friends, don't let them be angry with *Punch* for a doubt only suggested by the tremendous prowess of this British Paladin. The story reads too good to be true in these milk-and-water days. *Punch* can remember nothing like it, out of the more audacious than veracious chronicles of poor CHARLES LEVER or CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

The next time we hear of an express train being stopped by a handfull of Aragonese freebooters, or an Australian mail-cart "bailed-up" by a leash of bushrangers, let us remember GRAHAME, and his single-handed encounter with the Valencian brigand band "of six, or eight, or more"—and with no further remembrance of *Falstaff's* men in buckram, than may prompt the hope that GRAHAME'S arithmetic may be as safely relied upon as his revolver, and that he has not seen—however he may have killed—double, in this most heroic of all recorded engagements with rascals at long odds.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Association has been holding its Annual Congress at Norwich. The Members, both ladies and gentlemen, talked on a great many subjects, but the programme was not so complete as it might have been. Want of time alone can have been the reason why an odd half-hour or two was not given up to the discussion of some of the following important questions:—

Is it desirable to make any change in the rules which at present govern the precedence of guests at dinner-parties? Difficulties every day arise: as, for example, when the wives of the chief Banker, the principal Brewer, the leading Solicitor, and the Doctor in the best practice, in a country town, have all to be taken down from the drawing-room to the dining-room; or when the Senior Curate of the parish church, the Incumbent of the chapel of ease, the Master of the Grammar School, a Fellow of St. Michael's Oxford, and a Fellow of St. Martin's Cambridge, meet together at the same party.

How far is it allowable to depart from strict veracity, when you are expected to congratulate a friend on a marriage engagement which you have every reason to believe is about the worst he (or she) could have contracted; or to express a candid opinion of a book presented to you by a sensitive and fiery young author, which you are certain will bring him neither fame nor fortune; or to say what you really think about a little Cousin in long clothes, when "it" is suddenly introduced to you by a partial mother and a prejudiced nurse?

There are Chambers of Commerce and Chambers of Agriculture—why should there not be also established Chambers of Fashion? Composed of women of influence, position, taste, and good sense, selected from all ranks of society, and assisted by some eminent milliners and dressmakers, sitting as assessors and advisers, but not allowed to vote, such tribunals, meeting twice a year, in the Spring and Autumn, to determine the shapes, colours, and materials of the bonnets, hats, dresses, and outdoor garments to be worn in the ensuing Summer and Winter, and the style in which the hair should be arranged, would exercise a most beneficial influence over modern costume. They might issue a code of instructions—signed by the DUCHESS OF DARLINGTON as Chairwoman of the Chamber—framed to prevent those outrageous mistakes which, under the present system of unrestrained freedom, are committed every day and everywhere—colours not matching with colours, colours in violent contrast with complexions, the stout adopting fashions only designed for the slim, the short figuring in raiment expressly intended for the tall, and the old and the young, the clumsy and the graceful, the plain and the beautiful, wearing exactly the same apparel.

Are the wedding ceremonies and customs now prevailing in Great Britain and her Colonies capable of improvement? Should a limit be assigned to the number of officiating bridesmaids and clergymen? Would it be feasible to establish some plan of barter, whereby young brides might be enabled to exchange their duplicate wedding presents? What are the comparative advantages of long and short engagements; and what proportion ought the gifts, usually made by the gentleman to the lady during the period of preliminary probation, to bear to his income?

Is a mistress justified in interfering with her servant's dress, and are lace falls, feathers, *polonaises*, and jewellery, compatible with the emoluments and position of maids of all work? Would it be possible to adopt one uniform hour throughout the United Kingdom at which servants should be expected to be "in" on Sunday evening? How are the prejudices of the Kitchen against the use of Australian provisions to be overcome?

This is an ingenious age. England has produced some of the greatest inventions of modern times. Englishmen have made some of the most remarkable discoveries which history records. But there seem to be limits to the ingenuity of our countrymen and countrywomen. Perhaps the offer of a handsome premium on the part of the Social Science Association, coupled with the exclusive right of the inventor to issue licences for a long term of years, might elicit a new set of Quadrille figures?

Can trustworthy statistical information be obtained showing the number of children respectively, to whom one, two, or three Christian names are now given? Is there not an increasing tendency to disown such antiquated names as William, Richard, and Robert, Mary, Anne, and Jane, in favour of Ernest, Herbert, and Sydney, Edith, Maud, and Florence? The inquiry might be extended to the growing habit of prefixing a second and more euphonious and aristocratic surname, so that the world is gradually becoming peopled with Pelham Smiths, Hamilton Browns, Harcourt Joneses, Fitzroy Robinsons, and Wentworth Wilsons.

Are the works of SHAKESPEARE and SIR WALTER SCOTT extensively read in the family circle? How many young persons of either sex can you remember to have seen, since the last Congress, absorbed in the perusal of *Waverley* or the *Winter's Tale*? What acquaintance has the present generation with MILTON, or DRYDEN, or POPE, or



### POACHING MADE EASY.

*Sportsman.* "WELL, JIM, I HOPE YOU HAVE NOT BEEN IN TROUBLE FOR POACHING THIS SEASON?"

*Jim.* "NOT I, SIR. THE BIRDS IS BROUGHT UP SO TAME FOR YOU GENTS NOW, THAT THERE BEANT NO TROUBLE, AND PRECIOUS LITTLE SPORT, IN LOOKING AFTER THEM!"

ADDISON, or GOLDSMITH, or COLERIDGE, or CHARLES LAMB, or LEIGH HUNT, or WORDSWORTH?

Are sanitary considerations sufficiently regarded by Ladies in the dress they adopt for evening entertainments?

If a man has an income of £500 per annum, and a family of three sons and three daughters, with what yearly allowance for their dress and private personal expenses should the young Ladies be content?

Do you approve of stuccoed houses, sham pilasters, precocious children, drawing-room tables with rosewood legs and deal slabs, black satin skirts with alpaca tops, cheap wines with fine names, false masses of hair, complexions artificially manipulated, mendacious advertisements, dishonest characters with servants, adulterated provisions, cheap finery, fast novels, morning drams, and *décolletée-ism*?

Would it not be desirable to elect a Lady President of the Association every other year? A limit might be assigned to the length of her opening Address.

Was it not a pretty compliment on the part of the gentlemen attending the Congress, presenting every lady member either with a dress or shawl of Norwich manufacture?

### The Good Time Come.

LADIES, do not despair. You will in due time accomplish all you desire. Only have a little patience, and you will reach the highest ranks in the learned professions, be the wisest of Senators, the gravest of Privy Councillors, the most brilliant and bewitching Cabinet Ministers, the most attentive and enduring Jurywomen. A beginning has been made. The path to fame and distinction, so long monopolised by grasping and incapable men, is at last open to you. One of your down-trodden sex has been chosen to fill the post of "Grand Worthy Councillor" amongst the Good Templars.

SPORTING DEFINITION.—A Grecian Nose—The Straight Tip.

### LEVITY IN LE FOLLET.

THERE is no subject which the most thoughtful of mankind can discuss more seriously than women are accustomed to talk and write about dress. Their conversation, relative to that important particular is more simply grave than any that men ever hold touching money matters and business. Any jocular observation which may in the course of it be ventured upon by a masculine interlocutor is resented by a blank look and a pause of silence. It is received as a pun is when made by a buffoon interrupting a Professor's argument on theology. The commencement of "Fashions for October," in *Le Follet*, with a joke, is a novelty strange indeed; and therefore as a stranger give it welcome. Listen:—

"Our September days this year have, many of them, brought the coming winter so vividly before us, that the use of warmer and richer materials is now de rigueur."

Ha, ha! "*De rigueur*" indispensable—with a view to the rigour of the approaching winter. Of course. Bravo, *Le Follet*! Capital, as your French say, first-rate, brilliant, splendid, excellent, pretty well!

### Hackneyed "Horrors."

WHILST I am reading my newspaper at breakfast, my servant, who also reads hers, often interrupts me by asking me a question about some particular in connection with "that murder." What murder? I always skip murders. There is such a sameness about them all, and there are so many of them!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

### A MISNOMER.

ADVICES from the Gold Coast report that KING COFFEE does not exactly answer to his name. He is anything but "berry" brown—in fact, he is "berry" black.



'ARRY AT SEA.

*First Yachting Man.* "I THOUGHT HER A VERY NICE GIRL; SO MUCH SAFORE FAIRE—"

*Second Ditto (Royal Thames Y.C.).* "FAIR! AH, THEN IT MUST BE A SISTER, 'CAUSE THE ONE I MEAN'S A REG'LAR BROQUETTE!"

### SNIPPINGS FOR SUB-EDITORS.

*To be scattered in the Newspapers during the Dull Season.*

**SINGULAR DISCOVERY.**—We learn from information we have recently received that the elderly domestic employed by the Government in the capacity of charwoman, has made a highly curious, if not unique, discovery. While engaged the other day in cleaning out a cupboard in the Treasury Department, she found, hidden underneath a dusty bundle of old documents, a quantity of cheese-parings and candle-ends, and sundry other orts and fragments, which, having been examined by the aid of a strong microscope, have proved to be the cuticles of siliceous deposit; or, in simpler language, we may say the skins of flints.

**A HOLIDAY WELL SPENT.**—A rumour has been gaining audience at the Clubs that the ex-President of the Board of Works is employing a part of his hard-earned vacation in compiling a series of courteous retorts, selected from the speeches he has made while holding office, and which he hopes may form a serviceable book of precedents for the use of his successor. We fear, however, that the hope is hardly likely to be realised, for, in the fine art of courteous abuse, we apprehend that no one but himself can ever be his parallel.

**A MONSTER MONUMENT.**—It has been computed by an eminent statistician that the newspaper reports of the pending monster trial would, if they were set up in a single column, reach in a straight line from the summit of St. Paul's to within a hundred miles and seven furlongs of the moon.

**ANIMAL SAGACITY.**—Our Military Correspondent telegraphs as follows:—"An instance of remarkable sagacity has this moment been revealed to me, which I will lose no time in bringing to the notice of SIR WILFRID LAWSON. It appears that a trooper's horse belonging to the gallant Onety-Oneth, a regiment now notorious for its teetotal proclivities, has been for some weeks past afflicted with a shivering fit whenever it has happened to pass a public-house.

### THE PALAVER AT NORWICH.

VOLUMES of windy, vapoury words,  
Once more on Social Science spent!  
Just now as by gregarious birds  
Convened in raucous parliament;  
Save that these talkers, perched on trees,  
Together all at once exclaim;  
Which, if those did as well as these,  
'Twould all amount to much the same.

What, then, if breath alone is lost;  
No time, of value, thrown away  
In speeches which no money cost?  
And fully worth all that were they,  
When one, the first and best of all,  
In a long tale conveyed this sting:  
What people Social Science call  
Is, as for Science, no such thing.

### A PRECIOUS LOOK-OUT.

WE confess with deep humility that we rarely read a Money Article. Like the witches in *Macbeth*, we have no speculation in our eyes, and we therefore care but little if the funds go up or down, if Railways are depressed, or Telegraphs are buoyant. Besides, we really know no more of City slang than we do of Chinese chaff, or the language of KING COFFEE. The other morning we, however, nearly choked ourselves at breakfast in our surprise at seeing these words begin a Money Article:—

"The prospect of a drain of gold to America"—

This at once so took our breath away that we could read no further. Our eyes indeed were dazzled by the prospect laid before them. What would not Midas, say, have given to behold it? Fancy a drain of gold reaching to America! What a precious piece of work for the Commissioners of Sewers! As for our main drainage scheme, costly as it is, we must confess its insignificance, compared with the golden sub-Atlantic drain in prospect.

### NOMENCLATURE ECCLESIASTICAL.

Two Saints ought certainly to have a Day to themselves; viz., St. Swithun and St. Margaret Pattens.

Investigation being made as to the cause of the complaint, it was discovered that the animal happened to be present when its gallant master pledged his troth to total abstinence, and there is no doubt that its shudders have arisen from the sight of the numerous temptations wherewith he is beset."

**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**—Among forthcoming works of interest an *Essay on the Art of Snubbing Deputations* may, we hear, be shortly looked for at the hand of the HOME SECRETARY. Moreover, it is whispered that the PREMIER is devoting some spare hours (when he can find them) to the discussion, in a pamphlet, of the merits of the question, *Shall Hodge have a Vote?*

**CURIOUS, IF TRUE.**—Some remarkable phenomena have been observed within the last few days upon the Great East-Western Railway. As many as two trains have started punctual to their time, and three have not been more than fifteen minutes late in their arrival at the terminus. Moreover, on no fewer than five distinct occasions there has been room enough provided for all the first-class passengers; and, what perhaps is still more wonderful, a porter and a guard have both declined, with thanks, the offer of a gratuity, on the ground that it transgressed the regulations of the Company.

### Astronomical.

THERE can be no doubt that the Moon is inhabited, and by a race of people who make calls, and leave cards, and give dinner-parties, and go out to dances and evening receptions, just as we do in this gay planet. SHAKESPEARE settled the question long ago, when (in *Antony and Cleopatra*) he referred to "the visiting moon."

### A HAPPY THOUGHT FOR TRAVELLERS.

RAILWAY officials, possibly, may not be strict grammarians, but there is little doubt that most of them are now well versed in Accidence.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHIVARI. — OCTOBER 11, 1873.



SOUVENIR DE FOLKESTONE. (ARRIVAL OF THE BOULOGNE BOAT.)

"'Tis sweet to know there's 'many an eye' will mark  
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come!"



## A STAGGERER!

Custom-House Officer. "Now, THEN, GOT ANYTHING CONTRABAND ABOUT YE?"

Mate. "'GOT 'BOUT BOT'L AND HALF BRANDY; BUT I'LL DEFY YE TO TAKE IT FRO' ME!"

## CLAIMS ON A CLAIMANT.

THE "White Terror" may be something more than a Bogy. Yet the COUNT DE CHAMBORD's late manifesto, in the form of a private letter, published in a newspaper, contains a passage of which some critics have perhaps unduly questioned the sincerity. Among "things so little serious" that "they cannot be seriously answered," which many people apprehended from a Legitimist restoration, he mentions "a war madly undertaken under impossible conditions." These words have been suspected to imply that if conditions, impossible at present, by-and-by became possible, and HENRI THE FIFTH were king, the war would be undertaken; France, that is, would go to war with Italy for an Ultramontane idea. But, without giving the Claimant of the Throne of France credit for honour superior to equivocation, which he may be supposed to have practised under priestly influence, it is quite possible to believe that he would think not only twice and thrice, but a good many times, before adventuring to plunge into a crusade for the restoration of the temporal Popedom. Does French Legitimacy owe the Papacy so very much thanks as that would signify? Who crowned NAPOLEON THE FIRST but PIUS THE SEVENTH? and who owned NAPOLEON THE THIRD for Eldest Son of the Church, but PIUS THE NINTH? Not only extreme devotion to the Holy See, but also a most forgiving disposition, would surely be requisite to induce the descendant of St. Louis to go to the length of embarking in a perilous warlike enterprise in order to heap coals of fire on the head of the successor of St. Peter.

Besides, as to the release of the once Sovereign Pontiff from temporal sovereignty, although a legitimate Eldest Son of the Church might feel bound to say that the thing *feri non debuit*, yet, nevertheless, would he not have very sufficient reason to think that *factum valet*? The most dutiful Sons of the Church have had difficulties with their Holy Father, even whilst Holy Father and Mother Church could be discriminated; but now that Governments have Infallibility in person to deal with, may not the very Eldest Son himself perhaps see ample reason to consider whether a Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, is not, politically regarded, a great deal less

## PRIESTCRAFT ON PRESTIGE.

In vain the Pastoral trumpet sounds.  
Its holy blast no rescue brings.  
The people are unfaithful hounds;  
Helpless or heretics the kings.

Not one advances to replace  
Our Pontiff on his earthly throne.  
They find that, in their present case,  
'Tis hard enough to hold their own.

And we are told to acquiesce  
In that abasement, which a reign  
O'er souls, extended, will redress,  
And we should, therefore, count it gain.

Ah, thought they only what they say,  
They who that fine advice afford,  
More anxious none would be than they  
To see His Holiness restored!

They know a Rule, which, so long tried,  
By Europe stands condemned at last,  
For few, as Heaven's alone true guide,  
Can long survive that sentence passed.

One thing, full well they know, had been  
Renouncement, free, of worldly sway,  
Another thing the world has seen:  
A sceptre clutched, and wrung away.

Bide we our time till very sure  
It never can return again;  
Embrace the lot we must endure;  
Accept the situation then.

Meanwhile, a renovated France  
The Pope-King may again restore.  
Think they we'll throw away that chance  
Of one great miracle the more?

## ALL ABROAD.

MRS. MALAPROP has a nephew who is a great traveller, and is now at Rome. His aunt informs us that when last she heard from him he was shooting in the Tontine Marshes.

likely to be troublesome to the State with a mere mitre on his head than he would be with a crown?

## NEW COMPANIES.

WE hear of more Co-operative Associations as being in the course of formation. Amongst those which are most likely to attract public attention are:—

The General Co-operative Hearth-stone, Bath-brick, and Black-lead Association.

The Metropolitan and Provincial Co-operative Brawn, Pork-pie, and Sausage Association.

The All England Pipe, Cigar, Fusee, and Tobacco Co-operative Company.

The British and Foreign Co-operative Portmanteau, Trunk, Travelling Bag, and Hat Box Corporation.

The Universal Co-operative Toys, Games, Sports, and Scientific Illusions Association.

The Home and Colonial Co-operative Pickles and Preserves Company.

## The Land we Live In.

Of old a punishment of crimes,  
Next death the worst, was transportation;  
Esteemed, in these more prosperous times,  
A boon, is aid to emigration.

## COMING HOME.

LITTLE SPIVITT, in reading the Correspondence relating to the Eton Masters and their terms, was particularly struck with the expression "The Governing Body." He felt it was so applicable in his own establishment to that majestic person, Mrs. S.

## PERSONAL EXPLANATION. MR. DISRAELI. PUNCH.



DEPARTING from his habitual rule of never intruding his own name, his own portrait, or his own affairs into these pages, *Mr. Punch* feels it due to a distinguished statesman, wit, and humorist, we allude, of course, to the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, to set him right with the British Public. Everybody has read, and LORD GREY DE WILTON has read aloud, a capital letter in which MR. DISRAELI dashingly denounces the character and conduct of the Ministry. The Right Hon. Gentleman wrote:—

"For nearly five years the present Ministers have harassed every trade, worried every profession, and assailed or menaced every class institution and species of property in the country. Occasionally they have varied this state of civil warfare by perpetrating some job which has outraged public opinion, or by stumbling into mistakes which have been always discreditable and sometimes ruinous. All this they call a policy, and seem quite proud of it; but the country has, I think, made up its mind to close this career of plundering and blundering."

Nothing could be much smarter, and the letter lost the Bath election for the Conservatives. But, as must be clear upon a second perusal of the epistle, it was not intended for Bath, or for LORD GREY DE WILTON at all. Our friend MR. DISRAELI, who knows that anything he can write *Mr. Punch* will gladly publish, meant the letter for 'US. It was designed as a squib, and not as a serious address to a constituency. By what accident, or mistake by an able but over-worked Secretary, the letter was sent to LORD GREY DE WILTON, instead of to *Mr. Punch*, we are not yet quite clear, but we cannot, on that account, delay making this explanation. No person ought to have supposed the leader of a great and powerful party capable of practising an elaborate joke even upon the Fogies of Bath, but that they were deceived is shown by their having resented the epistle, as unworthy of a political leader, and having absented themselves from the poll, thus letting in CAPTAIN HATYER. Our Liberal satisfaction at this result is much impaired by our vexation that an intended kindness to ourselves should have been the means of annoying our friend. That he is annoyed will be clear from the following note, which duly reached its destination,—

DEAR PUNCH,

INTO the pigs of KING BLADUD there entered the First Whig, and the herd has run violently into the sea. Or rather, their normal obstinacy has developed into unmasterly inaction. FORSYTH, forsooth, must be made the sacrifice to their ineptitude, and inability to grapple with a second idea. This were irritating, if philosophers like ourselves ever tolerated self-irritation. I wrote to you in a hurry, and the profound wisdom of the Oriental mind is shown in the proverb, *agriel ul Shaitan*, which perhaps GLADSTONE does not understand—tell him it means that "hurry is the Devil's." Bath is gone, and so no more of Bath. Should I have to redistribute the representation, it shall not be my fault if so stupid a population be long afflicted with electoral cares and responsibilities. Explain their foolishness, forget mine, and believe me,

Always yours,

B. DISRAELI.

*Mr. Punch* willingly complies with his esteemed contributor's wish, and there is an end, except that while on the subject he congratulates the veteran SIR WILLIAM HATYER, the accomplished ex-whip, whose bland yet anxious look is still present to *Mr. Punch's* eyes, upon the return of his gallant son. MR. DISRAELI—politics aside—is not displeased at this good fortune happening to the now venerable enemy who has so often cheered the Whigs to the fray, and not always to victory.

## THE ROGUE'S RULE REVERSED.

HONEST people will be glad to learn that the rogue's maxim, *caveat emptor*, endorsed by Statesmen, and other doctors or disciples of the shoddy-school, has, as a justification for cheating customers through a fraudulent advertisement, been disallowed by at least one upright Magistrate, MR. BARKER, at the Clerkenwell Police Court. On Tuesday last week the Manager of a Coal Company was pulled up before that tribunal by a MR. HENRY BARTLETT, charged with "having sold one sort of coals for and as a sort which they really were not." MR. BARTLETT had bought a ton and a half of the coals advertised in a puff, which he believed to be true. But in catching the complainant by their advertisement, the advertisers caught a Tartar. MR. BARTLETT is a consulting analyst; up to analysing coals. His servant found that it took her one hour to get the cheap coals he had bought to burn; and analysis proved them to be very deficient in combustible matter. These facts having been deposed to—

"The Magistrate said he considered the case fully proved. He ordered the defendant to pay a fine of £10 and costs."

At another police-court, a short time ago, cheating in coals by means of a lying advertisement, went unpunished, by a decision doubtless determined by the maxim *caveat emptor*. The judgment of MR. BARKER in a similar case evinces, on the contrary, a leaning to the side of honest good faith: indeed altogether to honesty rather than fraudulence, and, in the interests of the former side, it is to be hoped that all persons in authority, or whose words carry weight with them, will do and say all they possibly can to discountenance the rascal's maxim, *caveat emptor*, and to the discouragement of scoundrels in general, and dishonest tradesmen of the shoddy-school in particular, endeavour, with all their ability and influence, to enforce the contrary rule, *caveat venditor*.

## PATERNAL POLICE.

FOURTEEN naughty grown persons were charged the other day, at Bow Street, with being in Evans's Supper Rooms after prohibited hours. The Commissioners of Police are so indulgent as to allow the Public to enter the hotel for refreshments up to half-past twelve, and they may remain taking them there as long as one o'clock, when it is time that everybody, as well as little boys and girls, should be in bed and asleep. The defendants' lawyers pleaded, on behalf of their naughty naughty clients, that the notices warning visitors were not posted so that they could be well enough seen. MR. VAUGHAN, the Magistrate, so far admitted this excuse that he said:—

"It would be much better in future to have notices placed in different parts of the hall. It seemed to him a hard thing that visitors should alone be summoned, as they remained in the place under the protection of the landlord. They were not in the building a very long time after the prohibited hours, and although the law had been broken, still he did not think that the defendants should be called upon to pay more than 2s. each, the cost of the summons."

MR. VAUGHAN is not strict enough; is he, Papa, to carry out a Papa's Act of Parliament? And Papa did not himself make the Act as strict as he should have done—did he? No; the law ought to be that if naughty people disobey it, and stay sitting up at supper in a tavern later than the Commissioners of Police please to let them, they should not merely be fined a little money the next morning, but taken up at once, and taken home, and well popped and put to bed.

When Papa was young, Britons, as people called themselves, would have laughed the idea of letting the Police limit their supper-hours to scorn; but they were fierce unruly Britons, and not nice, and meek, and mild, and patient, like ourselves, their descendants, were they, Papa?

## A Projected Improvement.

THE present system of encores at Concerts, Oratorios, &c., has long been condemned as most objectionable. Those who are opposed to it will be interested to hear of a proposal, that in future all the encoired pieces should be given together at the close of the entertainment.



## ORTHODOX TEMPERANCE.



AT this year, has seen a Church Congress distinguished by the uncommon occurrence of a discussion in a clerical assembly—mainly conducted with good sense. The subject thus rarely treated was that of "The Duty of the Church in regard to the Temperance Movement," the argument of most of the speakers being, that the duty of the Church mainly was to aid the temperance movement by preaching moderation, and by setting a personal example of it. This example some of them had carried to the extent of voluntary total abstinence;

but moderation was the rule they were content with recommending as sufficient to be inculcated on other people. The REV. ERSKINE CLARKE, for fifteen years a "staunch thorough unpledged" abstainer "from wine," and doubtless also from all other exhilarating fluids, including punch—notwithstanding the plea for that beverage advanced by the Ordinary of Newgate in *Jonathan Wild*—after having forcibly dwelt on the evils of excess in the use of those good familiar creatures, observed that:—

"With regard to Good Templars,—at the fourth session of the Grand Lodge at Bristol it was admitted that while 183,982 members were in good standing, 18,897 had violated their pledge—that was to say, that a number equal to 10 per cent. of its members in good standing were perjured persons. In the name of divine compassion and common human kindness they must all deprecate a system which put such a stumbling-block in the way of souls—(hear, hear!)—and he thought the duty of the Church in regard to this phase of the temperance movement seemed to be to warn her members against it."

The words of the good old song—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine"

are brought to mind by the foregoing statement about the Good Templars—their pledge appears to be entirely ocular.

It was remarked by the reverend gentleman to whom we owe the foregoing remarks, that "a sort of traditional feeling connected the clergy in our literature rather with the friends of the bottle than with its opponents;" and he cited HOGARTH'S "parson in gown and bands," SHAKESPEARE'S clergy, "none of them examples of abstinence," even "the mild and gentle COWPER'S" chaplain, and "the epithet, once so familiar, of 'two-bottle orthodox,' which our forefathers used to bestow on a section of the clergy over-fond of toasting 'Church and King,'" as attesting that view of them. He thought that "the clergy of our day, as a body, did not deserve the imputations of past time;" and undoubtedly they do not. Yet let it be remembered that the two-bottle orthodox parsons were really orthodox, and, though their two bottles were bottles of port, mostly seldom the worse for them, and nearly all at least doctrinally sober. That perhaps was because it was port they drank, and that port was sound, and sound wine engendered sound views. Then, if any parson had dressed himself up in Romanesque pontificals, and pretended to say mass, he would have been supposed to have considerably exceeded his two bottles; and that of a morning. In the good old days of two-bottle orthodoxy, a clergyman would have got the credit of having finished at least three bottles if he had requested his bishop to let him put up in his church a *baldaquino*.

## Progress and Enlightenment.

THE passion for Railway Pilgrimages is likely to spread. Very likely it will extend from the Papists to the Mahometans. What do our friends in the City say to the idea of a Mecca Railway? No doubt the SULTAN would, for a consideration, readily grant the necessary concession to any speculators, who would then only need the ability to enforce it.

## THE NATIONS AT THEIR LESSONS IN DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL.

THERE'S a school, severe and stern, where their lessons nations learn—

Whose prizes and whose penances are awarded to their earners:

On the pupil-teacher plan that school's worked since it began,

All in it must be teachers, and all in it should be learners:

And though each nation labours for itself more than its neighbours,

'Tis their fault if all don't profit from each pupil in the school,  
And so learn to shun the blunders that bring down the master's thunders,

The birch-rod on the bungler, the fool's-cap on the fool.

There's that burly boy, JOHN BULL, though of habit rather full;

Too much given to beef and beer, and too keen for pocket-money,

Has a fund of common sense that counts pounds as well as pence,

And more sure, if slow, sagacity, than lads of mood more sunny.

I think that boy's inclined to turn over in his mind:

The lessons for his profit, of his fellows short and tall,

Be't young thirteen to the dozen, SAM SLICK, his Yankee Cousin,

Or that troublesome JACK SPANTARD, as saucy as he's small;

Or that solid German Bursch, whose motto still is "*dursch*,"

(That's Viennese for "thorough," and "*dursch*" don't fit my rhyme),

Who his patient way still plods, makes no rush, but walks down odds,

As through war, book, art, craft, science, flask, pot, pipe, he takes his time;

His objects still he reaches by persistence, and so teaches

The Hare and Tortoise moral in DAME EUROPA'S School;

Thanks to bottom, brains, and bellows, confounding the sharp fellows,

Who start full speed, then slacken, scorn time, and spurn at rule.

Or that Russ boy, or *boy-ar*, with caftan and *samovar*,—

What's in him, what he's after, who here can see, or say?

He's the dark horse of the school, and far more of knave than fool,

Keeps to himself his little game, till the big game's there to play.

Or that old, old Turkish boy, who, his "*kef*" so he enjoy,

Lets his quondam fags take with him what liberties they dare,—

Swops solid tuck for toffee, and prefers his pipe and coffee,

To learning any lesson, and taking any care.

But who's this stately lass, who has scarce yet found her class—

So late among the nations has ITALIA come to school—

Whose eyes outshine the fairest, whose form o'erbears the rarest,

Whose brow seems made to wear a crown, her hands a realm to rule?

And who's this that, gaunt and grey,—man or woman, who shall say?—

Follows frowning in her shadow, with malignant purpose keen;

On the head a triple crown, though now crushed and beaten down,

And in the hand cross keys—their brass through their worn gilding seen?

But of pupils one and all, who in School to raise a squall,

To win all hearts one moment, and set all backs up, the next,

Is like this witch whose wiles charm alike in sobs or smiles;

As she changes modes and manners, till patience is perplexed?

'Tis MADEMOISELLE LA FRANCE who still has led "*la danse*,"

From LOUIS QUINZE *Minuet de la Cour* to ROBESPIERRE *Car-magnole*;

Whose red heels, in *la gavotte*, or red cap, *en Sansculotte*,

Have so oft upset School order, and turned heads by the shoal.

There she stands so frail, so fair, pupils' cross and masters' care,

Now *dux* of all her classes, now on the dunce's stool;

With the falsehood of extremes, as the text of all her themes,

Which she always gets the prize for, but ne'er reads out of School.

Barometers' despair, as from stormy to set-fair

Her quicksilver runs riot, down and up, and up and down,

Who can count the scale got through, from '89 to '72—

The chaos of coiffures, betwixt *bonnet-rouge* and crown?

See where set before the School, freedom's cap for cap of fool,

'Twixt the horns of a dilemma—each an absolute extreme—

She shrinks from either terror, red and white, and owns her error,

In spurning the one friend who dared of a *juste milieu* to dream,

Well may *she* beat all in themes on the "Falsehood of Extremes,"

Who all extremes has tried in turn, and all found false as fair—

'Twixt *Le Spectre rouge's* alarms, and the Bourbon's priest-blest arms—

Whiche'er be fire, which frying-pan—thank thy star, France; for THINE!





## UNACCOUNTABLE EXCLUSIVENESS.

(A REMINISCENCE OF THE SEA-SIDE.)

"HE LOOKS AS IF HE THOUGHT A PRECIOUS LOT OF 'ISELF. DON'T HE, POLLY?"

"AH! DON'T HE, THAT'S ALL! WHY, HE'S BEEN 'ERE EVER SO LONG, AND HE AIN'T SPOKE TO A SOUL YET!!"

## VANDALIA.

"In Cambridgeshire," says GIBBON, quoted by BYRON, "the Romans planted a great number of Vandals." The bard adds that the race was flourishing in his time. But the Vandals of Cambridgeshire must have been converted, and have exchanged their iconoclastic tendencies for excessive idolatry. They happen to want a Parliamentary candidate. They used to return LORD ROYSTON, but he is now, by succession, EARL OF HARDWICKE. So they ask the HON. ELIOT THOMAS YORKE, uncle of the Earl, to stand. He won't. So they ask CAPTAIN YORKE, brother of the Earl, to stand. He won't. So they propose to ask the HONOURABLE ELIOT CONSTANTINE YORKE, another brother of the Earl, to stand. It is not wonderful that somebody thinks the line should be drawn somewhere, and that it is not necessary to ask everybody in the world who happens to be called Yorke. MR. HICKS, a Cambridgeshire gentleman, demands why the county is to be made a rotten borough for the House of Yorke. Truly, "a question to be asked." Cambridgeshire, like *Clifford* in the play, seems inclined to say to the Earl (whom we like very much, all the same, as a jolly Englishman)—

"Our gracious Lord, here in the Parliament,  
Let us 'insert' the Family of York."

## A Sailor's Home.

In a list of Ministerial Movements—the poor fellows are exhausted by one or two Cabinet Councils—comes the following:—

"MR. GÜSCHEN has gone to his residence at Seacox Heath."

We could have wished for an additional syllable. The appropriateness of Seacoxwain Heath, as a retreat for the First Lord of the Admiralty, would have been apparent to persons of all shades of opinion.

## IDEAL NANCY.

MOST readers are familiar with the old English tragi-comic song whose hero is the *Lord Lovel* and heroine the *Lady Nancy Bell*. It was not that noble Lord who engaged himself by the following promise:—

"I shall visit Nancy when, the crisis having been overcome, we shall be enabled to rejoice in safety and peace at the liberation of the country."

No; the foregoing words are those of M. THIERS. They occur in a letter which that distinguished Statesman has addressed to the Mayor of a French city, which bears the name of the heroine of the lugubrious lively ballad above referred to. Of late years especially it has become usual, in painting and sculpture, to represent cities under female forms supposed to be appropriate. Executed by an artist of competent ability, a figure representing Nancy, on canvas or in marble, might be a really imposing work of Art. Yet a familiar female diminutive suggests charms and graces which are less dignified than captivating. We cannot help smiling whenever we fancy, whether painted or graven, an image of Nancy.

## Welcome to a Lecturer.

"'Tis time we Twain did show ourselves." 'Twas said  
By CÆSAR, when one MARK had lost his head:  
By MARK, whose head's quite bright, 'tis said again;  
Therefore, "go with me, friends, to bless this TWAIN."

PUNCH.

## TOO MUCH OF IT.

If much more fuss is made about this CHAMBERD business, there are those amongst us who will begin to think the whole affair a real bore.



BETWEEN TWO TERRORS.

("WHITE" AND "RED.")



## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*Represents himself as en voyage, and safely returns to his native Country.*



“A useful hint, Sir, to intending Tourists in Brittany, remember that, however powerful may be the Silver Key, you must always have ready a neat set of compliments wherewith to oil the locks. Also, stick to your traps, for, as my Step-Grandmother says, ‘A Fool and his luggage are soon parted.’”

We did all the environs of Dinan in a triumphal chariot. Having come out for a drive, we flatly refused to descend and eke out the time by walking to points of view. The Driver tried very hard to induce us. With a crackling of whip, a jangling of bells, and a hullabaloo enough to have alarmed even a Breton village on a sultry day, he pulled up his noble steeds at the border of a grand avenue, about two hundred yards

in length by a hundred in breadth, and at the end we saw what appeared to us to resemble a dirty, old, broken, useless, and unused pump.

“There it is!” cried the man waving his whip, and trying to dance himself into an ecstasy of admiration and delight, as he held the carriage-door open. “There’s the fountain! There’s the spring! It is magnificent! Every one descends here to see the spring!”

“Is that it?” we asked, pointing to the pump.

“Oui-dam. Yes, certainly, that’s it,” said the brave Breton.

But we wouldn’t budge. We told him it was nothing, and not worth taking two steps to see; whereupon he shrugged his shoulders, his eyes twinkled with humour, and he admitted that we were quite right; adding that, after all, everything round about was pretty much like this; and, in fact, he began to depreciate all the ordinary excursions from Dinan, except one really beautiful route, which he would show us. Of course this resulted in his keeping us out double the time we had bargained for, but it was well worth the money.

In driving through a new country it was, I had hitherto considered, and so also had my second Step-Grandmother, a great thing to have with us a Well-informed Friend, who “knew the place well, and had seen most of it before.”

He had utterly forgotten all about it. His explanation was that the place had been so altered since his last visit. As, however, all the most recent guide-books state that in their principal characteristic features neither the towns nor villages of Brittany have undergone any change for the last six hundred years, this computation would make my Well-informed Friend a Patriarch of some considerable standing, and first cousin, perhaps, to the Wandering Jew.

He made up for this, however, by being highly instructive.

His plan of imparting information to us as we drove along, seemed to be based upon the same motive as that which induced the *simple soldat* in *La Grande Duchesse* to ask for a schoolmaster’s place, “in order that he might learn something himself.”

“This,” said my Well-informed Friend, as we drove along the road ‘twixt Dinan and Dol, “is an interesting country. Let me see, this was the great place for the Vendéens.”

“The who?” asked my Grandmother.

“The Vendéens,” replied my Well-informed Friend, adding immediately, as he turned to me, “wasn’t it?” as if he still had his doubts of his own historical accuracy.

I asked him, “Why were the Vendéens so called?”

“Well, let me see,” he observed, meditatively, “they were in the Revolution,”—this is always a safe thing to say of any Frenchmen—“and were a sort of sharpshooters, eh, weren’t they?” I return that I am depending upon him for information.

“Well,” he answered, with, probably, an inward resolve to look up the whole subject the instant he should get home among his books, “the Vendéens were like the *franc-tireurs*, and their name was something to do with—I fancy, I don’t say I am absolutely right—with Vendetta; and they took a vow of eternal vengeance, and so on.”

“But,” I remarked, “the Vendetta was Corsican.”

“Exactly,” returned my Well-informed Friend; “why not? NAPOLEON was a Corsican, wasn’t he?”

This was, evidently, decisive, and as I had nothing to say for or against it, we set ourselves to admire the vast panorama of the thickly-wooded country by which we seemed to be hedged in on every side. My Well-informed Friend improved the occasion by giving us a few statistics on apple-growing. The statistics were, on examination, limited to the information that Devonshire and Cornwall were great apple counties, that Brittany resembled both these, in having plenty of orchards, and that he himself invariably took cider-cup at his Club in summer, which of course went far to encourage the general trade in England and France.

My Well-informed Friend was immense on architecture. When we visited a cathedral or any ancient church, my Step-Grandmother begged that we might have a verger, or some one who knew all about it.

“I can tell you all about it,” said my Well-informed Friend, qualifying this assertion immediately afterwards by adding, “That is, quite as much as you’ll want to know.”

My Grandmother yielded at first, and so did I. When we were quit of my Well-informed Friend, we delivered ourselves over to professional guides, and the amount of remarkable things which we had allowed to escape our notice, owing to our reliance upon our friend’s information, would have formed quite a valuable catalogue. “That’s Saxon,” he used to say, pointing to a plain archway, “and that’s Norman,” pointing to another uncommonly like the first. “That’s pointed Gothic, and that the floriated Gothic, all different styles at different periods. Here!” he would continue, moving us on rapidly, so as to avoid giving us a minute to think over details, “is a lovely Rose Window; and observe in those side-lights how the old glass has been preserved.”

With this he has begun and finished any and every Cathedral. If he can get to some part of the building, and decipher a Latin inscription before our arrival, he will tell us that “here was buried old GOZLAN DE POING; we ought to find his tomb somewhere about with an effigy.” Then he used to pretend to be searching for it. Presently he would announce, joyfully, that his labours had been rewarded. “Here it is!” he would exclaim, pointing to a broken-nosed warrior, doing his best to seem at his ease in the most uncomfortable armour. “Here’s SIR GOZLAN. Look! He was three times at the Crusades, you see; that you know by his having his legs crossed three times,” and so on.

“What,” asked my Grandmother, “is the date of Norman architecture?—and is Gothic later?”

“Well,” replied my Well-informed Friend, considering the matter, “the Norman was first, of course;” he evidently had his doubts on the subject, and was making another mental *Mem.*—to look it up directly he got home. “The Norman,” he continued, “was first, and the Gothic improved on it.”

“But,” said my Grandmother, who is wonderful for her years, “if the Goths were such barbarians—as they were, or why should everyone with bad taste be called a Goth or a Vandal?—how is it they built such beautiful churches?”

“Ah!” replied my Well-informed Friend, with a sort of sigh, and a shrug that seemed to intimate how, at last, my worthy relative had formulated in so many words the difficulty of his lifetime. “Ah! that’s it! How did the Egyptians build the Pyramids? How did the Druids pile up Stonehenge? We don’t know.”

The list of things that my Well-informed Friend will have to “look up” when he “gets back among his books,” must have amounted to a considerable number by the time he quitted us at Mont St. Michel, where, on seeing a pilgrimage, he observed, “History repeats itself;” but on being questioned by us as to the particular instance that came to his mind at that moment, he returned, “Why, don’t you recollect, before the return of LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH, or CHARLES THE TENTH—or—let me see which was it came first?”

This was another item to be added to his list. Mont St. Michel is, as all the world knows from STANFIELD’S pictures (I think he painted it twice), a spot marvellously wild and romantic. The monastery, the fortress, and the houses have perched themselves on the rock, like the sea-birds on Puffin Island. The monastery belongs, I believe, to Friars Preachers: Friars Perchers would be a name in accordance with the situation of their monastic nest. From Avranches, from Coutances, on the one side, from Dol, Dinan, Pontorson, on the other, and, indeed, from every place in Normandy or Brittany lying within forty miles of Mont St. Michel, came omnibuses, caleches, waggons with springs, waggons without springs, diligences of a fashion that must have been out of date in eighteen thirty, carts covered, carts uncovered, in fact every sort of vehicle imaginable and unimaginable, drawn by animals of all sorts and sizes, on their first legs and on their last legs, crowded (the vehicles, I mean) inside and outside with middle-class people, young, middle-aged, and old, cheerful and decorous, all bound for the pilgrimage, but with as little of the fanatic about them as there was of the





### "IN THE LONG RUN."

*Town Gent.* "NOW DO YOU FIND KEEPING POULTRY ANSWERS?"

*Country Gent (lately retired).* "O, 'ES, S'POSED TO ANSWER. Y' SEE THERE'S THE ORIGINAL COST OF THE FOWLS—'F COURSE THE FOOD GOES DOWN TO ME, Y' KNOW. WELL, THEN, I PURCHASE THE EGGS FROM THE CHILDREN, AND THEY EAT THEM!!!"

rough English jollity which you would see in a party of Sussex yeomen, with their wives and daughters, going in a van to Ringmer Races.

The Result of the tour was that we picked up some excellent dishes; and we decided, that, with coals and provisions at their present exorbitant prices in England, the wisest plan for all Englishmen, who could manage it, would be to go to Brittany, for the winter, and stop there. Here too is a wrinkle for Tourists *viâ* Channel Islands. Avoid Guernsey on Sunday. In fact, if you've seen Jersey, avoid Guernsey *in toto*. Sunday at Guernsey is a day of penitential discipline, when luxuries become necessities. London on Sunday is liveliness itself compared with Guernsey. So strictly is what they call the Sabbath kept, that the authorities of Guernsey will not allow the mails to land on Sunday, which are, therefore, taken on to Jersey, and the visitor, anxiously looking for news from home, must impatiently wait till Monday, though the expected letter has arrived, and is actually lying in the Jersey post-office.

I complained to a Guernsey man, in his glossiest Sunday best. He pulled out his prayer-book, and, referring to the Decalogue, insisted upon its authority for the Sabbath.

"Quite so," said I, "but Saturday is the Seventh Day. To be consistent, you must do as the Jews, and keep Saturday. This is Sunday, and the First Day of the week. You can't find, anywhere, a command to make number one into number seven. Get out."

He got out, and went to consult his minister. I trust some good may result from this interview. If so, I shall claim to be the Apostle of the Guernseyism.

But O for one month of French taste in this Holywell-Street-in-the-Sea-sort of island! Why, instead of the measly, dingy place it is now, it would be the gem of the Ocean, bright with colours, flags, flowers, and uniforms; and its market, artistically decorated, might be a sight unequalled in Europe. At present, the hoarded part of Leicester Square, after a three days' soaking rain, is a more cheerful island than this dreary isle of Guernsey. Let GENERAL BAUM of Cremona, or MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND, who have really improved the buffets at our Railway Stations, or let any spirited proprietor,

undertake the Dictatorship of Guernsey. Under such beneficent rule, Guernsey, as Italy is the Garden of Europe, might become the Tea-Garden of Europe. But any change must be for the better.

Is there no Society for the Propagation of Good Taste in Foreign Parts that would take up this subject?

At Southampton we felt ourselves once more on thoroughly British soil, and of course, at what is reckoned the best Hotel in the place, could only be regaled with gravy soup, sole (fried or boiled), chops or a steak, Sir, yes, Sir; and then the next morning we saw the truly British Bill. We had been gradually prepared for this, as the Hotels in Jersey and Guernsey are far from cheap, and the (except you choose a French one, which, out of France, is absurd) fare there is only choppy-and-steaky, after all.

At Southampton I saw, for the first time since our departure, the English papers. For more than ten days I had got on without feeling any curiosity about the Tichborne case (not that I am now in the least interested in it), or about what the world in general was doing. The world didn't miss me, and I hadn't missed it.

I saw that all "The Amusements"—I beg pardon, Sir, I mean "The Theatres"—were reopening with new managements, new casts, old pieces, and old casts for new pieces; and as I regretfully changed the last sixpence remaining to me of my touring money, I said "England expects," etcetera. I must no longer represent Myself; but, Sir, I must remember that I have once more to address My Editor, to put myself *au courant* with what is going on and what is standing still; and again, Sir, sign myself now as formerly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

### Our Drinking Days.

It is said that drunkenness is on the increase; but surely, as a nation, we are much more sober than we were, in the days of our forefathers, when people used to sing, in their cups, a song about "The Right Little Tight Little Island," which appears to have been in their good old time, considerably more tight than right.



### "POOTY MANNERS."

*Mother.* "GENERAL, LET ME INTRODUCE MY BOY, WHO HAS OFTEN HEARD OF YOU FROM MY DEAR HUSBAND, AND LONGS TO KNOW YOU!"

*Son.* "MY MOTHER SPEAKS NO MORE THAN THE TRUTH, GENERAL! I CAN ASSURE YOU IT AFFORDS ME THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRATIFICATION TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SO ESTEEMED A FRIEND OF MY EXCELLENT FATHER!"

### NEW BANK STOCK.

ODD things come to light in odd places. An unexpected discovery has just been made in that romantic spot, the Bank of England. A bundle, not of old cheque-books, or old dividend warrants, or old notes, but of "old love letters," has been found in a chest in the vaults of that matter-of-fact building. A thrill ran through the Bank and all its branches when the news became known. The oldest officer on the establishment had never heard, never dreamed, of such a thing. The Beadle refused to believe it, and denounced the whole affair as a hoax. The Governor, Deputy-Governor, and all the Directors were at once summoned. They would have been glad if the discovery in the vaults could have been kept a profound secret, apprehensive of the effect it might produce upon the next half-yearly dividend. The Solicitors to the Bank assured them that no breach of its Charter had been committed. All sorts of rumours were in circulation, and confidence in the character of the Bank for steadiness was not restored, until it was ascertained that the letters dated back as far as the Restoration of CHARLES THE SECOND, and were not, as had been feared, the tender effusions of some sentimental Director or susceptible Chief Cashier of more modern times. Restoration of the letters has been made to the present representative of the original writer (who the young lady was does not appear), and the Old Lady is again tranquil. The Rest of the Bank is no longer disturbed, its Stock is as valuable as ever, and no alteration in the rate of discount is apprehended.

One strange revelation of this kind often leads to another. The public would, therefore, do well to be prepared to hear of the discovery of a packet of Valentines, of the time of QUEEN ELIZABETH, in a bureau in the National Debt Office, or that a tress of golden hair, tied round with blue ribbon in a true lover's knot, has been found concealed in a trunk in the Woods and Forests.

BATH "BRICKS."—The Liberal Majority.

### A REFORMER'S REWARD.

THE *Morning Post* announces the presentation of a

"TESTIMONIAL TO MR. BEALES.—MR. EDMOND BEALES, M.A., was presented yesterday with a gold watch and chain, subscribed for by a number of tradesmen and artisans in recognition of his efforts in extending the franchise."

What was the value of the testimonial appropriately presented to MR. BEALES (M.A.)? A watch and chain are articles which the grateful and enthusiastic admirers of that distinguished ex-tribune of the people, might, at one time, have bought very cheap. In the days when BEALES was wont to preside over intimidation-meetings, a good many watches and chains may, unbought, have changed hands in Hyde Park. For many a person, respectable for his character and station, if not for his intellect, will, although wearing a watch and chain, and carrying money in his pockets, venture, out of curiosity to listen to a mob-orator, into the middle of the people assembled in the neighbourhood of the Reformers' Tree.

### AFFECTION AND ECONOMY.

WHEN those we love are taken hence,  
This thought may salve affliction's sore;  
"We shall be lightened of expense:"  
Or, "Now we shall get something more."

But nought relieves our sorrow, when  
Relations who maintained us go;  
Yet most do we grudge mourning then,  
When 'tis the garb of truest woe.

### Railway Intelligence.

"RATHER a lack of this article generally, specially in Signalmen," says little WILLIAM WAGG, playing, as is his wont, on the word "intelligence." But it is a fact that yesterday two new connecting Lines were started on Hampstead Heath. On inspection they were found to be clothes-lines.

### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OUR Cambridge Correspondent telegraphs that the Sadlerian Professor will lecture this term on "Stirrups and Bridles."

### UNDOUBTED SUCCESSES.

A COLUMN of German news contains the statement that:—

"The undoubted success of recent French and English pilgrimages to Lourdes and Paray-le-Monial has induced the Bavarian Clergy to organise a South German Pilgrimage to the same places."

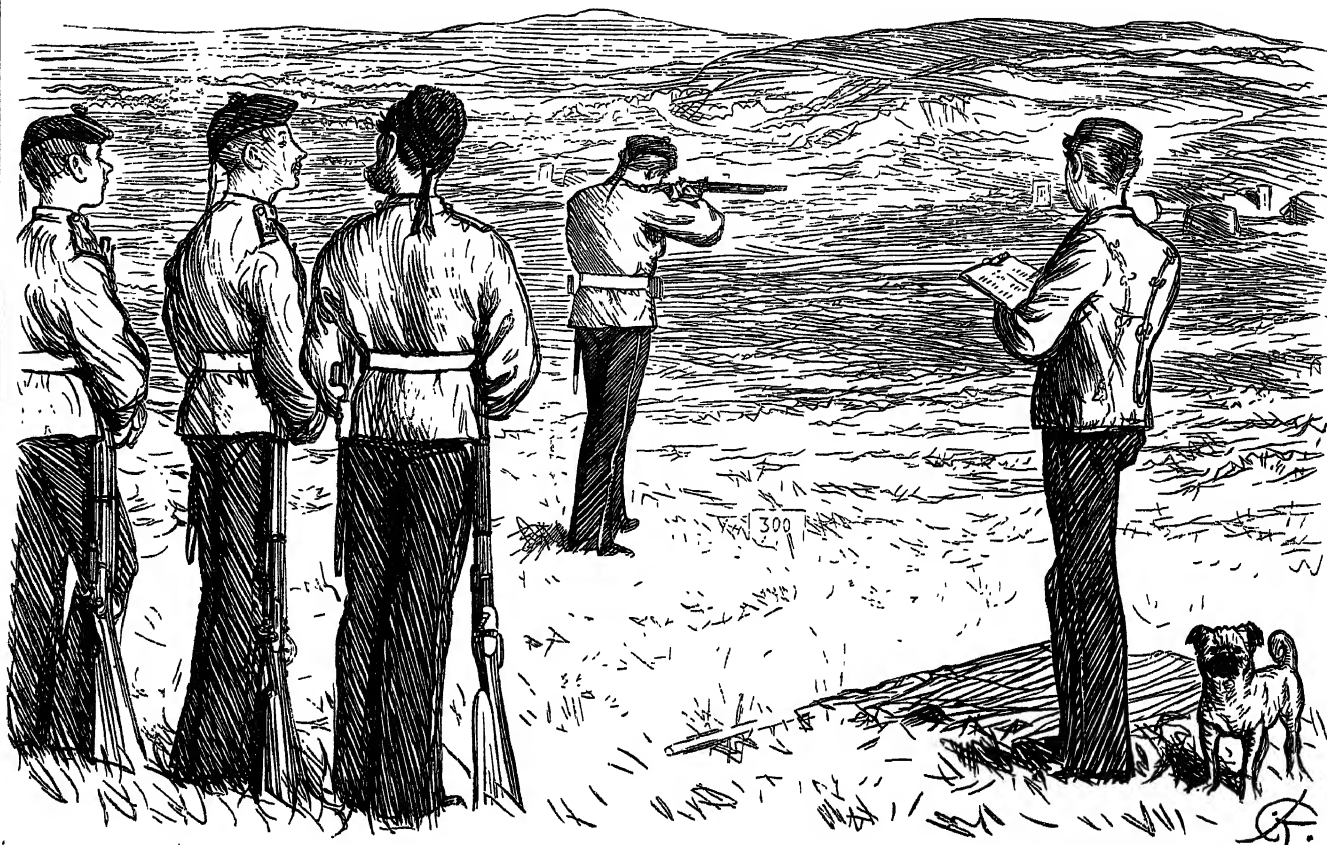
In what have those pilgrimages succeeded so manifestly that their success is described as undoubted? The POPE still calls himself the Prisoner of the Vatican, and the COUNT DE CHAMBORD has not as yet ascended the throne of France. If any miracle has been performed at Paray-le-Monial, Lourdes, La Salette, or any other hole-and-corner, it has been kept dark, and may not come to light, perhaps, for the next two or three centuries. The success of the pilgrimages to the two places above-mentioned may, as a point of faith, be undoubted by the undoubting faithful; but, as a matter of fact, at least, "it hath not appeared." However, there is no reason to doubt that the pilgrimages organised by excursion-agents have paid their managers, and thus, as commercial speculations, been crowned with a success which, by the parties who have achieved it, is indubitable.

### A Note of Sympathy.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ON your account I am very sorry for the agitation that has been created by the anxiety of the Eton Masters to make a shilling or two more a week out of the parents of the boys whom they have undertaken to feed for a portion of the year. The temptation to be facetious about Eton, eat on, eaten, eating, eating-houses, &c., will, I know, prove irresistible to scores of ill-disciplined minds, and you, I fear, will be the innocent sufferer. Now and then you reveal to us the number of jokes you receive on some popular topic of the day. A little statistical information of this kind on the present occasion would be acceptable to a circle of sympathising friends, who meet every Wednesday evening at the

LEON AND UNICORN.



### "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

No. 2 (Recruit, who has just fired). "RIC'SHAY THAT TIME, BILL, WASN'T IT?"

No. 1 (Old Soldier). "AYE, LAD: AN' GOOD ENOUGH, TOO, FOR A CARDWELLIANTHIRTYTHREEINCHESROUNDTHECHESTER!!!"

### A REAL REFORMER.

MR. PLUMPTRE, the celebrated elocutionist, declares his desire to teach everybody to speak plainly and distinctly, and so to banish from use the phrases "I beg your pardon?" and "What did you say?" He will do good service. Nobody has more right to mumble, so that one has difficulty in hearing him, than he has to write badly, so that one has difficulty in reading him. But MR. PLUMPTRE, as a man of the world, must know that, as *Falstaff* says, there is such a malady as not marking. He must also know that many carnally wise people cause a speech to be repeated that they may gain more time to consider their answer. These nuisances cannot be cured by MR. PLUMPTRE's excellent teaching. As to the first, it may be noticed that a man never fails to hear when anybody whom he deems his superior, or anybody from whom he is trying to gain anything, is talking to him; and, therefore, his inattention on other occasions is an insolence. As for the Fabian, he is to be baffled and discomfited by making your second speech utterly unlike your first, and thus "selling" him, when his painful grin of discontent will pleasantly confess his dodge. We would supplement MR. PLUMPTRE's philanthropic endeavour with these suggestions, and we heartily wish him all success.

### A Wretch to His Wife.

DEARER still and dearer coal,  
So thou growest, every day;  
O my love, my life, my soul!—  
How the money melts away!

### A Large Class.

TRICKITT, who is at once a great Whist-player and a close observer of the Game of Life, declares that sometimes when he looks round and sees how well many of those get on who are not overburdened with wisdom, he is tempted to think that Fools are Trumps.

### QUESTIONS FOR THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

AMONG the subjects set down for discussion in the programme of the Church Congress at Bath, one was described as "The means of bringing the Influence of the Church to bear upon the Masses of the People." It may be suggested that those who wish the influences of the Church to be brought to bear upon the Masses of the People will do very little to effect their object until they manage to prevent the Masses of the People from continuing to be alienated from the Church by the Masses of the Ritualists.

Another subject entered for debate was that of the "Appropriation of Seats as affecting a National Church." Of course there can be but one opinion amongst the Churchmen as to the way in which the Church is likely to be affected by the appropriation of seats in Parliament.

### Attractive Metal.

THE MOON we know is silver, and the composition of Mercury is obvious to the meanest capacity; but which of the other planets has the telescope discovered to be metalliferous? The question is not superfluous, seeing that a Company has lately been started called the "Planet Tin Mining."

### Mental Philosophy.

INTELLECTUAL power appears to be very unequally distributed. Some people do not hesitate to tell you that they were "in two or three minds." Others conduct themselves as though they had no mind at all worth mentioning.

### To Correspondents.

THE Names and Addresses of all persons who may henceforth send any "jokes" about "Ash and Tea," "Hash and Tea," or "A Shanty," will be handed to the Police. The war is bad enough, without the wit.



### CONFESSION IN CONFUSION.

*Priest.* "NOW, TELL ME, DOOLAN, TRUTHFULLY, HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO CHAPEL?"

*Pat.* "WILL, NOW, SHURE OI'LL TELL YER RIV'RENCE THE TRUTH. FAIX, I GO AS OFTEN I CAN AVOID!"

### THE MUSSULMAN PLATFORM.

ON Tuesday last week, at Manchester, was held the annual meeting of a General Council—one not of the Church. No; that assembly represented our British Know-Nothings; namely the Members of the United Kingdom Alliance, who have now proclaimed that they will know nothing in politics but the Permissive Prohibitory Bill. The representatives of the Alliance leagued together for the destruction of the trade in generous liquors, met in the Free Trade Hall.

So far from being a Council of the Church, indeed, this General Council of Permissive Prohibitory Know-Nothings appears to have consisted chiefly of persons whose creed is quite another than that of Christendom. SIR WILFRID LAWSON, according to the report of his speech in the *Times*, describing the policy of the United Kingdom Alliance with respect to the law which at present regulates the sale of liquors, said:—

"That policy was, disregarding both parties who had allied themselves to this evil system, to show forth their faith by their works by endeavouring to return men to Parliament who would go against the mischievous principle."

The faith which SIR WILFRID LAWSON wishes his Know-Nothings to show forth by their works appears to be one of which few persons have any idea that there are any votaries in the House of Commons. But he himself represents Carlisle. And SIR WALTER C. TREVELYAN, President of the Alliance, in his opening address from the Chair of its General Council, declared that:—

"He could not repress a feeling of anxious foreboding for most disastrous results from our too characteristic national love for strong drink, should not some check soon be devised to the continued great increase and extension of the terrible evils which must ever afflict a country whose revenues depended greatly on the consumption of those infernal drugs, intoxicating drink and tobacco."

By intoxicating drinks, SIR WALTER TREVELYAN means, among other drinks, wine, which intoxicates those who abuse it, and does those who use it good. Wine, if the words above quoted are really

### RITUALISM AND EBENEZER.

(Suggested by a speech delivered in the late Church Congress.)

FOREBODE you disestablishment?  
What else, ARCHDEACON DENISON,  
To please a preacher of Dissent;  
Like you—or SPURGEON is not one?

Doctrines which Articles deny  
In terms direct, distinct, and plain,  
Don't all you Clergy Ultra-High  
In pulpit and in print maintain?

Don't you, and such as you, refuse  
Your Bishops' orders to obey;  
Persist in doing what you choose,  
And minding not a word they say?

Dissent, North, South, or East, or West,  
Is still Dissent, Dissenters ye  
Are in priests' vestments, and the vest  
Our waistcoat tailors call M. B.

Go then, and mix with MIALL's crew,  
War 'gainst Establishment proclaim;  
Dissenters in the Church are you:  
Get out of it, and own your name.

### A Good Riddance.

MR. BRADLAUGH, who is now on a lecturing tour in the United States, has been "interviewed," like other lions who visit our American Cousins. In the course of the interview MR. BRADLAUGH expressed his willingness to make a present of the British Aristocracy and the Church of England to the United States. We have no doubt the Aristocracy and the Church would be ready to reciprocate the compliment, and to make the States a present of MR. BRADLAUGH. We cannot imagine a testimonial which would be likely to command a larger subscription.

### SPORTING NEWS.

"THE Cambridgeshire" seems likely to be a walk over for "House of York."

his, he calls an infernal drug. Of course he would not himself take any of an infernal drug even for his stomach's sake. Neither would SIR WILFRID LAWSON; no more than would, unless he is a humbug, the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM. The epithet applied by the President of the United Kingdom Alliance, the other evening, to wine, is obviously inconsistent with any belief in its immediate production, once upon a time, from pure water. The only faith that can be shown forth by the use of that strong expression surely is the faith of MAHOMET. What says TREVELYAN EFFENDI? Is it not so, LAWSON BEY?

And yet Turks, who smoke tobacco, could not call it also an infernal drug; but then some Turks may not smoke, and may curse tobacco, and be Turks and heretics too. However, the idea of the Permissive Prohibitory Bill is perfectly Turkish; only, to make it perfect, the permission to prohibit the sale of wine, and the other drinks which SIR W. C. TREVELYAN calls infernal, should be accorded to a Pacha, or a Cadi, instead of to a majority of ratepayers, and conferred, not by an Act of Parliament, but a firman.

It appears that total abstinence from all but the weakest drink is quite compatible with the use of the very strongest language.

### Henri Cinq.

SCENE—The Boulevards. HALFRED and 'ARRY meeting, and discussing French politics.

*Halfred.* I say, 'Arry, what'll this ere COUNTY SHAMBOB call 'imself if he comes to the throne?

*'Arry.* Well, you see, considerin' if he comes up to the surface, they oughtn't to call him 'ENRY SANK, but 'ENRY ROSE.

### ALTERATION IN THE CUT.

MODERN mechanical inventions are so rapidly superseding the old-fashioned implement, the scythe, that Time ought, in future, to be represented with a Mowing Machine.



## GEMS FROM THE JOURNALS.



S MR. PUNCH has solaced the wet days—that is, most of the days in his vacation—by reading his contemporaries, he generously offers the Universe a few of his scissor-notes.

Where Tarporeley is, and whether tarpaulins were invented there, and named from the place, we do not know. But we do know that it is a place where prompt justice is done:—

“TARPORELEY.—Early on Tuesday evening last it was discovered that two fine sheep had been worried which were in a flock belonging to MR. FINCHET, of Beech Lane Farm. The owners of the dogs which killed the sheep had been shot, as soon as they knew, to prevent any further outrage.”

We admire the expedition with which right was done: we also admire the good feeling which delayed execution until the offenders were apprised of their crime.

The next is from the *Birmingham Daily Post*. We constantly hear of the fastidiousness of our menials, but here is a new case. A

housemaid declines to take care of an ugly child. But as no mother can believe that her child is ugly, the announcement will probably not prevent any person from writing to the advertiser.

**HOUSEMAID** (experienced) At once, willing to take charge of a Child, of nice appearance. Good references.—Apply, &c., Hagley Road, Stourbridge.

But the following is far more interesting. It is from the *Liverpool Mercury*, and it seems to need no introduction, though the advertiser needs one. We are glad to see that the young lady is pious:—

**A YOUNG WIDOW** (29), resident of Liverpool, left with four pretty children, wishes to meet with a PARTNER for life. Has a houseful of furniture in good condition. Would prefer a member of some denomination. Is agreeable and kind. References exchanged. Address \* \* \*, North Wales.

“Four pretty children!” Who should know better than their Mamma? What is the lowest denomination that would suit her? Will she take a Jumper, or does she draw the line at Baptists?

Some kind of Dissenting Parliament has been held at Ipswich. Just before its assembling, a local paper put forth the following modest appeal:—

“The Congregational Union will honour Ipswich with a visit before our next issue. Not only the mental but the physical man will have to receive attention; and all who can lend a bed-room may be allowed to entertain an angel unawares. Let the Christians of Ipswich come readily and generously forward to accommodate for a few nights the Messengers of the Churches.”

“Messengers.” Ah, you well-informed schismatic. You know the meaning of “angels,” do you? But most people do not, and that “entertaining an angel” (whether you ought to use Scripture words for your advertisements, you know best) was meant to be very effective with pious sentimentallists. An angel with a woollen comforter and a fat umbrella is a new type.

Let us relieve our minds with something murderous—

**CHALLENGE TO WESTON VOLUNTEERS.**—A gentleman residing within four miles of Weston-super-Mare is OPEN TO SHOOT any Member of the Weston Volunteers.

The Weston Volunteers (unless they can get a snap-shot before the gentleman is ready) had perhaps better keep beyond four miles of Weston-super-Mare.

An esteemed resident in Belfast has lately departed this life. The *Belfast Evening Telegraph* makes the following announcement:—

“\* \* \* The length of Mr. \* \* \*’s funeral has compelled us to omit our first leading article.”

One has heard of driving a coach and six horses through an Act of Parliament. Here is a hearse driven through a newspaper.

The critic in the *Eastbourne Express* would do well, now that the season is over, to take a rudimentary course of English literature. He has seen a display of fashionable dresses, and is “reminded of

some beautiful parterre of flowers, where every colour is richly blended, so gloriously described by MILTON—

‘Age cannot wither her, nor custom steal  
Her infinite variety.’”

MILTON’s fine play, *Antony and Cleopatra*, is now performing at Drury Lane, and if the critic goes there and listens, he will hear the words he has quoted; but, as BEN O’BARBUS is, as his name shows, an Irishman, he pronounces the word “steal” as *stale*, and, curiously enough, it is so spelt in the books. This proves that MR. WHALLEY is right in stating that Irish influence is everywhere.

Here is another thing that will be interesting to our Dissenting friends:—

“COMMERCIAL TRIALS.”—A Baptist Dissenter, living in a retired villa, in \* \* \* is extensively engaged as a legal Accountant in economically extricating persons from Commercial Embarrassments without publicity, and with protection from arrests. Respectable persons, male or female, thus situated, are temporarily afforded the comforts of a socially religious home, and confidential counsel during retirement. References to a Minister of the denomination required and given.—Address, &c.

Really, we could almost wish to be “commercially tried,” for the sake of entering this socially religious home. Doubtless the hymns, etc., are carefully selected with reference to the condition of the pious but embarrassed guest, and the history of the Merciless Creditor in the parable, and similar narratives are “improved” for his benefit. But we observe that such happiness is restricted to the denomination. Only Baptists may be thus comforted. Might one ask of members of that exceptionally stern denomination how they reconcile getting into “commercial trials” with the injunction “Owe no man anything.” They are so desperately hard on Church folk and other outcasts, that we may venture the question.

We penultimately present an advertisement which has evidently been wrung out of the writer by a long series of tormenting she-menials. We heartily compassionate him, and trust that he may get the illiterate person he wants:—

**WANTED**, a good GENERAL SERVANT, who can neither read nor write, nor be able to do tatting, crochet, or embroidery. A good character is indispensable, and she must be able to cook fish, meat, and vegetables fit to be eaten. Any housekeeper who is parting with such a treasure, or who knows of such a one out of place, will confer a favour on the Advertiser by addressing, &c.

He wants something a good deal more like an Angel than the beings who were to be entertained at Ipswich, but there may be such a creature, and we trust that she will come to console the advertiser.

Mr. Punch did not until the other day know Consett, but he perceives, from its *Guardian*, that Consett knows Mr. Punch, and treasures his epigrams. He hopes for long intimacy; and as there is nothing so nice as an act of politeness at the beginning of a friendship, Mr. Punch extracts a passage from the *Guardian*’s “London letter.” The happy Arcadians of the Vale of Derwent are informed that—

“The Opéra Comique has gone a little out of its usual course in giving us serious Italian Opera, with a full company of Italian *artistes* and such a *prima donna* as MADAME RISTORI. But the boon of genuine operatic performances at low prices is too great for Londoners, for them to question the consistency of their being presented at the pretty little house in the Strand. These performances are drawing large and appreciative audiences; and any of your music-loving readers who may intend visiting London, should by no means miss this attractive entertainment.”

This would imply that the London Correspondent has heard MADAME RISTORI singing in Serious Opera, or he would not have recommended visitors to attend. We have not yet had that advantage, but have sent to secure stalls for her first performance in *Norma*.

## A Bad Road Blocked.

MISS RHODA GARRETT writes to contradict the reports that her canvassing against MR. HENRY JAMES, as the most determined opponent, last session, of Woman’s Suffrage, was one of his principal helps to the head of the poll at Taunton. His friends must be glad to hear it. It could not have been a pleasant thought to them that a Member in every way so desirable should have found his way into the House *via* the Garret.

## Canine Reflection.

Does that sagacious animal, a dog, think? If so, what is it probable that he thinks of the master who feeds him from his plate at table? No dog, that can help it, will share his meal with another. Perhaps the thought of the faithful creature really is one of wonder what it can be that makes his master give away anything good to eat.

## A LAW FOR THE LOWER ORDERS.



which a Bench has been placed in trying circumstances by having been invoked to punish, not the transgression, but the observance, of this good old statute. Witness the newspaper paragraph which follows:—

"SAILORS REFUSING TO WORK ON SUNDAY.—Ten sailors were charged before the Southampton Magistrates on Saturday, by the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, with combining to disobey the lawful orders of their officers, in refusing to work on Sunday on board the steamer *Liffey*, on her voyage from Brazil to Southampton. The defence was that, under an Act of CHARLES THE SECOND, they were prohibited from following their employment on the Lord's Day. The Bench sentenced each man to seven days' imprisonment. Notice of appeal was given."

It is to be hoped, in the interests of respectability, that the conviction of these seamen will be sustained, even although the work they refused to perform on Sunday should be shown to have been quite unnecessary. The Sunday Act of CHARLES THE SECOND was never meant to justify disobedience to orders received on that sacred day from a superior officer on board a vessel in a great Mail Company's line of packets. The aim of that enactment was to enforce respect for the Sabbath on the lower orders; it was not framed to incommode their betters called to a superior station of life. Should the conviction of those sailors be quashed on appeal, the law it was obtained under will have to be rescinded, or else the consequences will be dreadful. Suppose the Court above should rule that no servant is bound to do any work on Sunday for which there is no absolute necessity. Is it necessary to drive a lady who is in perfect health, and has the use of her limbs, a mile to Church when she can walk, and it would do her good to? Is there any real necessity for cleaning boots on a Sunday, or even for cooking a dinner at the request of those who can dine quite as well as they need to on cold meat and bread? But, on the other hand, in case the performance of these offices on Sunday shall be decided to be unnecessary, and, not only that, but to constitute an offence under CHARLES THE SECOND'S Sunday Act, the greatest inconvenience and discomfort will be entailed on the superior classes. The repeal of the statute which forbids small tradesmen and common labourers and mechanics from following their employment on Sunday will enable them, by so doing, to fly in the face of the Clergy with impunity, and to offend the feelings of numerous respectable persons on their way to Church.

## PAROCHIALISM AT ST. PAUL'S.

ST. PAUL'S Cathedral has for some time had the reputation of being, in a peculiar sense, extra-parochial. It is generally credited with standing out of the bounds of Beadledom. But the *City Press* states that the REV. W. ROGERS, who has abolished the "mob caps" that were wont to be worn by charity-school girls in his parish, was therefore "denied admission for the children of the Bishopsgate Schools to the Cathedral at the annual gathering on Thursday, the reason being, it is said, that uniformity in the appearance of the children would be destroyed." This idea of uniformity is distinctively a Beadle's. Mob caps are part of the uniform of "charity" school-girls in the view of the typical Beadle's

mind. They are a specialty of the full dress of degradation which the regular Beadle regards as indispensable for the recipients of charity. This Beadle's notion of propriety is the cause which perpetuates the yellow stockings, girdle, and gaberdine of the "Blue-coat" boys; and, to be sure, there is this to be said for it, that it makes the genuine Beadle hug himself in the ignominy of his own blazing apparel. There is no Beadle externally of this gorgeous description at St. Paul's; but, unless our Civic contemporary has been misinformed, there must be a personage in some authority about that Cathedral, who orders matters quite after the fashion of the thoroughgoing parochial Bumble, although officially attired in plain clothes, or in nothing else more ornamental than, perhaps, canonicals; but, let us hope, in plain clothes only.

## HISTORICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Obligingly made easy by "History's Muse, as memorial for keeping."*

PIUS to WILLIAM.

YOUR Majesty should be aware,  
For 'tis a terrible affair,  
That BISMARCK and his atheist crew  
Are making quite a tool of you,  
And struggling hard, by force or tricks,  
To extirpate your Catholics.  
Sire, really you must mind your eye,  
Or down your throne comes, by-and-by.  
I speak the truth to great and small,  
Heretics, Catholics, and all;  
For all who've been Baptised, you see,  
Belong, or more or less, to Me.  
You'll come to grief, *judicio meo*,  
So, bless you much, dear WILLIAM.

Vatican, August 7.

PIO.

WILLIAM to PIUS.

Your Holiness must have been drugged,  
Or, say the least of it, humbugged.  
No Minister of mine can go  
A step ahead if I say No.  
But, Holiness, your blessed Priests,  
Joining with Communistic beasts,  
Have lit fierce fire, and wildly fanned it;  
And dash my buttons if I stand it!  
How Christian Clergymen can dare  
Such things, I neither know nor care,  
But since they choose to put me to it,  
I'm to keep order—and I'll do it.  
The best course you can take's to frown,  
And bid your priests to knuckle down.  
As for belonging to a Pope,  
I'm duly grateful for soft soap,  
But only know one Mediator  
Between myself and my Creator.  
But, notwithstanding *credo*, still I am,  
Your peaceful and devoted

Berlin, September 3.

WILLIAM.

## THE POPE AND HIS SLIPPERS.

WE learn this little bit of highly interesting news from a paragraph describing the POPE'S Wardrobe, which (the paragraph, not the wardrobe) has lately been travelling upon the journalistic circuit, or, in commoner phrase, going the round of the papers:—

"The slippers, of fine red cloth, embroidered with fine gold, and ornamented with a cross, are worth from 120 francs to 140 francs. The POPE requires six of these for the year; twenty-four pairs are, besides, always kept in the wardrobe, and the Chamberlains are forbidden to give them away when cast off, though many eagerly covet the honour of their possession."

What in the world, then, can become of them? Are they sold to the old clo' men, or are they laid up in lavender, as scented, we mean sainted, relics of His Holiness? If the latter be the case, what a number of old slippers must be treasured in the Vatican! Supposing five or six pairs have been put by every year since the POPE began to reign, one would think there must, by this time, be a roomful of his slippers. Certainly, if His Holiness feel the need of an amusing pastime to enliven his seclusion, he will find at hand abundance of materials for a game of Hunt the Slipper.

PROMOTION.—If the price of fuel continues to rise, Coal will soon be entitled to take higher mineralogical rank, and to be classed with precious stones.



## FROM THE COAL DISTRICTS.

*My Lady.* "I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE UP THE PINE-APPLE, MR. GREEN! EIGHT SHILLINGS IS REALLY TOO MUCH!"

*Successful Collier.* "JUST PUT 'UN UP FOR ME, THEN, MASTER. 'ERE'S 'ARF A SOVEREIGN; AND LOOK 'ERE—YER MAY KEEP THE CHANGE IF YER 'LL ONLY TELL US 'OW TO COOK 'UN!"

## THE WRONG PIG.

THOU gott'st as good as thou didst bring,  
O Prisoner of the Vatican!  
The German Kaiser, Prussia's King,  
Laid hold on, proved the wrong old man.

As fares the swineherd, that a boar,  
Mistaken, by the ear hath got,  
And roused to turn on him and gore;  
Such is thine own disastrous lot.

To Kaiser WILHELM talk as though  
From heaven above; and bid him bow!  
As to all that, he'd have thee know  
He better knows what's what than thou.

Hadst thou forgotten, then, his raid  
On Denmark, and his French campaign;  
Thanksgivings for celestial aid:  
Thousands and tens of thousands slain?

Thanks for the triumph in that fight  
Whose issue was, all people see,  
The overthrow of Gallic might;  
Thence Rome directly reft from thee?

Him thou, forsooth, didst take to task,  
Him in religion think to school!  
How couldst thou? Were't not rude to ask—  
How could a Pope be such a fool?

WHY is the City of Bath like the celebrated DR. JOHNSON?  
Because it has shown its liking for a good HAYTER.

## POLITICS v. PHARMACY.

(See Gladstone's Case.)

In practice, *Dover's Powder* is exhibited  
As diuretic, opiate, sudorific,  
With powers of forwarding reaction credited,  
For lowering purposes a strong specific.

But *James's Powder*, till now thought more fitted  
To lower than raise one's corporal harmonies,  
Must henceforth to new functions be admitted,  
As one of the most pick-me-up of tonics!

## The Toast of Truth.

AT many of the public dinners which abound during this Parliamentary vacation time, amongst the various toasts drunk on those festive occasions, the health of "Ministers and Clergy of all Denominations" is included. An Emperor of China is said, whenever he fell ill, to have used to call in all his doctors to prescribe for him, have their various prescriptions severally made up, and the whole of the medicines so compounded apart then mixed together; when he swallowed the lot, supposing that, amongst them all, he must take the right one. A similar idea may be supposed to be contemplated in proposing the toast of the "Ministers and Clergy of all Denominations."

## A Sweet Title.

THE *Ceylon Observer* suggests that "the PRINCE of KANDY would be a right Royal title to bestow, say on the second son of the PRINCE of WALES—the little PRINCE GEORGE." Our candid opinion is, that the little Prince himself (born June 3rd, 1865) might prefer to be PRINCE of SUGAR KANDY.



### “ON THE MEND.”

DR. PUNCH. “AND HOW ARE WE NOW, MY DEAR FRIEND? THERE—KEEP YOUR TONGUE IN, AND TELL ME.”

MR. GLADSTONE. “O, SO MUCH BETTER, DOCTOR! THE ‘DOVER POWDER’ DIDN’T AGREE WITH ME AT ALL; BUT ‘JAMES’S POWDER’ HAS DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD!!”









## DOUBTFUL LUXURY.

*Ethel.* "WERE YOU NOT PLEASED TO HAVE SUCH A PRETTY PARTNER AS MISS MYRTLE AT CROQUET YESTERDAY, CHARLIE?"

*Charlie.* "WELL—ER—PERSONALLY, I DISLIKE BEAUTY. ACKNOWLEDGED BELLES HAVE A WAY OF MAKING A FELLOW FEEL HIMSELF OF SECONDARY CONSIDERATION SOMETIMES, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

Patent a peculiar sort of Bun (none genuine unless stamped with say a "T," like "Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, Baker's man") crush opposition, and make ten thousand a year easily.

*Happy Thought.*—Haven't got the pluck to do it myself. Suggest it to a friend who has, and take so much down for the idea. Not much capital wanted. Safe to pay. Few things, to begin with, are so popular as Buns, and it's ten points out of fifteen in your favour if you start with something popular. Ventilate the subject.

*Happy Thought.*—Give up literature and take to hotel keeping. Or do both. Why not? Write my *Typical Developments* in my own name, and keep the Hotel under another. Besides who's to know that I do keep a Hotel if I don't tell them?

Friends would come down, see me at the Hotel. "Hallo! you here?" "Yes," I could reply, "capital place to stop at. I've been here for some time." I could puff it, enormously, without being suspected, and, to keep up appearances, I would dine in the coffee-room, make a row about the bill, when I would always be in the wrong, and the Hotel manifestly right, and then say, audibly, "I thought I'd get 'em to take something off; but I must say they're deuced honest people, and, after all, seventeen shillings for such magnificent champagne as they've got here, is not dear." Carry out this rôle well, and here's another fortune.

That's two fortunes I've thought of this morning within the last five minutes. Wonder if that *vin ordinaire* was a better quality than usual.

*Happy Thought.*—Paid my bill. Go back by boat to Folkestone at night. Choose night because there's nobody up to look at you when you arrive.

## QUITE UNCALLED FOR.

MRS. MALAPROP says she can't think what people mean by asking for more "adult schools" for the Working Classes. As if there wasn't adulteration enough already among the Tradespeople without putting the Working Men up to it!

## EDWIN JAMES IN ERROR.

THERE are JAMESSES and JAMESSES—HENRIES and EDWINS. HENRY has just been returned to Parliament amid the general rejoicing of all who know him; EDWIN is trying to return thither, amid—we would rather not say what kind of feeling. It is thirteen years since MR. EDWIN JAMES had to vacate his seat for Marylebone, and to leave his country, for his country's good. He has now returned from the United States, a sadder man, we have no doubt, and, if we may take his own word for it, a wiser. We rather doubt this, when we find him proclaiming his intention of coming forward again for Marylebone. *Punch* doesn't like to hit a man when he is down; and he has not said a word about MR. EDWIN JAMES'S unavailing attempts to procure readmission to the Bar. But MR. EDWIN JAMES must not presume too far on his own abjectness. When he ventures to stump Marylebone he must have forgotten that the House of Commons is not the House of Representatives, and that England—even in its Metropolitan Boroughs—still requires character in its Legislative Body. The man whom the Judges have unanimously refused to re-admit to the Bar, is not the man whom any English constituency can return to Parliament. EDWIN JAMES'S return to England is not an event on which, as far as we can see, any person or community is to be congratulated, but his return to Parliament would be a catastrophe which we decline to contemplate as possible in even the most Marylebonish of Boroughs.

## The Disease and its Remedy.

DR. SHEPPARD, of King's College, writes to the *Times* proclaiming—what, we believe, was no secret to chemists—that the worst mischiefs of alcohol arise from the fusil oil left in it by over-hasty distillation. SIR WILFRID LAWSON and his teetotal friends say that if the disease lie in the "fusil," the remedy lies in the refusal of alcohol under all forms and disguises whatever.



### FLUNKEIANA. (A FACT, AS USUAL.)

"PLEASE 'M, I WISH TO LEAVE THIS DAY MONTH!"

"VERY WELL, GEORGE; BUT WHAT IS YOUR REASON?"

"WELL, M'M, EVER SINCE I BEEN HERE I'VE ONLY 'AD BUTCHER'S MEAT ONCE A WEEK!"

"ONCE A WEEK! WHY, YOU HAVE BEEF EVERY SUNDAY, AND MUTTON EVERY DAY; TO SAY NOTHING OF HARES AND RABBITS AT SUPPER!"

"MASTER KILLS HIS OWN MUTTON, M'M. I DON'T CALL THAT BUTCHER'S MEAT!"

### Ritualism Avenged.

SOME of our Parsons talk a good deal of nonsense, but, to do anti-Parsons justice, they can meet folly with folly. It would take much Ritualistic twaddle to outweigh a bit of logic just propounded by a MR. TILLET, at Ipswich. He observed that the educated classes like to go to church, while their inferiors do not. True enough. But from this he inferred that at church true Christianity is not preached. If we might compare carnal things with spiritual, MR. TILLET would be as right in saying that because the masses prefer a music-hall song to a composition by BEETHOVEN, the latter did not write good music.

### MOTIVE OF MUNIFICENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, under the signature of "Observer," enumerates and sums up from its advertising columns, in a single number, donations of no less than "twelve thousand pounds from twelve anonymous donors," a thousand pounds each, to various charitable institutions, and some of those gifts from persons who have given more than once, one donation being a fifth. The happiness which these munificent persons must derive from the gratification of their benevolent desires is, of course, inconceivable by those who possess none, although they may well enough understand the blessedness of being able to afford that luxury to an amount represented by four figures, still more to an indefinite one. But persons endowed with genuine sympathy may, by means of it, partake of all that bliss, although not having a sixpence they can spare to bless themselves withal. They, indeed, comprehend the motives of beneficence; but there are too many wretches who, if asked to account for the large and numerous donations noticed by "Observer," would very likely suggest that they were prompted by atmospheric influences, some people being, like sea-weed and mortar containing a deliquescent salt, liable to give in wet weather.

### ADVICE.

(Freely adapted from Herriek.)

ORDER ye Wallsends while ye may,  
Though prices are surprising:  
For this same coal that's high to-day,  
To-morrow may be rising.

The Winter Quarter has begun,  
The Sun is sooner setting,  
Best coals are now two pounds a ton,  
And dearer will be getting.

That man is blest whose cellar's full,  
For days will not grow warmer:  
But what we want to see, JOHN BULL,  
Is some great coal reformer.

Then be not rash, but take advice—  
All ye who wish to marry:  
With coals and meat at such a price,  
You would be wise to tarry.

### TOO GOOD NEWS TO BE TRUE.

(From our Political Reporter.)

WE are privileged to announce that at a lengthened conference which took place on Tuesday last between the Right Honourable the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it was decided that their mutual efforts should next Session be directed to prepare the way in Parliament for the approval and adoption of a system of finance, which should have for its immediate object the taking of such steps as should eventually lead to the partial entertainment of a not too sanguine hope that means may some day be devised, by the aid and with the sanction of the legislative body, for the gradual introduction of a series of measures which should inaugurate such changes in our national expenditure as might in due time be considered to justify the Government in proposing a (perhaps temporary) abolition of the Income-tax.





## REASSURING.

*Traveller in Ireland (rheumatic, and very particular).* "NOW, I HOPE THE SHEETS ARE CLEAN!"  
*Kathleen (the Chambermaid).* "CLANE, SOR? SHURE THEY'RE JUST DAMP FROM THE MANGLE, SOR!!"

## POPE AND KAISER.

DREAM we, or is the veil of time undrawn?  
 Have we here Guelph and Ghibelline, for fight  
 Armed 'gainst each other now, as in the dawn  
 That ushered day on the dark ages' night?

Now, in these times of question and of doubt,  
 When whosoever claim must prove their right,  
 And bring their titles to Lord Reason out,  
 To search and seal, or failing, cancel quite;

As then, in those old times of child-like faith,  
 When cowed Authority but raised its hand  
 For lay-belief to bow, submit, beneath—  
 Lo, now as then, the old opponents stand.

Pope against Kaiser; warrior 'gainst priest;  
 The stalwart ruler of an Empire wide,  
 Among all Europe's mighty mightiest,  
 Strong in his own strength, and his people's pride,

Against an aged priest, who owns no sword,  
 Whose foot is on the threshold of the grave:  
 Reft of the shrunken realm that owned him lord;  
 Whose trust is in the alms he need not crave.

And yet this chief of millions and of men,  
 And this old priest, realm-reft, alms-fed, stand here  
 Face to face, each against the other's ken,  
 Bending defiant brows, and equal cheer.

Still the old challenge cried, the old gage hurled,  
 The counter title-deeds that own no flaw,  
 Still the old quarrel—ancient as the world—  
 Which shall rule—claim of Church or sway of Law?

And are these champions, once more brought to blows,  
 After their many battles in the past,  
 To bring the world-old conflict to a close,  
 Or swell it by this fight—not least nor last?

## OVER-LOADED VESSELS.

THE attention of MR. PLIMSOLL is invited to the subjoined extract from the *Times* :—

"LITERATURE EXPORTED.—There has been a large increase in the export of printed books in the last three years. In nine months of 1871 the value was £506,387; in the like period of 1872, £628,608; and in the last nine months, £660,352."

When it is considered for what quality the greater part of the works which issue from the Press are most remarkable, a question which naturally arises in every thinking mind is, what are the weights corresponding to the sums represented by the above figures? There is reason to apprehend that they are such as to render it probable that the vessels employed in the exportation of literature are too generally laden to excess, insomuch, that a great many of them have foundered and gone to the bottom under the ponderosity of their enormous burdens.

## Malapropiana.

OUR good friend, MRS. MALAPROP, has heard so many lying stories told her by begging-letter writers, that she resolves in future to persecute all such impostors, according to the laws of the Mendacity Society.

## THE LATEST FRENCH NEWS.

FLEUR-DE-LYS on the Tricolor soon will be seen:  
 How soon to be followed by wigs on the Green?



## CANDID!

*Simultaneously.* { Host (smacking his lips). "NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT GLASS OF SHE—"  
 { Guest. "MY DEAR FELLOW, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS ABOMINABLE MARSALA?!"

## BLACK "SWANS OF THAMES."

QUOTH one to the late MR. FRANK MATTHEWS, in a burlesque,

"Richmond is on the seas, my lord."

He responded.

"You lie!"

"It's on the Thames; learn your geogra-phy."

Both authorities, however, would seem to be wrong. Richmond, at low water, at all events, is on a morass, or sheet of foul mud, whence exhale fetid odours, highly profitable to the excellent medical men of the place, and to its undertakers. The Thames Conservancy is so Conservative that it declines to disestablish the muck, and the inhabitants of Richmond are appealing to the Local Authorities. MR. MAXWELL, chairman of the vestry, COLONEL BURDETT, and other gentlemen are taking action, and Mr. Punch, who hath still a delight in Richmond, spoiled though it is by improvements, is happy to watch the movement. He is for gentle measures at first, and would suggest that the Conservancy be, under pretext of invitation to a Star and Garter dinner, got to Richmond some low-water day, and haled a few times through the mud by some stalwart barge-men. If that delicate hint be ineffectual, of course rougher means must be taken, but gentlemen are usually amenable to respectful remonstrance.

IN THE PRESS.—On the Cure of Sore Throats. An Essay hitherto omitted from the works of the late THOMAS DE QUINSEY.

## BISMARCK AND HIS BISHOPS.

In the course of a Sermon lately preached, ARCHBISHOP MANNING referred to the conflict raging in Germany between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, and to the letters which have passed between the EMPEROR and the POPE, delivering himself in language at least remarkable for its candour. In particular DR. MANNING denied the assertion "that the ecclesiastical laws which have been passed in no way touch religion, in no way touch the conscience." Having cited the quarrel between HENRY THE SECOND and THOMAS A BECKETT, as analogous to the present German difficulty, his Titular Grace went on to reason as follows:—

"What has now been done in Germany? The other day men who refused submission to the definition of an Œcumenical Council, and, therefore, to a definition of faith, were justly excommunicated by their Bishops. These men who were excommunicated for heresy were taken up and supported and encouraged by the civil power and placed in offices of trust. By that act two liberties of the Church were violated at once. . . . It was a violation of the doctrinal authority of the Church. Next, it was a violation of the supreme judicial authority of the Church to determine who are or are not faithful, who are or who are not heretical, who are or who are not members of her communion. Does not this touch religion?"

Yes, dear DR. MANNING, it does touch religion, but not the religion originally established in connection with the Prussian State. That religion did not teach the infallibility of your Pope. It was the Old Catholic religion; and that religion has now been changed into the Ultramontane. The Ultramontane Bishops, some of them having recanted their own Old Catholicism, now pretend to excommunicate Old Catholics. They excommunicate them not merely to spiritual intents and purposes; the excommunication would carry with it civil and political consequences, if the State allowed it to take effect. But, if the State did allow it to take effect, this allowance would touch religion still, and that religion the religion originally connected with the State. The State has to choose, then, between touching your religion and touching the Old Catholic religion. BISMARCK, of course, decides that it shall touch yours. But in touching yours what does it touch? Apparently to PRINCE BISMARCK, no doubt, and certainly to MR. JOHN BULL, it touches the religion which consists simply in believing the POPE's word, and doing his will.

Still this is a religion which those who believe it have a perfect right to hold, and practise also, as far as they can without burning

or otherwise molesting their fellow-creatures. But what right have they to demand that the State shall encourage them in practising their Popery, especially to the molestation of others; and if they do not like connection with the State, on the State's terms, should they not content themselves with demanding to be disestablished and disendowed?

## GALLANT ENCOUNTER AND SIGNAL DEFEAT.

LAST Saturday was the anniversary (every day is an anniversary of something, if people would only look at their almanac and cultivate their emotions) of the demise of the good KING STEPHEN. By a curious coincidence, our tailor's bill came in that day, and, as we looked at certain items, we could not help singing, with *Iago*—

"KING STEPHEN was a worthy peer,  
 His Breeches cost him but a crown.  
 He held them sixpence all too dear,  
 With that he called the tailor loun."

"I would not be vulgar, if I were you, Mr. Punch," said a Voice.

"I quote SHAKESPEARE, partner of my heart and expenses."

"He could be vulgar enough when he liked."

"Then take a higher authority, and for ever hereafter hold thy peace. What saith the author of *Ecclesiasticus* touching the raiment of AARON? 'He was clothed with perfect glory, and strengthened with rich garments, with breeches.'"

"That is only the Apocrypha, and very likely translated wrong."

"Go to Jerusalem, that is, to the Jerusalem Chamber. I hate obstinacy," said Mr. Punch, shutting up.

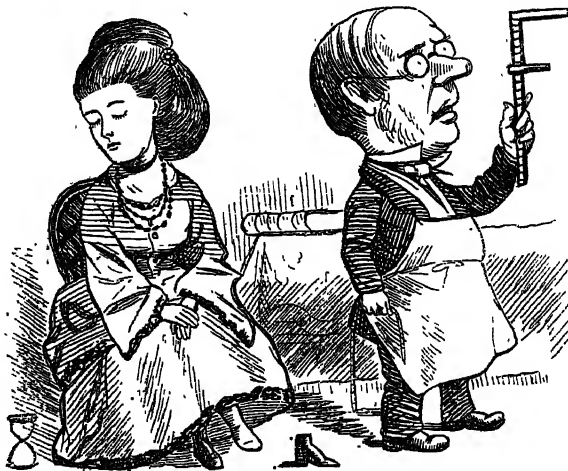
## American Happy Thought.

AN American gentleman, MR. CHILD, has offered to put up, in the Abbey, a memorial window to good GEORGE HERBERT. 'Twas a generous thought. But HERBERT had earned a little attention from our cousins over the way:—

"Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,  
 Ready to pass to the American strand."

However, whether this did or did not suggest the graceful offer, we gladly put it on record, and are glad that the excellent DEAN STANLEY has accepted this enrichment of the temple he loves so wisely and well.

## FELICITOUS PHRASEOLOGY.



Management of the East London Hospital for Children and Women, Ratcliff Cross. These bounties are announced by a contemporary in a

FROM one whom local journalism would call a Good Samaritan, "P. J. W.," otherwise anonymous, the Manager of the Hanover Square branch of the London and County Bank, MR. T. W. WALKER, has received "the handsome donation of £1000 on behalf of the North London Consumption Hospital." Another excellent citizen of Samaria, "G. H. G." has sent a contribution of the same amount to the Board of

paragraph headed "Munificent Benevolence." A distinctive precision in the employment of an epithet is remarkable in this apt heading. Benevolence is not necessarily munificent. The veriest pauper may be as benevolent as LADY BURDETT COURTTS, but in order to be munificent, he must have at least a farthing, or some other thing of some use, advantage, or value, to make a gift of, and he must actually give it away. Benevolence is the will; munificence the deed. Alas, dearly beloved, how many of us there are who can only beseech applicants for subscriptions of any kind to take the former for the latter! Whilst benevolence is boundless, munificence may be *nil*, and the benevolence which forks out a thousand pounds to a charitable institution is characterised as munificent with an accuracy unusual in any but the leading columns of the best edited newspaper.

## Singular Feat of Strength.

THE other day a Railway Accident evoked this bit of evidence—

"Having put my great-coat inside the carriage, I got upon the step to go inside myself."

We have heard people described as being "self-contained," and this epithet we fancy is the right one to apply to a person who is able to go inside himself.

## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(From Boulogne to Folkestone. By Night.)

I FIND that there is only one thing against returning at night, which is, that there is no Night-Passengers' Boat.

There is a boat at 1 P.M. to London, all the way direct. Sea passage, about eight hours.

CHINTON says, "It's a first-rate way of going."

BARNLEY admits it, "if," he adds, "you're not in a hurry."

"And if," I say, "you happen to be a good sailor."

"Aren't you?" asks CHINTON.

"I don't know," I reply. "I don't know whether I am or not."

This indecision is the result of years' experience. I consider it safer to give myself out publicly as a bad sailor, on the chance of turning out a remarkably good one, and astonishing everyone on board; among others no one more than myself. My sea-sickness, or, to use a more cheerful phrase, my sea-wellness, depends upon all sorts of things at different times, and can't be reduced to a certainty. I have known myself well and hearty during a seventeen hours' voyage, enjoying sleep, enjoying meals, enjoying cigars or pipes (this is *very* rare), and enjoying the vessel's lurch, delighting in the waves, revelling in the breezes, and smiling in pity on the miseries of my fellow-passengers.

I have known myself—but not recognised myself at all as the bold sailor above described—well, up to a certain point. This "certain point" was where somebody said, "Now we're on the bar." I replied faintly, feeling suddenly pale and staggered, "Are we?" and, in another second, for no sort of reason that I could make out, except that this confounded man had told me "we were on the bar," I was groaning in agony, with my head in the wrong direction over the ship's side.

I have known myself (again quite as somebody else in no way related to the foregoing portraits) come on board, feel ill immediately, long before the vessel was even in motion, foresee a fearful passage, make all my arrangements, calmly, beforehand, even down to an anticipatory tip to the steward to look after me as soon as possible, and be very kind to me in particular, and then, on our leaving the harbour and being fairly started, all qualms have nearly vanished, and, finally, I have dropped off into a fitful and unrefreshing slumber, only to be thoroughly aroused by being told, "Here we are!" and finding myself at my destination without ever having been ill at all.

I have found that sometimes the place for me was "below," on a couch at once, and stay there. More often that "below" wouldn't do at all.

Sometimes I have found that reading was an excellent preventive; at others, that I couldn't read a line.

The conclusion of this is, without adducing further painful instances, the Less of the Sea the Better.

The idea of a Tunnel is charming, if quite safe, and carried out with taste.

Happy Thought.—On the model of the Burlington Arcade. Train up and down the middle: promenade on both sides with shops. To make the Tunnel itself quite secure, it should be the central part of an enormous building, a submarine palace, as big as the Royal

Exchange, and the top should be elevated several feet above the level of the Channel, forming a handsome bridge, across which pedestrians, who preferred this route, could, in fine weather, walk, merely paying at one end, as at Waterloo bridge, for example. I make a present of this suggestion to the English and French authorities who have the scheme in hand. I cannot see why this can't be done. "Why isn't it feasible?"

CHINTON says, "My dear fellow, if you were an engineer, you'd soon see its utter impracticability."

But I am *not* an engineer, and, if it were left to me, I should begin it—in my own way, I admit—but at once.

An engineer has his profession to think of, his rules to go by, his precedents, and so forth. None of these considerations would have a pin's weight with me. I have often found that knowing nothing of gardening, I have made such suggestions to Gardeners as have perfectly staggered them by their originality, and they have hastened to adopt them. I recollect one instance about grapes. A Professional Gardener, very high up in his art, and always on a ladder nailing something up, insisted that grapes wouldn't grow where flowers were.

Happy Thought.—I said "Try."

As it was my own garden I *did* try. The grapes grew beautifully, so did the flowers. The High-art Gardener shook his head over it, and said he'd never heard of such a thing before. It upset all his theories, all his precedents, and from that moment he went in for eccentric cultivation. He is now perfectly harmless.

"But what I mean is," I say to BARNLEY and CHINTON, to whom I propound my theory, "if the engineers won't do it, give the job to some one who will strike out a new line, or at all events give some one who has got a clear idea on the subject, and an interest in it, the entire direction of the engineers, and let them simply carry out his design."

Happy Thought.—Myself. Director of the Submarine Tunnel Co. Why not? I can tell a tailor how I want a coat made, a coat which he had never thought possible before, though I can't make it myself. I can tell a builder the kind of house I require, a house which up to that time he wouldn't have ventured on building, and he'll erect it under my guidance. There at once is the division of Labour, *i. e.*, The Director and the Erector.

This discussion takes us to the Steam Packet Boat Office. There is a boat going to-night, but it's only a merchandise boat; it takes bales, cargo, and luggage.

"No Passengers?"

"O yes, if you like to go by it."

I would like to go by it certainly, as it starts at 10.15 P.M., and arrives at 12.30 at Folkestone; and I do not object to being booked as bales, cargo, or luggage. I will, if necessary, enter myself as MR. BALES, or MR. PORTMANTEAU.

I take my ticket, and descend.

Dodge that—making you take your ticket on shore before you've seen the boat. It is *not* inviting. Packages and boxes everywhere. Sloppy deck: barely room to walk, and almost impossible to avoid puddles. Below, small, close, and dull. Evidently it is *not* intended for passengers, of whom there are about half-a-dozen, and *is* intended for bales and boxes, of which there are some hundreds.

Down-stairs, I mean "below," clearly won't do for me, or rather



clearly *would* "do" for me effectually. This is where the Passengers are.

*Happy Thought.*—Stay on deck with the baggage. Being for present purposes of freight merely a portmanteau, I will stop with the portmanteaus. When with Romans be a Roman. When with portmanteaus be a portmanteau. The large white boxes are labelled (I see by the dim lantern light) "Fragile. This side up."

That's the next question for me. I am certainly Fragile, on board a ship, and for the remainder of the direction I decide upon lying down on the top of a carefully packed pile of boxes, close to the funnel.

*Happy Thought.*—Almost central position on ship; also warm. My one rule on board is "When once fixed, don't move." No matter how or where you fix yourself, once there, let nothing tempt you to alter your position. Mind this: you move at your peril.

BARNLEY and CHINTON sing out *Bon voyage* from the Quay; where they have been standing; only it was so dark I couldn't see them, and I sing out in return "Good bye!" but I do it resting on my elbow, lying on the boxes, and without stirring.

*Happy Thought.*—Beautiful moon appears. Lovely night. Merely a ripple. It is cold. My arm is cramped. I won't move, for I am uncertain. I can't say I feel quite well, but I am sure that my only chance of safety lies in masterly inaction on the top of these boxes.

Boulogne gradually receding from view. Very pretty place; most picturesque by moonlight. Pity about the superficial drainage. Most difficult to get into an exactly comfortable position when lying down: Elbow begins to feel like a spike, and my wrist as if it were being bent back by icy steel. Must move for a second, but only my arm. My knees are cold. Really it's so calm. I might sit up on the boxes, and enjoy the night. I will. \* \* \* No: *I don't move from my recumbent position again.* I knew it was dangerous. The ripple has, I think, increased to just the slightest swell. There's a breeze, too. I don't like to ask the sailor who is standing near me anything about it, as I am so afraid he would tell me that "We're on the bar." If he should say that, I'm off these boxes in two twos. Even thinking of the possibility of such a reply makes me uncomfortable. O, Imagination! What crimes are committed in thy name! (or something to that effect which occurs to me suddenly, I

don't know why. I feel cold; but I fancy my head is hot.) Boulogne receding.

Sailor standing by me. I begin to hate him for standing by me. He speaks respectfully. "We shall have a beautiful passage—be in in less than two hours."

*Happy Thought.*—I will certainly give this man sixpence when we arrive at Folkestone; that is, if I am well the whole way. He has revived me.

He insists upon giving me his P-jacket rolled up for a pillow, and further insists upon my accepting from him a tarpaulin to throw over my legs.

"Tarpaulin!" I say, suspiciously. "Why, you don't think there'll be any sea on?" Because I know the use of tarpaulins on a steamboat.

"Sea!" he says. "Lor' no, Sir: Only you might feel cold!"

"O, thank you—yes—then—if you please."

"Yes, Sir, I'll get you one."

He doesn't say, "Aye, aye, Sir." So perhaps he is not a regular salt.

I am now comfortable; that is, considering the circumstances. But I mustn't move: and I won't. Lovely night! Recollect a song of that name when I was a boy:—

"Lovely night! lovely night;  
Some have called thee dark and drear!  
But the light! but the light!  
Is to me not half so dear!"

Idiotic!—it can't be dark and drear if it's lovely, and *vice versa*. And if the light to him (the singer) is not half so dear, what price did he pay for his gas or candles? . . . Dreamy state. . . . Cramp generally . . . feel as if I were in irons . . . stiff as the Mesmerised Boy who used to sleep in the air (as I'm doing now) with his elbow supported by a stick. . . . Boulogne almost obliterated: every second it is becoming . . . fainter and fainter. . . .

*Happy Thought (this time).*—I'm quite well. Fainter and fainter, but I'm not. Sleep, gentle sleep! Wonder how much I shall have to give the sailor, on landing, for the use of his tarpaulin and P-jacket. Sleep on it. \* \* \* "Folkestone in view," says the tarpaulin man at my elbow.

## NEW COLLEGE RULES.

"The College for Women at Cambridge is now established, Girton College having been opened at Cambridge this week, and the tutorial staff, with their girl students, are now in residence, and have commenced the collegiate year."—*Echo*.



KEELY enough the public will feel an interest in knowing what regulations have been laid down for the social government of the College. Annexed are some of the more important:—

It is recommended that the conversation, at all meals taken in common in Hall, should be of a useful and edifying character, a definite subject being allotted to each day in the week. Thus, on Mondays it might be on Biography, on Tuesdays on Mental Philosophy, on Wednesdays on Physical Geography, on Thursdays

on Political Economy, on Fridays on Statistics, and on Saturdays on Hygiene. As an agreeable variation, an arrangement might occasionally be made for some book to be read aloud, combining solidity with cheerfulness.

"Caps," as an article of female attire, being usually assumed at a later period of life than that to which Students, as a rule, will have attained, their use will be optional.

The Sub-mistress and tutorial staff will be happy to furnish Students with the names and addresses of dress-makers and milliners, who are prepared to study economy in combination with

elegance, and to execute all orders entrusted to them in accordance with the dictates of taste and requirements of fashion; but, at the same time, with an especial regard to limited allowances and inexpensive materials.

Arrangements have been made with Circulating Libraries of repute for a regular supply of sound and wholesome light literature. A list of works sanctioned by the College Authorities will be suspended in Hall, and renewed every Saturday. (N.B.—Reading in bed is strictly prohibited.)

Students wishing to give a "tea" to a party consisting of more than two friends, must apply for permission to the Sub-mistress. No "teas" will be served from the Common Room after eight P.M., and no green tea will be supplied at all, on sanitary grounds.

At the Mistress's receptions Students are expected to appear in evening dress, but low bodies will not be *de rigueur*.

In their correspondence with the opposite sex Students will be restricted to fathers, brothers, and uncles. No exception can be made to this rule, without a written authority from the parents or nearest relatives of the Student, setting forth the name and address of the gentleman with whom she may interchange letters. Too much letter-writing is discouraged, as likely to interfere with study.

Students who come up to commence residence already "engaged" are requested to acquaint the Mistress with this fact, when they call upon her for the first time. Any engagement formed during residence must have the formal sanction of the Student's family.

In Hall and in the Lecture Room Students are requested to present themselves neatly and quietly dressed; and, if possible, it would be advisable to adopt some unobtrusive and uniform style in the arrangement of the *coiffure*.

The use of the piano must not be so excessive as to cause annoyance to those occupants of adjoining rooms who may not be endowed with musical taste.

The Sub-mistress and Tutors will be happy to advise any Student, as to what fancy work (if any) she should undertake in her leisure hours.

In addition to the usual newspapers and magazines, *Le Follet* and other journals of costume will be found in the Reading-room.

No Student will be permitted to use a double eye-glass, without a certificate from an oculist.

Students meeting the Mistress will drop a deep courtesy: to the Sub-mistress, Dean, and Tutorial Staff, they should make a respectful inclination.

Subscription to the Croquet and Archery Clubs will be optional.

Only bonnets will be allowed to be worn on Sundays.

No talking in the Lecture Room.





## SUNDAY STORIES.

*Aunt Ethel.* "BUT WHEN HIS BRETHREN NEXT SAW JOSEPH, THEY FOUND HIM IN A POSITION OF GREAT AUTHORITY AND POWER."

*Alice.* "WAS HE A KING, AUNT ETHEL?"

*Aunt Ethel.* "NO. BUT HE WAS VERY HIGH—NEARLY NEXT TO THE KING."

*Alice (who is fond of Cards).* "WAS HE A KNAVE, THEN?"

## A SPENSERIAN FRAGMENT.

THE Valley of the Shadow of Death  
SIR EMPEROUR passing through,  
Comes to the cave of Giant POPE,  
Battle with him to do.

So, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death,  
Athwart sad shapes of dolour, war, and pain,  
Lopt limbs, and trunks that bled away life's breath,  
Forth fared SIR EMPEROUR, his goale to gaine,  
Vex'd eares to stoppe, griev'd eyes to blinde full fain,  
And stalwart hearte to steele, if that mote be,  
With thoughte of good that lay beyond this bane—  
Of a great folk, from feare of war set free,  
For the blest work of peace and law-fast unity.

Beside him strode his Squire, of massive mould,  
Yclad in veste of white and helm of steel;  
With steel-blue eyne, and lips that held in hold  
His thoughts, lest tongue should speake what heart might feel:  
An iron hand, sore stroke on foes to deale,  
Or close grip change with friends; an iron brow,  
With crowne of haire short-cropt and iron-grey;  
A wight whom, looking on, all men might trowe  
Of Blood and Iron wrought for strife and swaye—  
A man after his will to cleare or cleave a waye.

And whensoe'er SIR EMPEROUR slipt or stayed,  
As oft on goutes of gore his foot 'gan slide,  
Or some worse wound than wont his sense affrayed,  
This Blood and Iron wight was at his side,  
The swerving step to stay, faint heart to chide,  
And whisper "Forward! Forward!" in his eare;  
Whereat SIR EMPEROUR his dole would hide,

As deeming that dark Valley's outlet near,  
And to that outlet prest with rais'd hearte and new cheere.

Eftsoons, as to the Valley's gorge they stept,  
They saw before them stretched a broad champaigne,  
Set with faire cities and great streams that swept,  
Sail-studded, thorough fields of golden graine:  
With halls where students plied the busy braine;  
And marts where traffick urged its brisk exchange;  
And forge, and mill, and mine, and laden waine  
That fetched and carried betwixt field and grange—  
All ordered gifts that Peace for man doth store and range.

"Lo!" quoth SIR EMPEROUR, "a sight like this  
Was worth the dolours of that awful Vale;  
Nor save through it was path for us, I wis,  
Yonder, to Peace's fold, and Plenty's pale.  
But now our waye is won: doff we our mail."  
So to unlace his helm 'gan raise his hand:  
But he of Blood and Iron—"In the dale  
'Twixt edge of this dark pass, and yon faire land,  
Lurks a fell foe: 'twere best still on our guard to stand."

Adown and on they went, descending still  
The rugged way that led from pass to plain,  
But ever and anon from either hill,  
Above their heads, 'gan fall a rookie rain,  
Small stones and greates, for crushing bone and brain,  
That, but for plate of proof, to Death's dark realme  
SIR EMPEROUR had driv'n, his Squire yslaine;  
But, rattling now from hauberke and from healme,  
Some strengthe they had to shake, but none to overwhelme.

Looking the cause of this annoye to rede,  
They saw, behind a mountain-ledge, on high,  
Upon whose scarp'd lip time and storm did feed,  
A cave, into whose depths no ken mote spy,



## KAISER CHRISTIAN AND GIANT POPE.

“SO I SAW THAT CHRISTIAN WENT ON HIS WAY; AND SET A GOOD FACE ON IT, AND CATCHED NO HURT.”—*Pilgrim's Progress.*



But at the mouth were scattered bones adry;  
On heaps whereof sat throned a Giant grey,  
Large, of shrunk limb, with bleared but watchful eye,  
That, without toll to him, none mote that waye go bye.

In one gaunt hand two sorely rusted keys  
He brandished like a club, from one were thrown  
At wayfarers what missiles he could seize,  
Rocks, papern pellets, stones, or sherds of bone,  
So his shrill call to halt they would not owne,  
Nor pay him tribute upon bended knee,  
From Earth to Heaven as sole way-warden known,  
With right to sell the pass, and let go free,  
By his indulgence, such as own his empery.

And as he roared and raved and flung alwayes,  
He cried, "O fools and faithless, that nor hear  
The thunder's voice; nor see the lightning's blaze,  
Nor own my title as Heaven's way-ward clear!

But let me rise from my cathedra here,  
And come down to your level, ye should feel  
How strong is still my arm, if shrunk and sere!  
How crowns are fitting footstools for my heel,  
How my will is still law for King and Common-weal!"

SIR EMPEROUR and his guide awhile stood still  
The pelting of this silly storm to bear,  
And list that aged Giant roar his fill  
At the strong twain, that forward thus to fare,  
Without or leave or pass from him did dare;  
And all the more his keys at them he shooke,  
They only smiled, or waved their swords in ayre,  
As warriors that women's scolding brook,  
Nor pay back railing save with courtesy's rebuke.

\* \* \* \* \*

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*After the Lyceum he Reports to the Editor.*



HONOURED SIR,

I REPRESENTED You the other night at The Lyceum.

Never, Sir, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, who, of course, "saw MACREADY in it, by Jove, Sir," never has this wind-baggy play, *Richelieu*, been placed on the stage with such completeness and close attention to detail as has been attained under MR. BATEMAN'S management at the Lyceum. The costumes, designed by MR. ALFRED THOMPSON, are admirable from first to last, and their individual effect is never once lost by inartistic grouping. With the scenery, too, no fault can be found.

What I have said of the grouping reveals to the experienced eye of Your Representative no small ability in the stage-manager, whoever that important functionary may be. So much for the frame, now for the picture. A full-length portrait of CARDINAL RICHELIEU. Perfect, as a picture: Imperfect as a performance.

Your Representative was struck by the consideration that even in his imperfections it would be but just to give such a conscientious artist as MR. IRVING the credit of having seriously thought it out, even where he seemed to Your Representative to have thought it out wrongly. The Author has throughout laid snares and pitfalls for the Actor, and 'tis difficult to avoid them all.

Much that MR. IRVING does is excellent, and evinces the most careful study. But how has he managed to allow every notion of the Great Cardinal's dignity to escape him?

Utterly absurd and false as is the language of the situation where *Richelieu* threatens *Baradas* and his companions with "The Curse of Rome," yet the situation itself demands of the actor the sublime grandeur of the Inspired Prophet of Heaven rather than the venomous utterances of a Mephistopheles stretching out his weird fingers over his terror-stricken prey.

This is the scene full of pitfalls, for the author is perpetually at the bellows, showing, not the divine afflatus, but the inflatus—blowing the puppet out, making him collapse, blowing him out again, collapsing him once more, merely to eke out the business of a scene, and give the actor "something to do."

Is it a stage tradition, Your Representative wishes to inquire, that *Richelieu*,

after stealing off to his room with *Julie* and *De Mauprat*—after having blown the lights out, and warned his companions not even to whisper, he himself the while speaking with 'bated breath, and creeping out on tiptoe, so that the Conspirators approaching by the corridor shall not hear the slightest sound—is it, I ask, a tradition that, after all these precautions, *Richelieu*, having gone thus stealthily out and disappeared, should, after one second's absence, thrust his head in between the folding-doors, and bellow forth, in a voice which might be heard from here to the Crystal Palace, "We will foil the bloodhounds yet!" or words to that effect, for I don't know the play by heart (thank goodness!), and the exact words were lost on my ear in the terrific shout? Is this traditional? that is all I want to know. Is poor MR. IRVING, whose better judgment must revolt against such absurdity, bound to do this because Great Somebodies have done it before? Is it the Author's stage-direction? Authors can be wrong sometimes when Actors are right, as I apprehend was SHAKESPEARE himself utterly in error, and that artist (whoever it was) utterly in the right, when the latter, as *Romeo*, would have whispered, "What ho, apothecary?" had it not been that the Author had made his Apothecary enter with "Who calls so loud?"

If the Author made *Richelieu* roar like a bull of Bashan at this critical juncture, then on his head be it. But if not, and if there be no tradition, what possible reason (so I argued within myself) can MR. IRVING have for behaving in such an amazing manner?

In the last scene MR. IRVING'S *Richelieu* (granting always that the Author's puppet was a very childish creation, but to be improved on considerably), when triumphant, raves, and absolutely elbows the miscreant *Baradas* off to execution; he is in such a frenzy that not even had he broken into a dance (as he probably will in the forthcoming burlesque at the Olympic) would it have at all surprised Your Representative. No; he lacks dignity—in fact, he lacks it so much that he has none at all. Yet all his tenderness for *Julie* was most pathetic, and his manner with the youth *François* (well played by a beginner, MR. CONWAY) was admirable. Finally, Your Representative frankly admits that MR. IRVING may be right in his interpretation of LORD LYTON'S Cardinal; but he fails to see the reasoning that would lead to such an interpretation.

Brief as Your Representative's notice must be, it cannot be allowed to finish without most honourable mention of MR. CLAYTON, who plays *King Louis the Thirteenth*. Not a look, not a word, not an action, but shows the thorough artist. Your Representative never had the pleasure of seeing KING LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH personally, nor does he remember having come across his portrait, but, conversant with his character, he is quite content to take MR. CLAYTON'S version of his personal appearance as a highly satisfactory detail, and heartily congratulates the artist upon his whole performance of this no longer small part.

MISS ISABEL BATEMAN plays *Julie* prettily and tenderly, was never more winning than when she sits at the stern Cardinal's feet, pleading for a smile, and calling him father. Altogether, *Richelieu* has been revived here with more care and attention than were due to its merits or to its weakness. MR. BATEMAN deserves success, and I suppose that in this venture, as in the other three, he has achieved it.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.





### THE LATEST LUXURY.

SEND THE BEATERS INTO THE TURNIP FIELD ABOVE, AND HAVE THE BIRDS DRIVEN OVER THE HEDGE TO YOU.

### UPHOLSTERERS NOT UPHOLDERS.

THE priests and the more foolish part of the congregation at Saint Barnabas, Pimlico, seeing no poor to help, no children to educate, and no reasonable means of laying out five or six hundred pounds, desire to expend that sum on a canopy, which is called a *baldacchino*, to be stuck up over the Table in their Church. They have been obliged to apply for leave to do this thing, and have been before DR. TRISTRAM, who presides in the Bishop's Court. He is one of the wisest as well as one of the most learned of lawyers. But the judge who ought to have heard the case is DR. TRISTRAM SHANDY.

"Humph!" replied DR. SLOP. "Why not a canopy in church, Sir?"—"Nay, I know not," said my UNCLE TOBY.—"Nor any one else, Sir," continued DR. SLOP, looking askance at my father, who instantly sent a huge puff of smoke towards the ceiling. The Doctor understood this as well as if my father had cried blockhead. "Sir," quoth he, "is not the sky a canopy?"—"A firmament, an't please your honours," quoth CORPORAL TRIM. DR. SLOP looked a little angry at this, but went on. "Is not a four-post bed a canopy, Sir?"—"Aye," said my father, "and so is the umbrella yon old Popish woman at the corner holds over her apple-stall. This clearly shows that a canopy ought to be set up over an altar in church."—"Duce take it," cried DR. SLOP, "I have burned my finger with this match. May all the—curse the miscreant that made it—may his remotest posterity—"—"Sit under a canopy?" asked my father. "*Maledictus sit in totis compagibus membrorum*," roared DR. SLOP, blowing his fingers and stamping."

### William on the Humber.

Mr. Reed to Col. Pease. Will you hoist sail, Sir, there lies your way?

Col. Pease to Mr. Reed. No, good Swabber, I am to Hull here a little longer.

*Twelfth Night, Act i. Sc. 5.*

### CURIOUS ETHNOLOGICAL QUERY.

THE *Times*' Correspondent with the Ashantee Expedition says that on the coast of Sahara "there is a Tribe of Thieves, who live on milk." When did some of them settle in England?

### A LAME COMPARISON.

AT a Conservative Meeting in Cambridgeshire, called for the purpose of nominating a Candidate for the County, the Chairman is reported to have spoken to the following effect:—

"It had been said that the HON. ELIOT CONSTANTINE YORKE [the candidate adopted] was too young. Now he would remind them that the great PITT was but twenty-four when he was appointed Prime Minister, and MR. YORKE was thirty."

Was it discreet to suggest a comparison between "the great PITT" and "MR. YORKE," when directly afterwards this singular acknowledgment had to be made—

"The candidate was not prepared to answer any intricate questions upon politics or agriculture, but he would give these questions his careful and close attention."

One feels tolerably certain that WILLIAM PITT, at twenty-four, much more at thirty, would have been prepared to answer any such "intricate questions" as an Election Candidate is likely to have addressed to him.

### Rhyme for the National Assembly.

PLEASE to remember  
The Fifth of November  
Reveals the monarchical plot;  
France sees no reason  
(As geese are in season)  
For keeping the freedom she's got.

### SOMETHING LIKE A REASON.

M. DE CHESNELONG, in reporting his interview with the COMTE DE CHAMBORD, stated that the Child of Miracle remarked that on his entry into Paris he would salute the Tricolor *with pleasure*, "because that flag was stained with the blood of French soldiers."



### UNNECESSARY OFFICIOUSNESS.

Commissionnaire. "KER? OR KERRIDGE, SIR?"

### A THIEVES' HYMNAL.

QUESTION was raised at the Surrey Sessions as to whether prisoners should be allowed to sing in chapel. It was thought that ingenious vocalists might manage, under pretext of psalmody, to give one another information, or signals. The objection, however, was overruled, and the evil ones are to be permitted to sing. One of them is preparing the *Criminal Hymnal*. We have been favoured with an early proof of one of the hymns, and it may be imagined that such words, sung "with intention," and varied at need, might be of great use to a delinquent.

#### I.

- (Loud.) O how kind of fellow-creatures  
Thus to give us books and pews,  
And such nice and gentle teachers!  
To be good we can't refuse.
- (Soft.) O my pal! we're sent for trial,  
We must do the best we can,  
Tell your wife to smash the phial,  
And to square old Squinting Dan,
- (Very loud.) Yes, how kind of fellow-creatures, &c.

#### II.

- (Soft again.) Tell her, too, when she have spotted  
That young swell as see the job—  
She must get the cove garotted,  
Or Sam Patch might crack his nob.
- (Loudest.) Truly kind of fellow-creatures, &c.

#### III.

- (Very soft.) Them two kids as called you robber  
Knows no nature of a hoath:  
Still, let Puddy the pig-jobber  
Walk 'em off to Dubling both.
- (Bellowing.) Bless you, kindly fellow-creatures,  
Thus to give us books and pews,  
And such nice and gentle teachers!  
To be good we can't refuse.

### THE CANZONET OF THE COLLIER.

COMPANIONS, come, toss off your glasses,  
And put round the bottle of "fizz."  
By way of a treat for all classes  
Now coals is in price agin riz;  
In course, for a precious good reason  
Every jackass can quite understand:  
The more, now comes on the cold season,  
Supply must fall short of demand.

And so things will go on together  
Alike, both in country and town;  
Coals keep goin' up, whilst the weather  
In the scale-glass to zero goes down.  
The poor of this prosperous nation  
From fires will be forced to abstain,  
And have to put up with privation,  
Whilst we shall get drunk on champagne.

The women and children a-cryin'  
Will grieve feelin' 'arts to behold,  
And likewise the aged folks, dyin',  
As they're knocked off, like fun, by the cold.  
Them shiverin' creeturs may huddle  
Together for warmth, as do swine;  
No reason why we shouldn't fuddle  
Ourselves over jolly good wine.

We ain't without pity for others,  
Considerin' we causes their grief;  
But, much as we feels it, we smotherers  
The wish for to yield 'em relief.  
No more than we choose we won't labour,  
Nor let none besides in our stead,  
Whatever becomes of our neighbour,  
Whose grate can't no longer be fed.

No doubt but 'tis thought very cruel,  
In union for us to conspire,  
So causin' a famine of fuel,  
And misery for want of a fire.  
But self is a consideration  
As must be the first for us all;  
If we was to cease combination,  
The wages of labour might fall.

Give up our dog-fightin' and drinkin',  
We won't to save nobody's soul,  
That's shudderin' and starvin' and sinkin'  
From havin' to go without coal.  
Here's a health to the Friends of the Collier,  
For to strike who have rendered us free,  
And what Workin' Men will be jollier  
In the depth of cold winter than we?

### Classical Compliment.

"The two GRACES have left Southampton for Melbourne."—  
*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 24.

WHICH two, and who has been left behind to look after Southampton? Is the tarrier Euphrosyne, Aglaia, or Thalia? No matter, and it would be no matter, indeed, if they had all three gone, for they would scarcely be missed from among the very numerous pretty girls in the birthplace of DR. WATTS.

[This paragraph has electioneering affinities. Hush!]

### Shakspeare Again.

WHEN shall anything happen whereof *Jacques Pierre* hath not writ? Mark this. We extract from the *Standard's* Paris letter:—

"Here, as far as we can judge by outward signs, it is plain enough that the great majority are convinced that the Monarchy is as good as made. In the shops you see advertised 'Chambord bracelets,' 'Chambord cravats,' and 'Chambord pocket-handkerchiefs.' The fashionable milliners exhibit 'fusion bonnets,' and the theatres are following suit."

Just so, and how wrote *J. P.*?—

"HARRY THE FIFTH is crowned. Up, VANITY!"

## PRICES OF PROSPERITY.

WELL said MR. BRIGHT in his splendid speech, after his re-election for Birmingham, that there has been a great change in this country during the last forty years. Who but admires the eloquent language in which the Right Honourable Gentleman, the CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, proceeded to say:—

"The changes have been great, I admit, but the improvements have been as great as the changes. (*Hear, hear!*) Look what a growth of content there has been throughout the country (*hear, hear!*); look what a growth of peace; look what a growth of material prosperity and comfort in every class."

The foregoing passage is quoted from the *Times*' report. They don't often make material errors of the press in Printing-house Square. Besides, other papers coincide with the *Times* as to the two last words in the above series. Otherwise those same words would, to most eyes, wear decidedly the semblance of a misprint. "Look what a growth of material prosperity and comfort in every class." Clerks of all kinds, Civil servants, fundholders and annuitants with fixed incomes, landowners, doctors, lawyers, and professional men in general, is that so? Do you find it so? What, with butchers' meat at more than 1s. a pound; fowls at 6s. or 7s. a couple; oysters at from 1s. to 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a dozen; salmon seldom so low as 1s. 7d., and coals rising £2 a ton?

When MR. BRIGHT said "every class," did he not mean to say, or, at least, should he not have said "certain classes"? It is quite true that the shoddy class, and the class of great speculators, have prospered exceedingly, to as great an increase of their material comfort as increasing wealth could procure them. A proportionate growth of material comfort and prosperity has obviously been experienced by the operatives and mechanics, otherwise called the Working Classes—although there are classes who may be said to do some

little work, other than manual labour, to be sure. Do not coal-miners for a fair day's work obtain at least a full two days' wages; do they not drink champagne: and have not they and the rest of our flesh-and-blood amongst them, drunk us out of the Alabama difficulty? They have grown in content too—the Striking

Classes. They, and the other classes that grasp with one hand and squander with the other, and go on grasping and squandering, and thereby raising prices higher and higher every day, they, all of them, indeed are without doubt increasingly prosperous and comfortable, but they are not everybody. There are a very great many other people besides, who constitute everybody else, and these, so far from being more prosperous and comfortable than they once were, can now no longer afford the luxuries, or even the necessities, they then could; but have to go without. Many of them would perhaps even shiver a little these chilly mornings and evenings for want of fuel, if their bosoms were not thoroughly warmed by an ardent sympathy with the enjoyments of their flesh-and-blood. But that fire keeps their entire frames at a temperature which defies the thermometer, and it will doubtless maintain them at a glow of generosity sufficient to support them under any further privation they may be required to endure amongst the privileged members of the community at large, who pay for the "free breakfast-table."

## Robin Hood Redivivus.

MR. HIBBERT, M.P., has been defending Government in rather a singular way. He says that if, as MR. DISRAELI alleged, "plunder had been committed, it was of a class for the sake of the people, and not of the people for the sake of a class." Dear Member for Oldham, did you ever read OLDHAM, 1653-83?—



## "OUT OF HIS ELEMENT."

*Country Gent. (to Cabman).* "PRAY, IS THE BOTTOM OF LUDGATE HILL WITHIN THE SHILLING FARE FROM THIS?"

*West-End Cabby.* "WELL, SIR, THAT'S RATHER A NICE POINT. SOME SAY IT'S A LITTLE OUTSIDE THE DISTANCE, OTHERS— HOWEVER, IT DOESN'T MATTER, AS I SHALL HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN DRIVING YOU THERE; 'N FACT, I'D GIVE A SHILLING MYSELF TO GET OUT O' THE CITY!"

"Pull up weak virtue's fence, give scope and space  
And purlieus to outlying consciences;  
Show that the needle's eye may stretch, and how  
The largest camel-vice may go through."



### "EQUALITY."

*Customer.* "AW—I WISH TO BE MEASURED 'COUPLE 'PAIR O' BOOTS."

[Removes one.

*Tradesman.* "WELL, SIR, FACT IS, I'M JUST GOING IN TO MY LUNCHEON. IF YOU'D CALL IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR——"

[Tableau !

### DEMORALISING TALES.

THE attention of SIR WILFRID LAWSON is respectfully invited to an instructive police-case, which occurred the other day at Guildhall. Two lads, EDWARD ENGLEDEW, sixteen, shopboy, and HARRY TUCKER, fifteen, warehouseboy, were charged before MR. ALDERMAN ALLEN with stealing ten pounds in money, and watches, chains, studs, and a large quantity of goods, of the total value of about one hundred pounds, the property of their employer, MR. J. A. RUSSELL, of 37, Fore Street, City, pawnbroker. In the possession of these juvenile robbers of an Uncle was found a quantity of "trashy books," including *The Footpad*, *the Smuggler*, and *The Prison Breaker*. These boys were both respectably connected, and one of them, ENGLEDEW, had brought to service an excellent character with him. They told the constable who arrested them that it was reading those books that had led them into trouble. Now, pernicious literature, as incentive to crime, is worse than intoxicating liquors. The generous and cordial beverages, called intoxicating from their abuse, do not intoxicate if well used; then they cheer and invigorate. But pernicious literature is pernicious in itself, and necessarily corrupts the minds of its readers. They ought, therefore, to be debarred from all access to it, and what better means could the United Kingdom Alliance devise for that purpose than the enactment of a Permissive Prohibitory Bill to shut up all the booksellers' shops?

### Students at Swindon.

THE Swindon Literary Institute pleaseth us much. It wants two things—a Library and a Billiard Table. "It appears to be obvious that the Institute is not in a position to start both." At a meeting, and, after a long discussion, it was resolved to buy the—Billiard Table. Evidently, the members think that it is not the Cue of a Literary Institute to read. But as a slight concession to the interests of literature, could they not hang round the Billiard Room a lot of those school labels, with texts, proverbs, morals, and the like, for the perusal of members, between the games? The national schoolmaster of the place would, we are sure, kindly select them, and thus might sport and instruction be agreeably combined.

### BETTER NAME FOR THE FUSION PARTY.—Confusion.

### NO SURRENDER!

To hear a brave deliverance is a rare and goodly thing;  
And France has heard a gallant one from her lineal crownless King;  
A King who scorns to take a crown which is other than his own.  
He will wear the same that his fathers wore; he sticks to that alone.

No crown for him of modern cast, remodelled and remade;  
None with rebellion's badge in it, your tricolor cockade.  
His emblem is the Flag of White—that must his banner be,  
And yours; or you, ye men of France, at a distance he will see!

His is the faith of other days; his faith must shape his rule.  
To say so shows him a true man, and, by your leave, no fool.  
The hypocrite he might have played, as kings have done before,  
And getting what they got by it, of himself made one fool more.

At need he law and order to maintain would dare by force,  
And his law take from the Syllabus, as St. Louis' heir, of course.  
He gives you that to understand, contemptuous of disguise;  
Messieurs, he might have spoke you fair, and told you winning lies.

He bides his time—which nothing can but miracle restore—  
But he believes in miracle—is a happy man therefore.  
Honour to faith and chivalry, for old dreams although they fight!  
A Quixote as a Bayard is to the full as true a knight.

Two figures, odd and out-of-date, before the world yet stand,  
And quaint they are, and queer to see; yet withal of aspect grand:  
Fact in the face both fly, and each hopes on against all hope,  
But they bear themselves with dignity, the PRETENDER and the POPE.

For them and theirs the world seems like to have no country soon,  
Where shall they find a resting-place that's nearer than the moon?  
The moon and all the stars beside might fall about their ears:  
Unflinchingly those twain would stand amid the tumbling spheres.

'Tis a right valiant quality, which admiration draws,  
Firmness or obstinacy called, as in truth or error's cause.  
And a fine thing is the fixed belief that doubt can never feel;  
And the whole hog, snout, tail, bristles and all, is a marvellous hearty meal.

### FATHERS OF THE CITY.

SOME of the above gentlemen had, the other day (according to our excellent friend, the *City Press*) what might be termed, if we were vulgar, a shindy. In the Common Council there was a quarrel over certain expenditure, and MR. DEPUTY FRX, who had objected to it, was politely told that not half as much money would be spent in the way complained of as he, the Deputy, had laid out in entertaining the SHAH; and something was said about MR. FRX's being "inspired" to object. Then indeed there was a fry.

"MR. DEPUTY FRX thought it was a great pity that MR. BEDFORD could not differ from any member without making personal references. He (the speaker) did not spend money for the entertainment of the SULTAN; it was the Court who had done so. As to any one inspiring him, this was a thing he did not allow any one to do.

"MR. BEDFORD: I said it was not you.

"MR. DEPUTY FRX: You said the motion was inspired by the enemy. Where is the enemy? Let the man be produced.

"MR. BEDFORD: I distinctly said not the deputy. I said the enemy.

"MR. DEPUTY FRX: Then I say who is the enemy? I have a right to ask this. I defy MR. BEDFORD to produce him. I declare before every member of this Court that I was not inspired."

This modest disclaimer of inspiration is all very well, but the utterances of the Fathers of the City are so plainly supernatural, that we cannot accept the denial. No mere man could talk as these superior beings talk. As LORD BYRON says—

"Fie!

I thought you had more religion, 'MR.' FRX."



## BABY-CARRIAGES WANTED.



OUTHFUL MR. PUNCH,

I AM what my friends are pleased to call a "regular old bachelor," although, in point of fact, I am neither old nor regular, in either hours or habits. But, although I am a bachelor, I am not averse to matrimony, at least, for other people; nor have I that violent antipathy to babies which, I believe, is not uncommon to persons like myself, who live in single blessedness.

Still, babies are a nuisance in some cases, I confess: as, for instance, on a journey, and under such conditions

as those whereof, the other day, I found myself a victim. Returning from a holiday amid the mountains of North Wales, with mind contented and serene, and nerves tranquil and at rest, I was disturbed in my day-dreaming of the scenery and sunsets (to say nothing of the mutton), which are still sweet in my memory, by the inroad on my solitude of a Baby, and its rattle, and its mother, and its nurse. Sir, there never was a pack of hounds that equalled this small creature in the power of giving tongue. For fifty miles or more it continued in full cry, and, when its vocal clamour ceased, it began a concert of instrumental noises, which were hardly less distressing. Besides the rattle I have mentioned, it was gifted with a trumpet, and this it blew and blew, until it wellnigh blew my brains out. After this performance, it began to cry again—with hunger, the Mamma said, and thereupon the nurse produced a pint of milk and a cooking apparatus, an Infant's Patent Etna, I rather think she called it. This volcano smoked away, and made a horrid smell, and clearly contravened the law, for ours was not a smoking-carriage.

A short interval was here devoted to refreshment, and then the concert recommenced, with doubled and redoubled vigour, and was enlivened by a series of infantile gymnastics, which seemed to solve the problem of perpetual motion. "I like mortals never sleep" appeared to be the motto of this unwelcome little stranger; and, though I could not but admire the patience of its nurse, what I felt towards her charge was the reverse of admiration.

For the protection of the public from similar discomforts, I would suggest that Baby-Carriages should be specially provided, and that infants elsewhere should be rigidly excluded. It is bad enough that ladies, when travelling by train, should smuggle in their lap-dogs with them, as they far too often do, to annoy their fellow passengers, and to defraud the Company. But Babies are a far more serious infliction, and it is certainly high time that a nuisance such as this, which is certainly a crying one, should somehow be abated.

In the meanwhile pray believe me

Yours resignedly,

A VICTIM.

## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

*Return to England. Search for Horse recomences.*

12:30 A.M.—Latest bulletin from myself to myself: "Arrived at Folkestone."

*Happy Thought.*—"All's well that ends well." Thank goodness! ended well.

A kindly sailor is at my elbow. "Had quite a nice berth of it, Sir," he says. This really means, "Look here: you've had a jacket and tarpaulin in use all this time, and that can't be done for nothing, you know. What are you going to stand?" I reply, cheerfully, "Yes, I have had a very good berth," but ignore the implied request. He turns quite round to me, and almost whispers (adopting this sort of undertone, I believe, so as not to be overheard by the Captain), "I should like to drink your health this morning, Sir."

*Happy Thought.*—No public-houses open after twelve.

As I do not, however, like to confront him with an objection which would bring up vast political questions, on which he may have strong

opinions, it occurs to me—(several things often occur to me before I lay out sixpence in this way)—to ask him, "Are you the man who lent me his tarpaulin and jacket?"

*Happy Thought.*—Be just before you are generous.

Truth compels him to own that he is *not* the man I took him for. Then, I explain to him, he, personally, has no claim upon me. He admits the justice of my remark, and, catching sight of the Captain, I fancy, who, like "the sweet little cherub" in the nautical ballad, is perched up aloft, keeping a watchful eye on poor Jack—

—By the way, "a cherub perched anywhere is a grand instance of poetic licence. [Note.—To go into this thoroughly in *Typical Developments*, Vol. X., under "C" for "Cherub," Division A., "Artistic Theology."]

—the kindly sailor is gradually absorbed into the deep shadow, and, like a baffled spirit of evil, disappears in the gloom.

Then the real man appears. Quite dramatic. There is an Eye, too, from somewhere above on him, as he appears shuffling and uneasy, and immediately on receiving the money (two strange coins, belonging to no particular nation, and given me in change with some francs at Boulogne), he, too, glides away, and vanishes. He seemed perfectly satisfied before he vanished. Perhaps I may have given him two rare coins, invaluable to a collector.

One other passenger lands with me: a long man, in a long coat, inclined to be confidential. I am not. Lonely place, the harbour. No one in sight. Large Hotel near at hand. Remember it as first-rate when I was stopping there. Everybody civil and pleasant. Long man observes that he was *not* going there at first, but, since I recommended it, he will. He was, in fact, he says, going to the Hôtel de Paris, just on the opposite side; but since I am going to the Big Hotel, why so will he. Quite hearty and affectionate. I tell him he couldn't do better, and it occurs to me that if the Big Hotel is, as I've heard, chock full, and there's only one bed there, which of us will have it? I will, for choice, as I don't like the sound of "Hôtel de Paris" in England: it's too much like Leicester Square.

At the door of the Big Hotel. I anticipate a hearty greeting (because, when I stayed here before, I had established most amicable relations with the Bootses and Waiters generally), even though qualified by regret at their being unable to give me the best bedroom in the house. No signs of life anywhere. The Hotel has its eyes shut, its eyelids closed, and you can almost hear it snoring in the moonlight. Boots is asleep, too.

*Happy Thought.*—The Sleeping Booty.

Ring him up, or ring him down; depends, of course, upon where he may be. Through the glass door, we see Night Porter advancing. I notice a deep, a very deep, growl from somewhere. Not a sharp, short growl, with something in it of the ejaculatory brevity of a satisfied grunt, but a prolonged, steady growl, proceeding, I soon find, from something large and black underneath the hall table; a growl not to be finished properly, except by a sudden leap out upon the detested object, who, in this case, is myself, being nearer the table than my Chance Companion. This is a cheerful welcome on one's return to England! and so specially friendly in a Hotel.

"Any Rooms?"

The Porter, a very tall man, with weak knees, and only half awake, is uncertain. Growling going on. Perhaps the dog has come in late, and hasn't been able to get a bed, except underneath the table, and he's growling at that and not at us.

The uncertain young man is a Boots by day, and a Porter by night. Another Boots appears: he is a short Boots. Blucher Boots and (the tall one) Wellington Boots. Consultation between the two heroes. I foresee the result: so does my Chance Companion, who is beginning to regret that he didn't carry out his original intention of patronising the Hôtel de Paris.

Chance Companion stupidly says to Boots, "I'm only here for the night." Of course they won't care what they do with him for only one night.

The consequence of this is, that we shall be Numbers 269 and 266 in the books of the Hotel, and be stowed away among the boxes.

*Happy Thought.*—In order to prevent this, I will tell the Boots that, if I like the place, I will stop here some weeks, and I remark how pleasant it was when I was here some time ago.

I advance towards them in order to say this and ingratiate myself with them. Wellington Boots requests me to stop in the Hall where I am, and not approach the spot where he and Blucher Boots are deliberating.

To this (being taken aback by this unexpected rebuff from Wellington Boots, and giving up all idea of ingratiating myself with him, at all events) I reply that "I shall stop where I like." Long Boots angry; Short Boots hesitating.

"Are there any rooms?" I ask.

"That," answers Wellington Boots, irritably, "is what we're talking about, if you'll stop where you are."

I deny his right to order a visitor about, and have a good mind to ring up the Manager or Proprietor, whoever he is. If I knew which bell would summon him, I'd do it.

Wellington Boots is wild at this. "Then," says he, quite losing all the temper he ever had, "we haven't any rooms."

I insist upon it that there are rooms, and he suddenly lights two chamber candles, and tells us to follow Blucher Boots.

My Chance Companion, who has been watching this scene, and casting occasional pleading looks at me, as much as to say, "Don't, please, or I shan't get a bed, and I'm so tired," now takes up his bag, and is evidently pleased at the prospect of immediate sheets.

But I am resolute. "Where," I demand, "are these rooms?" "He'll show you, if you'll go," says Wellington, indicating Blucher with his head, and turning away sulkily.

SCENE.—*Hall of Hotel. Dim light. Arch, right hand, leading to passage, where stands, pausing, Blucher with two candlesticks and candles lighted, preceding Weary Traveller with hand-bag. Myself in the centre, with bag and stick, in a sturdy Cromwellian-take-away-that-bubble sort of attitude. Wellington Boots going sulkily back to his bed somewhere on the left. Groggling accompaniment at intervals from under the table.*

N.B. As they say in play-books, with regard to stage-directions, the reader is supposed to be on the stage facing the audience.

"Are the rooms," I demand, "at the top of the House?"

"They are," returns the Long Boots, scowling, as though the admission had been wrung from him by my severe cross-examination. "Then," I say to my Chance Companion, "you take 'em: I shan't. I shall go to the Hôtel de Paris."

My Chance Companion, clearly wearied by the strife, throws towards me one despairing glance, with something, too, of reproach in it, which he perhaps means should haunt me to my dying day, and follows the Short Boots as though I had ordered him away to instant execution in a private room.

"Farewell, Brave Spaniard! and when next —", but he has walked off.

I go to the Hôtel de Paris, *Anglicé* superior sort of English tavern. Brisk person to welcome me. Room first floor. Large bed. Gigantic washing-stand. Everything thoroughly English in the Hôtel de Paris. Prints on the walls; a sufficiently rare collection to distract me for some time from going to sleep. The subject of one of the prints is the EARL OF ROXBURGH, Marquis of something, Earl of, &c. &c., with all his titles in full, fishing in view of a Bridge and Abbey; also portrait of the distinguished fish which his Grace is honouring by catching, and which is distinctly shown under the water. By the way I only suppose the sportsman to be the noble Earl in question, in consequence of the picture being dedicated to him by his GRACE's obliged servants, &c., &c. There's a glorious picture over the mantelpiece of a magnificent bird, half swan, half stork, in a Primæval Pond, lighted up with a Turneresque sunset. Then gradually off to sleep.

*First morning in England.*—Awake. Strange dream. Hasten to note it down while fresh, because it's so odd. I didn't dream about the DUKE OF ROXBURGH and the Swan.

*My Dream.*—I dreamt I was waltzing through 'the streets of a town (quite strange to me, yet which I felt I knew perfectly well), and was going on waltzing in perfect time, airily and gracefully (I felt conscious of the grace of my actions), yet somehow without ever turning round. This apparently impossible feat I seemed to be performing without effort, and quite naturally, to a beautiful tune, played on a barrel-organ, which, at the same time, I couldn't hear. Strange, too, I woke waltzing, and humming some tune which I couldn't catch.

*Happy Thought.*—Home again. Report to my Aunt about Bologne. It won't do. Bologne is, I tell her, a *ville sans égouts*, or, at all events, with only superficial *égouts*. She hands me several letters from friends, which have arrived in my absence, about the horse I am buying.

*Happy Thought.*—Think I've got something to suit me at last. Devote myself now to purchase of horse.

### Frantic Intelligence.

A TELEGRAM came from Penang the other day, saying:—

"It is rumoured that the Acheenese are burning their pepper plantations."

Can it be credited that the Acheenese are such insane barbarians as to cut off their noses to spite their faces? How absurd, too, the idea of their burning their pepper plantations, as if it were possible they could think their pepper was not hot enough already!

### THE CANINE MYSTERY.

RECENT revelations in Spiritualism have suggested the probability that the inevitable dog that runs the gauntlet on a race-course is a supernatural being. Opinions are divided as to whether he is the same thing as "the Spectre Hound in Man," or an apparition of the original Dog in the Manger.

## LECTURES FOR LADIES.

\* 85 ΦΑΗΗΤ \* ΣΤΡΗΗΤ \*



AGERLY we have received from our very special University Correspondent the following programme of the Lectures which will be delivered during the present term, at the College for Women recently opened at Girton, Cambridge.

The Regius Professor of Costume will deliver her Inaugural Lecture on "Winter Fashions," on Saturday, the 8th of November, at 11 A.M. In order to accommodate as large an audience as possible, the Lecture will be given in the College Hall. During the Lecture patterns will be handed round for inspection.

The Culinary Professor will lecture on Mondays and Fridays, at twelve o'clock, on "The Plain Joint," and on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at the same hour, on "Soup or Fish." Students desirous to attend the first course will be required to satisfy the Professor that they can distinguish the aitchbone from the sirloin, and the brisket from the ribs; and to demonstrate on the black board the chump end and the fillet. The course "Soup or Fish" will be open to all who can name two clear soups and two white soups, and who know the difference between cod and haddock, and soles and whiting.

The Regius Professor of Needlework will deliver her Inaugural Lecture on Thursday, November 6th, at Seven P.M.—subject, "Patchwork." It will be followed by a course of four Lectures, on each succeeding Thursday, at the same hour, on "The Sewing-Machine." The machine which will be used is the "Clotho," fitted with the new patent self-satisfied centripetal treadles, combining the elegance of the Lock-Stitch with the utility of the Single-Thread, and warranted to work in all climates noiselessly, fearlessly, and well. (COTTON AND TWIST, sole agents for the sale of the "Clotho," will be happy to supply it to Students at a reduced rate.)

The Professor of Domestic Economy will deliver six Lectures on the Wednesdays and Saturdays in November, commencing on Wednesday the 12th at Ten P.M. The subjects will be as follows:—I. and II.—The Management of Servants. III.—Washing at Home; Washing put out. IV.—Meat Teas. V.—House Cleaning. VI.—Dressmaking at home.

The Professor of Hygiene will deliver an Introductory Lecture on Friday the 7th of November, at Eight A.M. Short Syllabus—Early rising—Late hours—Hot rooms—Cold passages—Evening dress—Thin boots—High heels—Small bonnets—Cosmetics—Concluding remarks on Coddling.

The Reader in Etiquette will have the pleasure of delivering a Lecture on "The Visiting Customs and Ceremonies of All Nations," on Tuesday the 11th of November at Three P.M. Students proposing to attend are requested to do the Reader the favour of leaving their cards at her rooms on or before the previous Saturday. The Reader will be happy to see any lady friends students may desire to introduce.

The Teacher of Darning is anxious to form an Evening Class to meet twice a week for instruction and practice. Students wishing to become Members are requested to call on the Teacher, with specimens of their proficiency.



## THE CONTRAST.

SCENE—At a Sale of Antique Furniture.

WHEN the mirror politely stood still for a space,  
And she viewed herself there in that reeking old place,  
While the tribes clustered, grinning, all round her sweet face,  
Such a picture was framed as one don't often see;

On our Catalogue's margin we sketched her, *pro tem.*,  
And just added those lively descendants of SHEM  
For a background—the brighter and fairer the gem,  
The darker and plainer the setting should be!

## NOTHING SETTLED.

In this stupid and shop-keeping island of ours  
Ere a maid lays, for marriage, her hand in a man's,  
There are matters for settlement other than dowers,  
And questions to pop, before reading the banns.  
First, the man is expected to make the maid proffer  
Of his heart in due form, as a partner for life;  
And the maid must have time to think over the offer,  
And to weigh "Yes" and "No" ere she's bound as a wife.

Even courtship's mad fit has its intervals lucid,  
For parties to pause on the brink of the pool;  
And oft "Ask Mamma," ere a girl's fairly noosed,  
Cuts the halter of Hymen, and kicks o'er his stool.  
For that Hymen's a hangman, needs no demonstration,—  
Miss FRANCE's late husbands bear out the remark,—  
From "altar" to "halter" 's a brief aspiration,  
And to both men go blindfold, for leaps in the dark.

We in England provide a young pair who mean marriage  
With seasons for "spoons" out of third parties' ken;  
Servant-gals, or swell misses who ride in a carriage,  
"Keep company," both, with their divers "young men;"  
For 'tis hoped that our female and male human-natures  
Thus will learn of each other what "spoons" can disclose;  
Though all who have looked in a spoon at their features,  
Know how strangely distorted the image it shows.

But o'er Channel—'tis practice makes perfect, I fancy—  
For much-married FRANCE, "*on a changé tout cela*;"  
That Grande Dame to whose matches no *finis* one can see—  
May be won without wooing, like slave by pashà.

Nay, in *her* case they've even waived popping the question;  
"Third parties" have settled it all *pro* and *con*;  
Though, for all either knows, each would more than the pest  
shun  
The fetters both find they are asked to put on.

And now, after all these so confident rumours  
Of the wonderful wedding about to come off—  
At which, as we know Mademoiselle's shifting humours,  
Though the match seemed a strange one, none ventured to  
scoff—

We find, as the match-makers says—"Nothing's settled,"  
If "intentions" there ever have been, they seem dropped;  
While the lady, at least, has good cause to feel nettled,  
For the *futur* they've found her has not even popped!

## Mind and Body.

At a late meeting of the Cambridge University Athletic Club were  
chosen a President and a Secretary; and certain members were  
elected upon the Committee. Among these gentlemen one repre-  
sented "Corpus," a College with an old name, which will, perhaps,  
acquire a new meaning. It may be questioned whether, at our  
Universities and Public Schools, a degree of attention is not devoted  
to athletic sports conducive rather less to mental than to corporeal  
development.

## Our Little War.

It is said, by those who ought to know, that those who should  
have known better let us in for the Ashantee war by mismanaging  
their negotiations and dealings on our behalf with KING COFFEE to  
such a degree as to amount to provocation, of which they have given  
Coffee grounds.





## THE COLLAPSE.

BRITANNIA. "THEN THERE'S TO BE NO WEDDING AFTER ALL, MY DEAR!"

FRANCE. "AH, NO, MADAME! OF COURSE I SHOULD NOT HAVE ACCEPTED HENRI, HAD HE ASKED ME EVER SO MUCH; BUT, IN FACT, I WAS NEVER ASKED AT ALL!"





## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



SIR,—My dear Sir, my very dear Sir, excuse my excitement, but I have seen a great dramatic *artiste*. I have seen a wonder! An Actress, in London, and on a London stage, who can enthral an audience, can hold them entranced, awe-stricken, with straining eyes that would not willingly let a tittle of her action pass unheeded, with straining ears impatient of the dropping of a pin, and waiting upon each line as though every word in it were uttered for the first and only time. This but for a few minutes;

an awful few minutes, for we were watching the writhings of a guilty soul in the Inferno, and worse than guilty, hopeless in its terrible remorse. We, the audience, were for that brief period grouped, as it were, with the physician and the gentlewoman on the stage; we were hearing "what we should not," and sat horror-stricken at the confession of that most repulsive of all inhuman criminals, a Murderess. Before the curtain rose on that short scene, we knew we were to see, what we had come to see, MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI as *Lady Macbeth*; while the curtain was up we saw only *Lady Macbeth* walking in her sleep: when the curtain had descended, and had once more risen in answer to our call, it was MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI gracefully acknowledging the most fervent applause of a house crowded and crammed in every part. This was on the second occasion of her performing the part in English: she had done it for her benefit on Tuesday: then, without puff or advertisement, the report mysteriously spread about, that this of RISTORI's was the most wonderful piece of acting that had been seen for years; and, long before seven o'clock on Thursday night, it was almost impossible to get a seat for love or money. Your Representative was a little nervous about her accent; however this might have been on the first representation, I can answer for it (as Your Representative, being Truth itself) that, on the Thursday night, her foreign accent was only perceptible twice; that, moreover, her articulation was perfectly distinct, and that finally, in my very humble opinion, there was not, from first to last, one single fault to be found with this most remarkable performance.

It is only when witnessing such a rendering of so critical a situation as is this of the sleep-walking scene, that one is aroused to a sense of the boldness of SHAKESPEARE'S genius. And to think that he himself could never have seen his creation realised! at least it seems impossible to imagine a youth, a mere lad, in this part; and yet so it must have been. Was there ever a more dangerous situation devised by Dramatist? Think of the costume; think of the chamber-candle, of the physician and the chambermaid up late at night and whispering in a corner; think, too, how the very slightest over-acting would upset the balance, and render the actress, and the whole scene, utterly and hopelessly ridiculous. Man or woman walking in sleep is, in reality, a ghostly sight; but not so the mimicry of it on the stage, where we are not only prepared for its unreality, but are ready to criticise its inartistic defects as an imitation. Yet, Sir, when I recollect that pale face, the glassy set stare, the restlessness of the guilty hands, the stertorous breathing of the Dying Woman in her last illness (for this is the last we see of her—the next we hear of her is of her death)—I protest I shudder again, and feel as though I, personally, were now an accomplice, *ex post facto*, in the murder of the old man Duncan, of Banquo, and the wife of the Thane of Fife.

Sir, this was a thirsty performance, and even to write of it, earnestly, parches the lips and dries the throat of one, who, though deeply affected and unable to write on any other theatrical subject this week, because this was really too much for him, remains now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE OXFORD "UNION."—Church and State.

## EMOTIONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

"Every day is an anniversary of something, if people would only consult their almanacs and cultivate their emotions."—*Mr. Punch*, Nov. 1.

NOVEMBER 5, *Wednesday*. *GUIDO FAWKS*. Read up the history of this Blessed Martyr.

"GUY FAUX, GUY, with wicked companions contriv'd  
To blow the King and Parliament up alive."

"Contrived," in the beautiful poem from which we quote, is used in the sense of framing or devising a plan to do a thing; the word is derived from the French *controuwer*. For he did not accomplish his purpose. Write an Essay, showing what would have been the consequence if JAMES and his Parliament had gone aloft. Set down memorandum never to make a Guy of yourself.

6. *Thursday*. *St. Leonard*. You never heard of him. What has that got to do with it? A well-informed person is always reminded of something by any name. Think of St. Leonards, and the delightful walks you took there with MARIA, and when she had thrown you over, with JESSIE; and when you had thrown her over, with BLANCHE. Think how dear the lodgings were, and how bad the eggs. Think of LORD ST. LEONARDS, and recall anecdotes of him when he was MR., or SIR EDWARD SUGDEN, and his rows with BROUGHAM. Name Leonard derived from Leonatus; read up *Cymbeline*, and write essay on the character of *Imogen*. Look up St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, in the *Handbook of London*, and drop a tear over WILL SOMERS, the BURBAGES, G. SPENSER, killed in duel by BEN JONSON, and various other persons buried in the church. Then go on to St. Leonards, Foster Lane (it is gone, and the Post Office is on the spot, but that is a detail), and weep over FRANCIS QUARLES, who was buried there. Come, you get a deal of emotion out of a name you thought unpromising. But such is genius!

7. *Friday*. *Last Execution at Tyburn, 1783*. Out with your handkerchief; but just let us see whom we are going to blub for. Where's *Haydn's Dates*? He doesn't say. Never mind; dare say the fellow deserved it. Quite sure the last man hanged at Newgate did, 26th May, 1868, BARRETT the Fenian, who helped to blow in the prison wall at Clerkenwell. Write essay on public and private executions, and on Fenianism. Then write about all the remarkable criminals who have died at Tyburn, where Connaught Place now is. JACK SHEPPARD, JONATHAN WILD, MRS. BROWNRISE, DR. DODD, PARSON HACKMAN. Ha! the last hanged there was named AUSTIN, but his crime is not stated. You can weep for grief that there should have been so much wickedness in the world, or for joy that we are now all so good.

8. *Saturday*. *John Milton died*. Take the opportunity of reading *Paradise Lost*, which you dare not, with your hand on your waistcoat, say you have perused from "Of" to "way." That will be emotion enough for one day.

9. *Sunday*. *Birth of the Sales horn*. We should not think of suggesting the sentiments with which our reader, and therefore a loyal personage (or party), will hail this day. It is also the anniversary of the judgment (1868) by the Common Pleas, that apprised MISS LYDIA BECKER that neither she nor any other lady had a right to vote at elections. You can scoff at Woman's Rights, or gush for them, according to your taste, or your idea of what will please the company.

10. *Monday*. *Mr. Manning born*. Remember that, in 1861, he delivered a lecture at Manchester (*vide* your *Punch* for October 26th in that year), and stuck to it that 1867 would see the World out, in some way, or would, at least, be the end of all chronology. He also stated that he did not desire to be an Angel. Compare his utterances with MR. DISRAELI'S, who wished to be on the side of the Angels. ("As if the Doctor didn't know he was already an Angel. Ask the ladies of your flock. Flap your wings, ye ould deluder," said *Mr. Punch*, with sweet playfulness.)

11. *Tuesday*. *Half Quarter Day*. There's a ready-made emotion here, as to-day one usually pays up the rent to last quarter day, or is invited so to do. But this is a painful sentiment. Anniversary of the election of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, as Rector of Edinburgh University, 1865. He defeated MR. DISRAELI. Now comes MR. DISRAELI'S turn to be a Scotch Rector. Moralise on the vicissitudes of life, and on the law that brings everything to the man who knows how to wait. And now listen. On this day in 1868, Parliament was dissolved—then came the elections, and the splendid Party Majority. "Vere is dat Barty now?"

Come, dear boy, if you don't shine as a writer, or in conversation, or in both, next week, *Punch* must disinherit you, and never call you JACK again.

COMPARATIVELY WELL OFF.

You hear people saying, "I've half a mind." Lucky folks to possess even so much as this! Many of us seem to have none at all.



“TO OBLIGE A LADY.”

DELIGHTFUL TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A GATE OFF THE HINGES FOR HER; BUT NOT SO PLEASANT SHOULD YOUR HORSE GET AWAY, AND LEAVE YOU TO WALK HOME!

HERCULES-WATERLOW.

THERE is a modern Hercules, and WATERLOW his name is,  
And more than labours twelve himself this Hercules has set,  
The least whereof sufficient to hand him down to fame is,  
As valiantest of all Lord Mayors in Guildhall written yet.  
If Waterloo of military victories in story  
Stands fameusest of famous names on England's battle-roll,  
Of Civic victors WATERLOW may claim an equal glory,  
As combatant 'gainst odds that ask a high heroic soul.

'Twas one chief task of Hercules to cleanse the Augean Stable,  
Whole centuries' heaps of foulness to sweep out in a day,  
And the grandly simple means by which to do this he was able,  
Was through the reeking stalls to turn a mighty river's way.  
But WATERLOW, our Hercules, has ta'en in hand the cleaning,  
Not of one Augean Stable, but of all that he can find—  
So must first expose their foulness, and then pull down the screening  
That Angias's agents have set up for a blind.

The first Augean Stable our Hercules has tackled,  
Above its portal, "Charity" shows carved in letters fair,  
Whence "Give, give, give," is whined, and roared, and brayed, and  
cried, and cackled,  
By strange masked forms, with many mouths, and hands out-  
stretched in air.  
But that fair-lettered frontal hides as much abomination,  
As any sink that ever asked a cleansing river's flow,  
The fruits of all those loud appeals, and brazen iteration,  
More to the craving horse-leech, than the silent sufferer, go.

And through that Stable's twilight aisles, and in its dark recesses,  
Flit, dimly seen, the crowd for whom the Stable finds employ,  
Men, round of paunch, and bland of mien, and unctuous of ad-  
dresses,  
Brazen-faced in collecting, in appealing nowise coy;

And who can tell what shapes beside, that, shrinking from the sky-  
light,

In a congenial darkness like bats prefer to dwell,  
And ply mysterious industries, that prosper best in twilight—  
Players as shy to show their hands as game or gains to tell.

Think how, when HERCULES-WATERLOW declares his plan for  
turning

The River of Publicity through that dark, uncleansed room,  
What a foul odour, from bats' wings the stagnant vapours churning,  
What shrieks, and yelps, and hisses of dim things that haunt the  
gloom!

Even Hercules may pause on the threshold of his labours,  
To find of threatening sights and sounds this fierce and dense  
array,

And pause to ask, what's the amount of good done to one's neigh-  
bour,

That all this dire annoyance to oneself can outweigh?

As matters stand, we fear, that for *this* Augean Stable,

Whose odour as the essence of Charity is claimed,  
'Tis doubtful if the Hercules of Guildhall will be able  
E'en to begin the cleansing at which he boldly aimed;  
At all events, the river to be used those stalls for sluicing  
Must be one whereof the water is high, the tide-way strong,  
A weak attack 's the surest way of strong defence inducing,  
And to use your stream at low water, my WATERLOW, is wrong.

Divine Right and Wrong.

WOULD Italy have anything to fear from the restoration of French  
legitimate monarchy in the person of the COUNT DE CHAMBORD?  
Perhaps not. The Sovereign of France might well be content to  
regard the Kingdom of Italy as an accomplished fact. His Holiness  
the POPE was pleased to recognise the Empire under NAPOLEON THE  
THIRD, and HENRI Cinq may be of opinion that one good turn  
deserves another.



### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

*Granny (who forgets that Grandchildren grow up just the same as other people).—*  
 "GOOD BYE, AND BLESS YOU, MY SWEET PET! AND DON'T YOU THINK, AS IT'S  
 GETTING RATHER DARK, THAT COOK OR BETSY JANE HAD BETTER WALK AS FAR  
 AS THE STATION WITH YOU?"

### DISTILLERY DRINKS.

UNDER the heading of "Poisonous Spirits," the *Times* publishes a communication from MESSRS. BRETT, the eminent distillers, concluding as follows:—

"Essential oils and acids are present in all spirits, which hence require rectification to become pure. The ananthic ether, or the essential oil of wine, in spirit made from the grape, is as deleterious as fusel oil, which is found in spirit made from cereals. Cognac brandies are not rectified, for if the essential oils were not volatilised the bouquet would depart."

Of course the bouquet would depart if the essential oils were volatilised, and would remain if they were not. The latter word, above, must surely be a misprint. MESSRS. BRETT proceed:—

"Undoubtedly French spirits contain a large portion of amylic alcohol, and on this account are less wholesome than the scientifically rectified British spirit, where the production of acetic acid and empyreumatic oil is carefully avoided."

If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, that of the brandy is no less in the drinking. Has the experience of diners in general convinced them that Cognac is a less wholesome spirit than British brandy? Perhaps not; because few of them may have ever given the latter any trial if they knew it. A *petit verre* of the former spirit, however, has certainly a stomachic reputation not enjoyed by common *eau-de-vie*, most of which is understood to be nothing but a corn-spirit, rectified and flavoured. If MESSRS. BRETT are correct in their medical chemistry, as above expounded, to make spirits out of grain is very foolish extravagance. Cannot "scientifically rectified British spirit," perfectly free from acetic acid, empyreumatic and fusel oil, ananthic ether, and all the rest of it, be manufactured a great deal cheaper out of potatoes?

AVOID ANACHRONISM.—Protestant Boys! Be sure not to bring out Guy Fawkes with a box of lucifer-matches. Be just, even to Catholics.

### PLUNDER FOR THE PEOPLE.

IN an article on the special representation of mechanics, the *Morning Post* truly observes:—

"In the reduction of taxation the Working Classes have been the principal gainers. To exempt them from imposts which they are well able to bear the Income-tax has been retained upon the class immediately above them, whose circumstances are not by any means so prosperous, and who have not been able to enforce a higher payment for their services to meet the increased cost of living."

As excellent MR. HIBBERT says, this is the plunder of a class for the sake of the People—with a great P. But so far from being a robbery of the rich to give to the poor, it is, on the contrary, robbing comparatively necessitous people in order to make things pleasant for others very much better off. It is also robbing the few and weak to curry favour with the many and strong.

### Clerks of St. Nicolas.

A MEETING, in furtherance of the "St. Nicolas College System of Middle-Class Education," was held the other evening at Willis's Rooms. St. Nicolas has, until comparatively of late, been understood to be the Patron, not of the middle-class, but a certain one of the inferior classes. The special clients of St. Nicolas, according to popular tradition, were identical with those whom *Falstaff* calls "Diana's foresters; minions of the moon," and over whom, of old, Mercury presided. Nevertheless, the system of education pursued at Saint Nicolas's College appears to be altogether different from the tuition which Street Arabs were wont to receive at the private academy of *Mr. Fagin*.

### Nominal Nonsense.

THE Russians, according to the *Moscow Gazette*, have laid the first stone of a fortress to be erected under the name of Petro Alexandrovsk, and to harbour a garrison of Cossacks on the Oxus. It may reassure some persons interested in the Eastern Question to consider that the Oxus is very far from flowing, as they might surmise it from its name to do, into the Bos-phorus.

### APATHY.

"RESIGNATION OF A DISSENTING MINISTER.—The REV. \* \* \* \*, for upwards of sixteen years minister at the Independent Chapel, \* \* \* \*, has given notice of his intention to resign his post, owing to the general apathy of his congregation."

MR. PUNCH would not hurt anybody's feelings, so he has excised names, therein proving himself nobler than DR. JOHNSON, who defended himself for throwing a snail into his neighbour's garden: "Sir, the dog is a Dissenter." But *Mr. Punch* must call attention to the above announcement. What does it mean? "Apathy." This means insensibility to pain. Well, if the Reverend Gentleman can't manage to hurt his flock, and make 'em miserable, he should send to *Mr. Punch*. That gentleman would furnish him with a list of Boanerges Thunders, which would make this apathetic congregation miserable enough in the twinkling of a sermon. The idea of giving up a pulpit because one cannot afflict one's sheep! Sooner than be beaten like that, *Mr. Punch*, had it been his happy lot to be a Dissenting Minister, would have dusted the pew-cushions with extraordinary fine pepper every Saturday night. He'd have waked up his beloved people. But mark the superiority of the Church of England as by law, at present, Established. Did you ever hear of a clergyman resigning a living because the congregation did not seem to care what he said? We trow not. However, we do not think that the minister in question needed to resign. We seem to recollect that we have read of a very great teacher indeed who did not leave off preaching a long sermon, though one of his audience carried apathy to the extent of, tumbling out at the window.

### New Meat Market.

"River Plate Meat is the newest addition proposed to our food supply."

So the poor "Plate," after having been exposed for years to much idle jesting on its name, is at last likely to do something for the supply of the table worthy of that name.





### DESPERATE!

*Medical Man (gingerly).* "I THINK—PERHAPS—YOU MIGHT—DROP A LINE, AND HAVE YOUR WIFE UP."  
*Patient.* "O, DOCTOR, YOU'RE ALWAYS FOR SUCH EXTREME MEASURES!!"

### AN OLD BALLAD RECAST.

'Twas a Prince on the Saltzburg road did chance  
 To meet a fair maid, MAMZELLE LA FRANCE;

His face 'neath her bonnet he ventured to poke,  
 Though modest, and thus the maid bespoke:—

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I wish you could tell me, *mon Prince*," she said.

"Your friends say I'm going, as fast as I can,  
 To the bottomless pit of the big black man;

"But GAMBETTA swears, take his advice,  
 And I'm bound for the Earthly Paradise,

"And M. THIERS tells me, but follow *his* clue,  
 And the land of Cockayne 'twill lead me to—

"Where the trees ready-roasted chickens grow,  
 And the rivers run Burgundy and Bordeaux."

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"A wardrobe of caps, besides that on my head:

"Of caps, and cockades that belong thereto,  
 From red *pur et simple*, to red, white, and blue."

"What of the white one, my pretty maid?"

"Out of the question, Sir," she said.

"But white is *my* colour, my pretty maid."

"Your colour's not mine, then, Sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."

"I never asked you, Sir," she said.

"There's mistake between us, my pretty maid."

"You've your friends to thank for it, Sir," she said.

### A HARD NUT.

A RESPECTED contemporary, reporting a concert, says:—

"The third performance was the fugue in D major, by G. S. BACH, the *peddling* part of which, abounding as it does in difficulties, was powerfully executed."

Might we ask what is meant by "peddling"? WEBSTER defines the word as meaning "travelling about and selling small wares;" also as "trifling and unimportant." We fail to see how either meaning applies to a fugue, and certainly the second does not apply to any work by BACH. The word Peddler is held to be derived from "ped," a little basket; also from *ped*, because the merchant in question goes on foot; also from "pedules," the worsted socks worn by the monks, and sold by the chapmen. And yet we are not happy. SHAKESPEARE tells us of "wit's pedlar who retails its wares at wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, and fairs." And yet we are not happy. What is the peddling part of BACH's fugue in D major (which we suppose means drum major, BACH was partial to the drum), we want to know. The *Musical World* is requested to solve the problem.

### Two Words.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Rome—

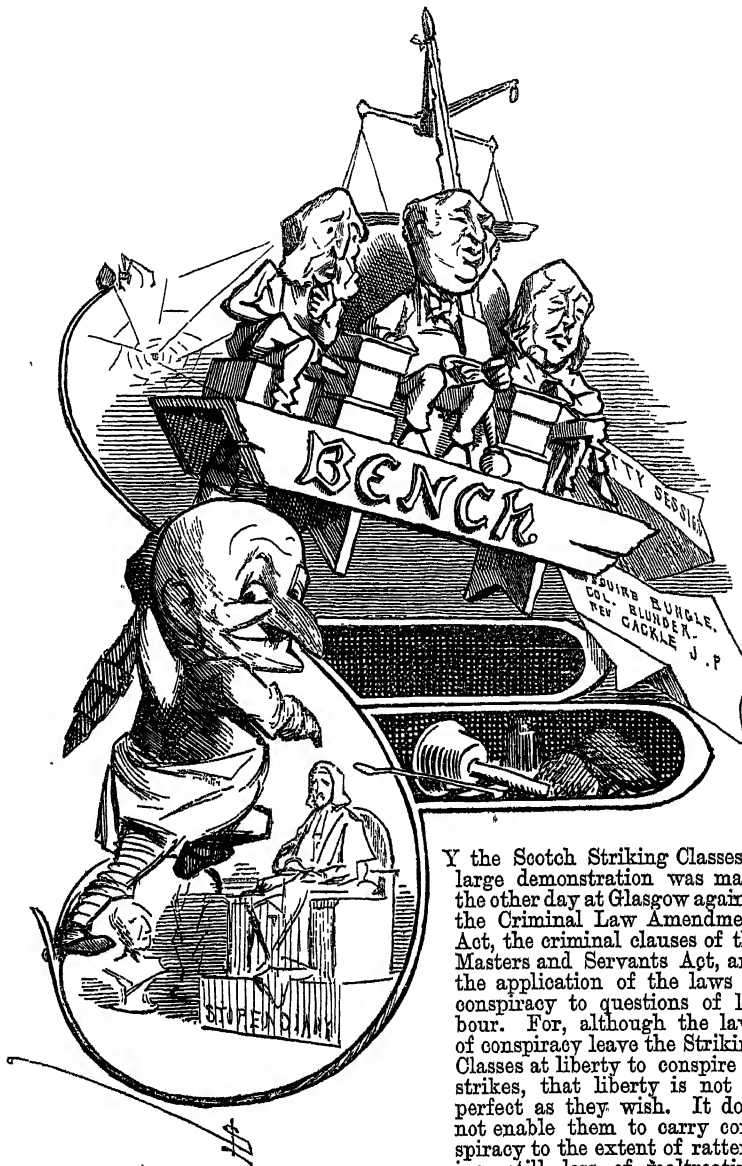
"Another letter has been sent by the POPE to the EMPEROR WILLIAM, but it is stated that His Holiness does not intend publishing it."

Perhaps, however, His Majesty does. We should, were we he. "O that mine enemy had written a—letter," is a pregnant saying and a spiteful.

### CERTAIN CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

EAT and drink as much as ever you possibly can of all sorts of things without any restriction whatsoever, except only that they are perfectly insipid, or else unsavoury.

PARLIAMENTARY IMPROVEMENT.



Y the Scotch Striking Classes a large demonstration was made the other day at Glasgow against the Criminal Law Amendment Act, the criminal clauses of the Masters and Servants Act, and the application of the laws of conspiracy to questions of labour. For, although the laws of conspiracy leave the Striking Classes at liberty to conspire in strikes, that liberty is not so perfect as they wish. It does not enable them to carry conspiracy to the extent of rattening, still less of maltreating

non-Unionists, and independent workmen who choose to accept employment on other than Unionists' terms. The Striking Classes are so far from being free to punish such offenders, that, if the Council of a Trade Union ordered that the house of one of them should be blown up, or himself should be shot, and their sentence were carried out, they and their agents in its execution would be liable to be tried for murder, and might even, perhaps, be executed themselves.

The demonstration by which the justice of the demands above indicated was made clear was quite as logical as could be expected even at Glasgow, in Scotland. "The people were marshalled on the Green, and marched through the principal streets with banners flying and bands playing." The reasoning of the drums and trumpets, no doubt, was irresistible, and even the most prejudiced ears must have succumbed to the syllogisms of the bagpipes. Numbers, or the arithmetic of multitudes, rendered the demonstration mathematical. "The processionists numbered about 23,000, and the line of route was crowded." If further proof were needed, it was amply supplied by superabundance of stump-oratory. "On the return to the Green, speeches were delivered from four platforms." The rationality of all this eloquence is patent from its results. "Resolutions were adopted demanding the total repeal of the first of the Acts of Parliament above-named, protesting against the obnoxious clauses of the other, "and pledging the meeting to support only those candidates for Parliament who will give effect to their wishes."

This pledge, if generally adopted and acted upon by Trades' Unionists, may tend considerably to improve the representation of Great Britain. Suppose free and independent voters, generally, resolve to vote for those candidates only whom they sincerely believe to be the best and ablest men.

If, then, the Trades' Unions, the Teetotal Societies, and the confederacies of all the other platforms, will severally vote, each band of them, only for "those who will give effect to their wishes," the votes of the main body of the constituencies will probably return a sensible majority, unfettered by class interests, and exempt from crotchets, to Parliament. As the Brethren say, "So mote it be."

A GENTLE LECTURE.

To be learned by every Visitor to the Brighton Aquarium.

"Octopus" you know how to say,  
Whether you're fou or sober,  
The to accented in the way  
You sound it in "October."

But when the plural noun you want,  
What's that? "Octopi." Looby!  
You very clownish, ignorant,  
Uneducated booby.

"Octopuses?" O, knock him down,  
Upbraiding him with cusses,  
That wretched cad, we'll bet a crown,  
Calls Omnibuses "busses."

"Octopods." Thank you, *Daily News*,  
That seems refined and Greeky,  
Though unto ultra-classic views  
Perhaps a trifle streaky.]

Yet "tripods" we perceive in use  
By CHAPMAN and by DRYDEN,  
So say "Octopods," gabbling goose,  
On pain of a good hidin'.

THE ALLIANCE LOVING CUP.

ON Monday last week the Lord Mayor elect was, according to ancient custom, presented, and described to the LORD CHANCELLOR by the RECORDER. To the description of the Heir Apparent to the Civic Crown, given by the Hon. and Learned Gentleman, an appropriate and complimentary reply having been duly returned by the noble and learned Lord; according to the newspapers:—

"The Loving Cup was then passed round, and the Civic dignitaries retired."

The time at which the ceremony thus concluding commenced was about half-past eleven A.M. The Loving Cup, therefore, was passed round a little before noon, in accordance with the more early than abstemious habits of our ancestors. Whereas the contents of that goblet is a sort of negus, that is, an "intoxicating liquor," what will become of the Loving Cup in case the Aldermen of London should ever grow so unmindful of their traditions as to elect a consistent Total Abstinence Lord Mayor? Will the Loving Cup in that case hiss with sherbet, or foam with ginger-beer; will it be charged with sparkling or still lemonade: or is it even possible that the Loving Cup will be reduced to toast-and-water?

Bobby Black-sheep.

SOME persons complain that the organisation of the Police Force has become too military. In one particular it is not military enough. Of late, unworthy members of that generally well-conducted body of men have been disgracing their corps by brutal assaults, by taking people into custody for speaking to them, by locking up sufferers in fits of apoplexy for drunkards, and by false swearing in Courts of Justice. Military discipline is not, at present, as it ought to be made, applicable to exceptional Policemen. Be it enacted that all such offenders shall be liable to be flogged and drummed out of their division.

ON DIT.

THE notion of Special Services for the Metropolitan Constabulary in Westminster Abbey has been started. On the first occasion the entire Police Force will be required to take up the Nave.



### PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

*Teacher.* "JESSIE BROWN, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE LATE?"

*Jessie.* "WHICH YOU HAVE, MISS. BUT, LOR! I'VE HAD SUCH A JOB WITH MY 'AIR!"

### WORKS AND VANDALS.

OLD Holland House a book about  
Some stupid people praise.  
That ugly building—how much out  
Of date in modern days!

An opportunity was lost  
For alteration fine,  
Through Holland Park when might have  
crossed  
The neighbouring Railway Line.

But Progress, at so fast a rate,  
Insures the growth of Town,  
That structure, surely, soon or late,  
Is destined to come down.

A row of villas shall, anon,  
Be built upon its site.  
Who cares for JOSEPH ADDISON,  
And where he used to write?

Or else, perhaps, upon the spot  
Where Fox did once carouse;  
Where met the literary lot;  
Shall rise a public-house.

Down comes, to clear the way for shops,  
The PERCYs' lordly hall.  
The House of Holland, when it stops  
Improvement, too, must fall.

Historic monuments be dashed!  
You'll soon have none to see.  
By all your censure unabashed,  
What jolly Snobs are we!

### Good Security.

WE think we have at last found a public company to whose keeping we shall entrust our little savings, when the baker, and the butcher, and the cheesemonger, and the coal merchant, and the dairyman, and the green-grocer, and the poulterer will permit us to put by something for the rainy day—"The National Safe Deposit Company."

### QUESTIONS FOR SCHOOL-BOARD CANDIDATES.

HAVE you made yourself acquainted, by reading and personal investigation, with the educational systems adopted by (a) ancient nations, (b) foreign countries, and (c) England and her dependencies, from the earliest times to the present day?

Are you conversant with the principal educational theories which have been propounded, both at home and abroad, since the beginning of this century?

Have you read all the Blue Books and other Parliamentary documents which have been issued on the subject of Education?

What system are you prepared to support in this country? Do you advocate a denominational education for an undenominational child, or would you train up an undenominational boy or girl on denominational principles? Can you suggest any plan which would be likely to prove satisfactory to contending sects and parties, rival public meetings, the parents of the children, the children themselves, and the ratepayers?

Have you read and studied the Education Act under which you seek election, and can you quote the famous 25th Clause?

What sort of education did you receive yourself, and can you point to any prizes or distinctions gained at school or college?

Will you be good enough to describe the plan you have adopted in the education of your own family?

Have you had any practical experience of teaching?

Please to give an outline of the Bell, Lancaster, Pestalozzian, Kindergarten, Moravian, Jesuit, Port Royal, Privy Council, British and Foreign, and National Systems of Education; and to state which you prefer.

Would you confine education simply to reading, writing, and arithmetic; or extend it to such branches of knowledge as mensuration, political economy, perspective, chronology, modern languages, chemistry, counterpoint, and international law; or are you disposed to recommend the happy medium?

What are your views about holidays?

Are you married or single?

Will you pledge yourself, if elected, to attend all Board and

Committee Meetings, to make no lengthy speeches, and to avoid contradiction, interruption, and personality?

Are you fond of statistics?

In any future legislation on the subject of Education, are you of opinion that it would be desirable to make it compulsory on all those who avail themselves of the opportunities for mental improvement afforded by schools supported out of the public funds, to present themselves with clean hands and face; or would you consider an enactment of this character an unwarrantable interference with that liberty of action which is the pride and boast and birthright of every British subject, and a dangerous disregard of time-honoured prejudices, such as ought to be treated with the utmost tenderness and respect?

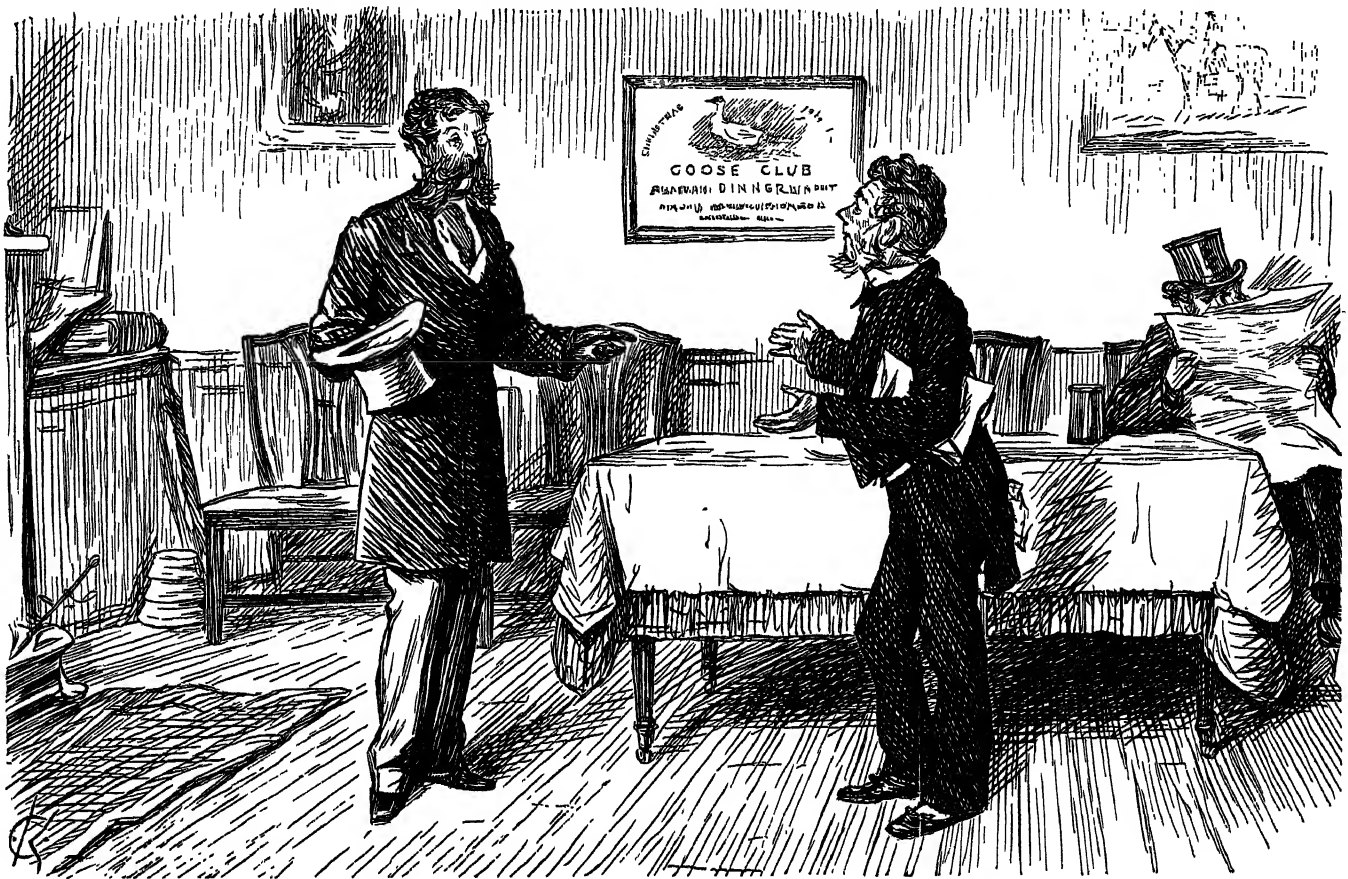
Is it your chief desire, not to help on the triumph of Secularism, or Voluntaryism, or Denominationalism, but to see every ragged, miserable, and neglected child taken out of the streets and sent to school?

### ELECTRIC SHAVE.

THE idea of "Ajax defying the lightning" is rather strongly suggested by a telegram which came the other day from Sicily, contradicting a previous telegram, thus:—

"The news published by an English journal of an earthquake having occurred in Sicily, of an eruption of Mount Etna, and of the destruction of some sulphur mines, is completely unfounded."

Ajax may be considered as represented by the author of the telegram which announced the thing that was not. He, whoever he was, lied in defiance of an electric current. That is regularly defying the lightning in a small way. Might not this fellow be called the Lesser Ajax—without prejudice to the fair fame of Oileus? His telegram announced a destruction of sulphur-mines to an extent which, had it really happened, would have created a famine of sulphur. Perhaps this intelligence was calculated to affect the sulphur market, and thus make defying the lightning to the cost of a telegram pay a speculating rogue.



## ORNITHOLOGICAL.

*Swell* ("cast away" in unknown Suburb). "AW—WHAT CAN I HAVE FOR DINNAR?"

*Waiter*. "WHATEVER YOU——"

*Swell*. "CAN I HAVE A BIRD, OR——"

*Waiter*. "BIRD, SIR?" (*Dubiously*.) "I'LL SEE, SIR." ("Happy Thought.") "OUR HANNUAL GOOSE CLUB HAS JUST KEMENCED, SIR—IF YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE A TICKET!"

## AD ROBERTUM (MISBEHAVIENTEM).

PUNCH has still been true to his Bobby: still, like a brick, has backed him;

*Punch's bâton* for Bobby has ever been raised and 'gainst those that attacked him;

To the merits of his Bobby *Punch* has always very kind been;

To the failings of his Bobby *Punch* has always very blind been.

For *Punch* has always borne in mind his Bobby's sore temptations,  
As, Cooks and their cajoleries, Roughs and their aggravations:  
His long-drawn hours of duty, in defiance of wind and weather,  
His weary tramps, whose dust and damps tax spirits, strength,  
and shoe-leather;

Sly drams from artful publicans' taps to be stoically waved off,  
Snug tips from breakers of hours and rules, to be indignantly staved off:

Good tempers to be kept against mobs and aggravating chaffers,  
Superior smiles to be paid for the scoffs of Christmas Pantomime laughers.

And *Punch* has found that his Bobbies on the whole will stand comparison,  
With any force e'er yet enrolled as Order's civic garrison;  
And has been proud to endorse the praise of his Bobby by the foreigner,  
For his conduct in our streets and courts, before Judge and Beak and Coroner.

So *Punch*, with allowance duly made for a reas'nable proportion  
Of Black-sheep Bobbies given to lies and bullying and extortion,  
To the Home Office and HENDERSON has felt our gratitude owed is  
That we've had so little cause to ask, "Quis custodiat custodes?"

But, my Bobbies, if you'd have in *Punch* a protector still to rely on,  
Some little games you've lately played you must really cease to try on;  
For instance, that all incapables aren't drunk the caution scorning,  
Till the man charged as dead-drunk overnight, is found only dead in the morning.

Or treating as a "disorderly" whoever the pavement cumbers,  
And running in on charge of assault whoever dares take your numbers:  
And when any of you've made a mistake, attempting bad to better,  
By backing, till you're black in the face, each the other's tale to the letter:

If the Black-sheep who play these little games should multiply among Bobbies,  
Till that Bobby must be a Black-sheep, because one of London's Bobbies,  
Then *Punch* will find, though he hates a cry, and to cant of the day ne'er truckles,  
He'll have to take up his *bâton* and come down on his Bobby's knuckles.

Which is a treatment of Bobbies that *Punch* would grieve to be forced to,  
Aware how the Roughs would rejoice to see their abuse by *Punch* endorsed too;  
And how those who long for disorder would laugh to see Order's Guards discredited,  
As my Bobbies must be, if their Black-book by their Black-sheep's left to be edited.

MEDICAL QUERY.—Would inoculation with scarlet fever be a preservative against yellow?



## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

*In Search of a Horse.*

IND, on my return home, the report has suddenly got about that I am looking out for a horse.

When I say "got about," I mean within a radius of at least ten miles.

I ask my Aunt if she has mentioned it to any one.

"No, my dear," she replies, "I've not said a word on the subject."

She seems as hurt and annoyed as if I had accused her of having divulged a most important secret.

I can't go anywhere in my own neighbourhood without hearing about the horse

that "I'm looking out for." People seem to think I want to raise a private cavalry troop.

At the Railway Station, for example, the Station-Master—the last person I should have thought of, as connected with horses (unless he has a grudge against the Railway, and wishes to encourage driving)—smiles pleasantly, but still knowingly—I can't help remarking this universally, that whenever a person, no matter who he may be, has anything to say or do about horses, he instantly becomes more or less knowing in his manner—I believe the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY himself would cock his shovel-hat, and smile learily ("learily" is the word) if he had anything to say about a horse,—Well, the Station-Master smiles in this way, and observes—

"I hear you're looking out for a horse, Sir."

I say "Yes, I am," as unconcernedly as possible, as I have a sort of idea that he'll suddenly produce one from the engine-house, or the porters' room, or some unexpected place, by way of taking me by surprise, and say "Here he is, Sir; here's the very thing for you!" and expect me to purchase it on the spot.

So I am reserved, and suspicious. As I go on, I become more reserved and suspicious. My nature is, I am sure, originally frank and trustful; but looking out for a horse will, I am sure, even at this early stage, embitter my life.

I almost begin to expect men jumping out at me, from behind trees, or palings, with "Here you are, Sir! here's the thing to suit you!" and I am aware of being perpetually, and painfully, on the alert.

The Station-Master seems to be thinking the matter over. I don't go away and leave him, as I see he has something more to say. Perhaps, not being professionally a horse-dealer, he doesn't quite know how to put it, or it may be his first attempt at this sort of thing.

He frowns to himself, as it were, and appears to be going through either some violent mental effort of memory, or a struggle with his better nature and his early religious education.

I ask him, "Have you heard of anything?"

"Well," he replies, slowly, the struggle evidently not being quite over—"Well, no—not exactly. Only—" (I see he's coming out with half the truth)—"there's MR. FOSSITT of Barntree was saying, the other morning here, as he had something as he thought would do for you. I don't know it myself," he adds, cheerfully; "but he was saying, as he thought it was about the sort of thing as you wanted. And," he finishes, with increasing cheerfulness, as though he had relieved his conscience at last, and turned Queen's evidence against FOSSITT of Barntree, who had tried to make him an accomplice, "I said to MR. FOSSITT as he'd better speak to you about it himself. Up Train for Lon'on!"

By the time he has ended he has resumed his own natural honest and pleasant manner, and is at his work again, with the air of a man who has successfully combated a fearful temptation.

I can imagine, that is my increasing suspicious nature can imagine, what will take place at the next meeting between FOSSITT of Barntree and the Station-Master.

FOSSITT (whom I don't know from ADAM) will come up with the usual deep smile and begin,

"Well, have you seen him since? Eh?"

The Station-Master, perfectly aware that he is alluding to me, but morally afraid to admit that he has thrown FOSSITT over, will pretend that he doesn't quite catch his (FOSSITT's) meaning.

FOSSITT will then continue, cautiously, "Have you seen MR. THINGUMMY about that horse, as I was—"

"O!" the Station-Master will cut in, to avoid further explanation. "Yes, and I told him he'd better see you about it himself."

And so he will go off, leaving his companion to understand that he, the Station-Master, won't be a party to any duplicity about this horse, and isn't, to put it plainly, going to stand in with FOSSITT of Barntree.

Again, in the village, I hear of it from the Post-Master. In partnership with his mother, he is proprietor of a cheese, bacon, and grocery shop, and this, and the post-office, they manage between them. He is a long young man, loosely put together, as if he'd been made up gradually, and added to at different times whenever there might have been some large bones to spare. His face, which is broad and round, and with a very uneven surface, is expressive of chronic astonishment at everything and everybody. I don't believe he was always like this.

I fancy the telegraphic arrangements have frightened him, and that every arrival, or sending of a telegram, conveys a fresh galvanic shock to his nervous system, taking effect on his hair, which is very dry, and of the colour of one of his own pale Dutch cheeses. He has a desk to himself in one corner, where he attends to the Money Orders, occasionally disappearing, when the customer's back is turned, to come up again in the character of a Telegraphic Clerk, in another corner, where the wires work among sides of bacon, sacks of dog biscuits, soap, cheeses, and red herrings. From this operation he emerges quite red in the face, as though they were saying *such* things by telegraph that no respectable young man could listen to without blushing. I drop in to buy some stamps.

*Happy Thought.*—Object for a walk, to go to the village and buy stamps. Must have some object in view, or should never take any exercise. When my horse is here I can ride in and buy stamps; or ride to all sorts of villages for miles round to buy stamps. Could (for the sake of making a necessity for exercise) invent for myself a pleasant fiction as to their selling better stamps at one village than another. The farther the village, the better the stamps. Besides, there's something of the genuine countrified idea about this: it's like going about marketing: it suggests the pillion and my Aunt up behind with a basket: Old Dobbin, jog-trot, top-boots, heavy-handled whip, low-crowned hat, and dialogue along the road. "Well, Fayrmer, 'ow be'est this marning? an 'ow be yew mam?" and then we say we're going to buy some stamps, and trot on. Of course, this is fanciful, but still there is a pastoral sort of idea about it.

"A shilling's-worth of stamps, please," I say.

The Young Post-Master, astonished as usual, appears to be taken aback by this demand, and as he cannot at the moment lay his hand on the stamps, an animated discussion ensues between himself and his mother, who is having tea in the little room behind the glass-windowed door, and won't come out.

The Young Post-Master won't open the door and show his mother. He seems to keep her in there as a secret, and, as he speaks through the door, and turning a little away from me (his audience), its effect is to remind me of a Ventriloquist's entertainment, where the performer pretends to be holding a conversation with some one on the other side of the wall, or outside a door.

"Mother, where didyer put the stumps?" he says, in his own voice.

Ventriloquist's mother (I mean Post-Master's mother from within), "You'll find 'em in the drawer o' the left and side, JOMMY."

Post-Master rummages in the drawer, and calls out, "No, th'aint there." Then he goes to the door again, turns the handle, and holds it the slightest bit ajar, which is exactly what I've seen Ventriloquists do, only without a real mother on the other side—ordinarily some imaginary acquaintance called "TOMMY," who has got somehow into a gas-pipe, or some eccentric stranger in the chimney, who is usually addressed with the utmost courtesy on the part of the Ventriloquist, as "Sir;" each sentence beginning in this way, "What are you doing up there, Sir?" to which Eccentric Stranger in the Chimney replies, rudely, "What's that to you, Sir?"

I have noticed that the Eccentric Stranger in the Chimney is invariably rude, while the Ventriloquist is most markedly polite. The Man in the Chimney refuses to move, and asserts his right to stay there as long as he likes; the Ventriloquist, still polite, warns him that he is lighting a fire, when the Eccentric Stranger becomes abjectly piteous, and only asks for time to be allowed to reach the top and make his escape. By the time he has gained this point the Eccentric Person's character has quite changed; he has become less and less rude, and finishes (from the top of the chimney, and supposed to be out on the roof) by wishing the entertainer "Good night," to which the amiable Ventriloquist below

replies, "Good night, and mind you don't let me catch you in the chimney again, Sir," which remark elicits a faint reply, in a very distant voice, almost three houses off by this time, "All right, Sir, good night."

This passes through my mind, while the entertainment is being given by the Post-Master and his mother in the shop.

He finds the stamps under the butter, which surprises him less than I should have thought, and, having carefully wrapped them in brown paper, hands them to me, saying, at the same time,—

"Thank you, Sir."

Then he has to find change for half-a-crown, which causes another entertainment with his mother in the back parlour, as to where the change is that some one brought in just now, and was put by mistake into the Money Order drawer.

This being found, he gives it to me, and observes, "Are you settled yet, Sir, with a horse? I heard as you were looking about for one a while ago."

I tell him I am not suited, and he calls out to his mother,—

"I say, Mother, where was that as MR. HOLT'S Coachman said as he knew there was one to be sold?"

"GRANGEBY'S," answers a voice from within.

"At GRANGEBY'S," repeats the Post-Master, explaining to me the answer of the Oracle in the back room.

(Note for *Typical Development*, Vol. XIV. O. *Oracles*, how they were done in old times. O. O.—Old Oracles. Never hit on the subject before.)

"GRANGEBY'S; it's the builders, Sir, along here, top o' the hill. I think it's the sort o' thing that might suit you, Sir."

Why should a builder's horse suit me? Why should the Post-Master think so?

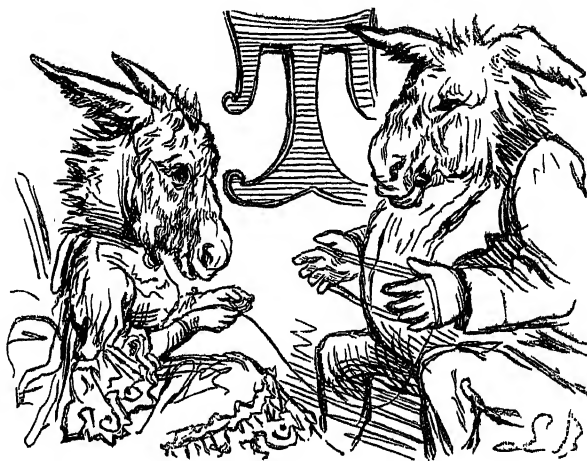
*Happy Thought*.—What does he want for it?

The Post-Master doesn't know; doesn't suppose much. I pretend to take a note of GRANGEBY'S address, and thank the Post-Master.

*Happy Thought*.—GRANGEBY'S is too near at hand; no excuse to go to GRANGEBY'S. Besides, what's a builder to do with horse-dealing? Suspect something wrong here. No. As I originally intended, I'll call on CLUMBER, the Flyman; he, as it were, lives among the horses, and it's his line. Besides, it's a walk to get to him.

*Happy Thought*.—Take a walk. To CLUMBER'S. Off.

## A WEIGHTY MATTER.



RULY SYMPATHETIC  
MR. PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH still quite a young man (for I have really not reached fifty yet), I regret to see the progress I am making towards corpulence, which, blemishing my youthful symmetry of figure, imparts to my deportment a somewhat middle-aged, or, to speak more gently, mediæval look.

I can't help noticing the fact, because my friends are so continually, by pantomime or

otherwise, directing my attention to it, and, by word of mouth, or postscript to their notes of invitation, prescribing rigid rules of abstinence in diet, which, although they would undoubtedly make my life a burthen, might possibly succeed in diminishing my weight.

Weight! yes, that's the word which is ever ringing in my ears, and never absent from my thoughts. "Try your weight, Sir!" is the mandate I hear everywhere addressed to me, and to think I try in vain to turn my deafened ear. "Try your weight, Sir, only a penny!" Ha! ha! ha! only fancy one's weighing only a pennyweight! "Try your weight, Sir! Tell yer 'xact weight!"

Haunted by the cry, I am continually yielding to the cheap temptation, and squandering my pennies in attempts to ascertain whether my progress towards pinguitude be really so alarming as my bosom friends assert. And in this way comes my grievance. Sir, the scales, with velvet-bottomed chairs, which are provided for the public, though certainly convenient, are sadly incorrect. This scrap of scientific knowledge has been dawning on my mind for many a month past, and a day or two ago it burst into full light. Coming from the Crystal Palace, where I had spent no less than fourpence in the terrible amusement of going to the scale, I managed in my journey homeward to lay out ninepence more in the like attractive torture. Sir, my patience and my weight were tried precisely thirteen times that afternoon, and I find by the tickets, which I carefully preserved, that I varied nearly two pounds seven ounces in my weight. Such incorrectness in the scales may be of direful consequence to corpulent and nervous people like myself, who are mentally tormented by visions of obesity, and go to scale continually to relieve their anxious fears. Surely, Sir, the Government ought to interfere in such a really weighty matter, and order its inspectors of public weights and measures to examine, in due course, these "try-your-weight" machines.

Making you as low a bow as my infirmity permits, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours in deep humility,

A MAN OF SUBSTANCE.

## BOOK ADVERTISED.

*Who's Your Lawyer?* Evidently there can be but one answer to such an impertinent question. In these days we don't exchange cards and fight duels, but we give the addresses of our respective Solicitors. "Who's your Lawyer, Sir?" "Who's yours?"

## THE RAILWAY AND COAL RING.

As if the cost of coals had not been raised too high by the conspiracy of extortionate and lazy colliers, the Railway Companies, it seems, must needs combine with the Coal Merchants to enable each other to fleece the public at their mercy. According to the *Post*, Railway Directors refuse to carry coals for private purchasers at the pit's mouth. In this refusal they are warranted by a judicial decision, perverting the Railway Act of 1854, which forbids them to give greater facilities to one class of the public than to any other. This prohibition has been ruled in a Court of Law to mean that they may decline to carry coals when they please.

Is it not, then, indeed, high time for a dissolution of Parliament? Railways, and Railway Gentlemen are far too strong in the House of Commons. Britons, countrymen, and householders, you are continually invited to vote for this candidate or that, the one who will or who will not pledge himself for or against the twenty-fifth Clause of the Education Act, or something else of equally vast consequence. If you know your own interests, but do not know whom to vote for, you may at least know whom not to vote for. Among these latter candidates, the Railway Companies are doing all they can to place all who stand for them. You will be very blind if they do not soon succeed in making you see that the candidate not to vote for on any account is a Railway Chairman, Director, Official of any kind, or any other person who, if returned to Parliament, will represent not you, but those who plunder you under legal sanctions, and get the sanctions legalised, in the capacity of Railway Members. Study the published lists of the Railway Men in view of the coming Election.

## FOLK LORE AND FASHION.

A SLEEPING Beauty in the wood,  
Now slumbering on her mossy bed,  
Would half a yard of chignon, good,  
Have piled aloft upon her head.

On Beauty's crown a hair-rick towers;  
A thing of grace, O Christian friends!  
Adorned with artificial flowers,  
And sprigs, and shreds, and ribbons' ends.

Forms of the smaller fauna, some,  
Would in her topknot find a lair;  
The little birds and dormice come,  
And build and nestle in her hair.

## Malapropiana.

AN esteemed friend of ours, and occasional Contributor, has been terribly alarmed by a prediction in her newspaper, that MR. GLADSTONE means, next Session, to interview a Bill for the division of the country into equal electrical districts. The news has given her such a shock that she says she feels as if she had been frightened by a ghost from the borough of Old Searum.



## A TURK!

*The Colonel.* "AS FOR WHAT THEY CALL 'INTELLECT,' AND THAT SORT OF THING, WHY, WHAT I SAY IS, THE LESS OF IT IN A WOMAN THE BETTER, MY BOY!"

*Little Tomkyns.* "MY SENTIMENTS TO A T, SIR! INTELLECT, INDEED! AS FOR ME, I'VE ALWAYS LOOKED UPON WOMAN AS A MERE TOY!"

## A WARNING AND A WARMING-PAN.

"Now, pray, my worthy MADAME FRANCE, your bed pray let us warm;

Believe me, if it isn't done, you'll come to grievous harm:  
With fever fits, hysterics, delirium, and the shakes—  
Do let's put in this warming-pan—now do, for all our sakes!

"'Tis the safest, easiest, warming-pan that ever yet was tried—  
Of the best old brass, set off with the face of a *vieux moustache*  
outside,  
And it's warranted not to burn the bed, or smother you with its  
stythe,  
And 'twill make you sleep so sound all night, and awake so brisk  
and blythe!

"There was another treatment that we doctors thought of late  
Better suited for a patient in your alarming state—  
A course of miraculous waters with *Sels de Bourbon* strong,  
To repair the Constitutional shocks you've suffered from so long.

"But the *Enfant du Miracle* of that spring, to our annoy,  
Has by his right divine refused its waters to employ;  
And till that Child of Wonder bear its balm to give you rest,  
We've concluded, of all substitutes, this warming-pan the best."

"But, really, my dear Doctors, I don't feel what you dread—  
This strong determination of blood towards the head.  
*Tout au contraire*, I'm better of my nasty shooting pain,  
Since DOCTOR THIERS relieved me of Bismarck on the brain.

"And I feel my circulation is ever so much more free  
Since that discharge of yellow stuff, which bred such bile in me:  
All I want is regular regimen, repose and quiet life,  
To rid my body politic of evil humours rife.

"But as for this old warming-pan, *mes chers Docteurs*, I vow,  
I always *did* hate warming-pans, and never more than now.  
They're much more like to raise my pulse than to reduce its beat,  
And to send the blood up to my head, than to allay its heat.

"Besides, as it was I who made, and must lie in, the bed,  
And as I am the mistress of the house, when all is said,  
You surely will admit that I a right of choice have got,  
Whether I must be sentenced to a warming-pan, or not.

"Perhaps, as I was fool enough to let you be called in,  
You may say, 'Patients' rights expire when Doctors' rules begin';  
And with that calm insistence that belongs to the M.D.,  
Maintain, if you say warming-pan, it warming-pan must be.

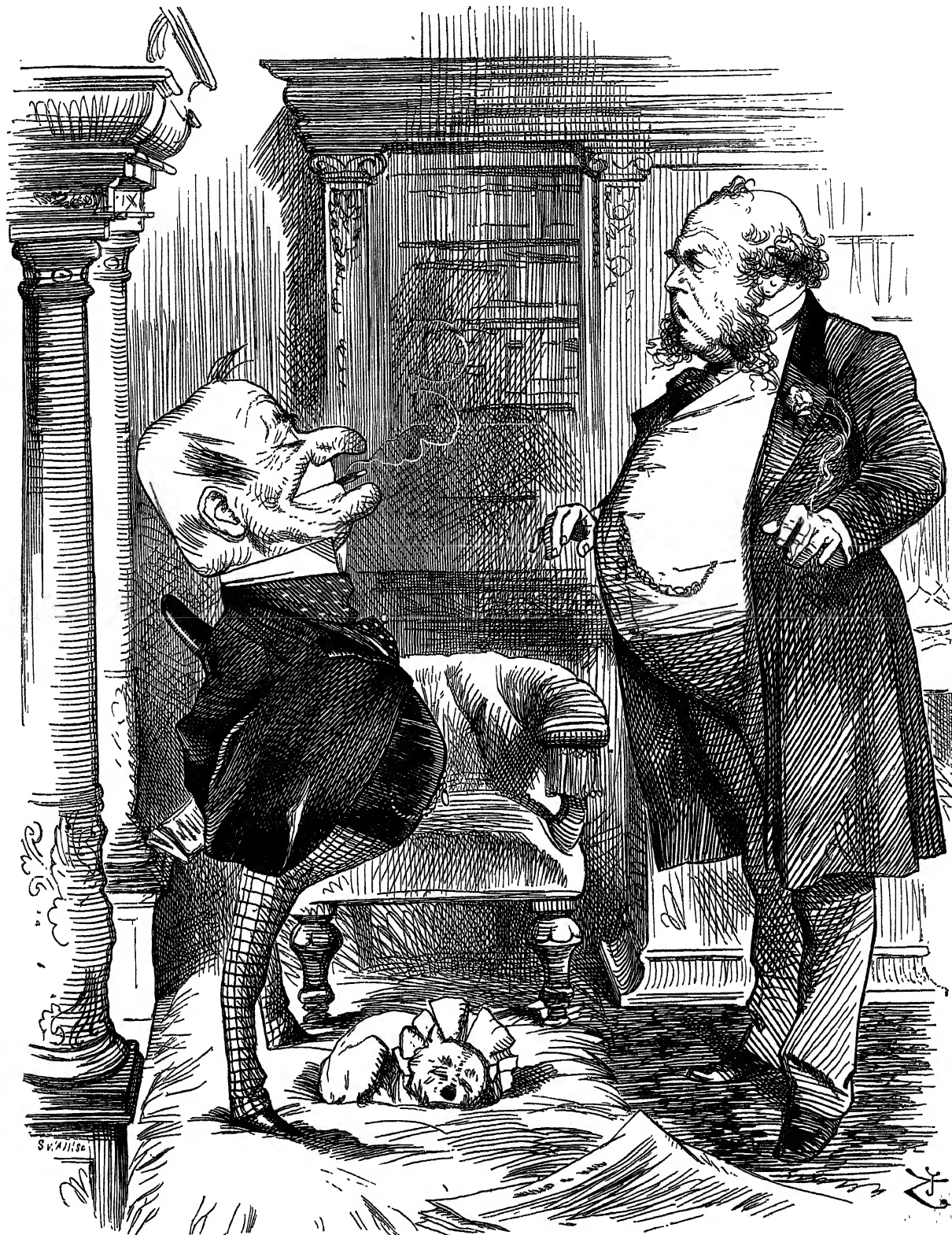
"But I too have my notion that M.D.'s are oft a chouse,  
That a woman should be mistress inside of her own house:  
And, patient as she is, may show impatience of the man  
Who tells her, willy-nilly, she must swallow *his* warming-pan.

"So, *chers Docteurs*, take my advice: don't try my temper more,  
Lest I should take the liberty of showing you the door:  
And if you thrust your warming-pan into my bed, I doubt,  
I may take to insisting, *moi-même*, and kick it out."

## A Good Time Coming.

It is understood that the most advanced section of the Ultra  
Liberals, consisting of the advocates of social progress to the utmost  
extent, and in particular to the extent of establishing the community  
of property, contemplate holding a torchlight demonstration in  
Trafalgar Square, to demand the Abolition of Purchase in its  
universal sense, so as to be made applicable to commodities, in order  
that all persons in want of any may be enabled to help themselves.





“CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS!”

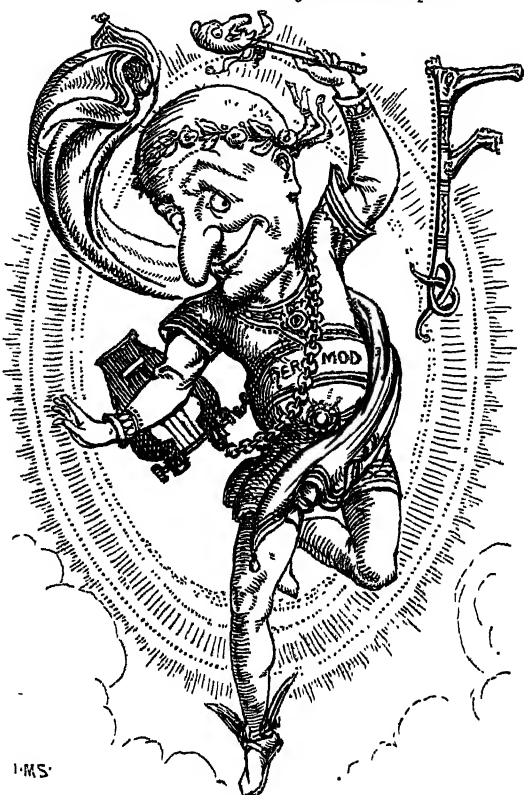
MR. P. “AH, THEN, I SUPPOSE WE SHALL ALL BE GOING BY THE 11.45?”  
RAILWAY DIRECTOR. “EH? WHA—AT!!—YOU DON’T SUPPOSE, I HOPE, THAT I, AND THE WIFE, AND THE YOUNG ’UNS, ARE GOING BY RAIL?” (*Shudders.*) “NOT IF I KNOW IT, MY DEAR FRIEND!—NOT WHILST FOUR POSTERS AND AN OMNIBUS CAN BE HAD FOR MONEY! I’M AFRAID YOU DON’T READ YOUR ‘ACCIDENTS’?”





## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*Regrets and Reports.*



RIEND OF MY SOUL,

LIFE is full of regrets. For your sake, for the sake of the public, I do regret my inability up to this present moment to visit the Alexandra Theatre, near Regent's Park.

Day after day has my eye fallen on the advertisement, "See APHDAL,"—and ah! Sir, I have not seen her. Every morning as I opened my *Times*, there it was, growing more and more reproachful in its aspect—"See APHDAL."

"APHDAL!" I exclaimed. "I come!"—but I didn't.

Pleadingly the advertisement has lain before me. And now I see, that ere these lines shall have fallen in pleasant places, APHDAL will have vanished for ever, for the Opera wherein she was performing (I have ascertained that APHDAL was of the femi-

nine gender) will have been withdrawn. Ah! APHDAL, gentle APHDAL, who gave you that name? How sweet, how soothing, how uncommonly like ROBUR, The Tea Spirit. Strange! I believe that APHDAL in the Opera was a Water-Spirit, and if she were but a Hot Water Spirit what an affinity then between the timid APHDAL and the heroic ROBUR. There at once is your fairy story for Christmas. Ah! Why was it withdrawn? Do you not see, Sir, how ROBUR would have loved APHDAL, and after a brief period of mundane trial as Harlequin and Columbine, they would have been married, and lived happily ever after?

And another Regret. The Persian ZULEIKA, described as "the Country-

woman of the SHAH," has from the present moment of writing only four or five nights more of stage existence, at the Charing Cross. Then she, too, will have vanished, like a bright meteor, and have joined the Resplendent APHDAL in the land of Spirits.

I cannot be everywhere at once. I often wish I could be somewhere else when I'm where I am. I saw *Sour Grapes* at the Olympic. I looked at it through a fog. The fog had penetrated into the house—had filled it. It was very foggy on the stage that night. MR. ANSON was very good as the Country Bumpkin; and so was MR. CHARLES NEVILLE as the Villanous Aristocrat. There was the Farmer and the Farmer's wife—honest couple (at least I believe so, only the fog was so thick I could not get clearly at the story), and the Farmer's daughter—virtuous, and in love with a Lord. And there was the Lord in love with the Farmer's daughter, and disguising himself in order to court her. And there was the usual *Charles his Friend*, and the dashing young lady (MISS FOWLER), in a riding-habit, looking so bright in spite of the fog, and having a telling exit speech, which brought me down, and, after me, the house; and then there was the Lawyer, with the will in his pocket, to be produced at the right moment; and then there was the Haughty Lady of high rank, who wouldn't consent (strangely enough) to the marriage of her son, the noble Lord, with a Farmer's daughter; and there were the two "little bits of character" thrown in because the Manager wanted to show "the strength of his company;" and, in fact, there was everything and everybody that could be wished for by any student of the pictures and plots in the *London Journal*. How pleased and delighted I was!

And then there came a good bit of fun called *Richelieu Redressed*, written by MR. R. REECE, wherein there were "hits of the day," from the rise of the curtain to the fall. The day was hit very hard indeed. It was not exactly a parody on *Richelieu*, and MR. IRVING was only occasionally imitated. Perhaps it was at one time hoped that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN would have interfered, and made the harmless satire a colossal success. But his Lordship knows a trick worth two of that now. The theatres have their licence: let them enjoy their liberty. Good taste is the best censor; and if there is a question as to what is and what is not good taste, I shall refer the question to you, Sir, my, chief, as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—In the Press—Yesterday's Tablecloth.

## A HEATHEN UNDERTAKING.

A REMARKABLE instance of the vast inferiority of the Hindoos to ourselves, in point of civilisation and enlightenment, is recorded in the *Times of India*. According to that journal, there lately died at Bombay one of the principal inhabitants of that city, MR. VENAYECRAO JUGGONATHJEE SUNKERSETT. The remains of this benighted Hindoo were disposed of by his equally benighted relatives after the barbarous fashion of the no less benighted antique Romans. They were subjected to the unphilosophical process of cremation. This was preceded by various ceremonies, of course more or less absurd, and by superstitious recitations, which Brahmins are pleased to call prayers. Some money had necessarily been expended on the pyre provided for this heathen funeral; but an English undertaker would be shocked by the mean simplicity of the article of its furniture thus described:—

"A word about the bier: it seemed to us to be a rather shabby affair, consisting only of split bamboo sides and arms, and with a rush bottom; but as the bier itself was subsequently broken to pieces and burnt, it perhaps served its purpose as well as a more ostentatious one would have done, and at no expense worth mentioning."

This was indeed worse than rather a shabby affair. It was a very shabby affair indeed; altogether the reverse of "respectable," as our undertakers expressively call the expensive but necessary furniture which we do not burn and waste at once, but inter to moulder in due time.

When we think of the advantage, derived by this country, in point of ornament, use, and sanitary progress, from the continued extension and encroachment of cemeteries on commons and open spaces, we cannot fail to see how much more wisely we dispose of our dead than those who do so as follows:—

"Then the flames shot up into the air, a canopy of smoke overhung the

spot, and all was over; the mourners dispersed, and by midnight nothing remained of our well-known citizen but a handful of white ashes and a few calcined bones."

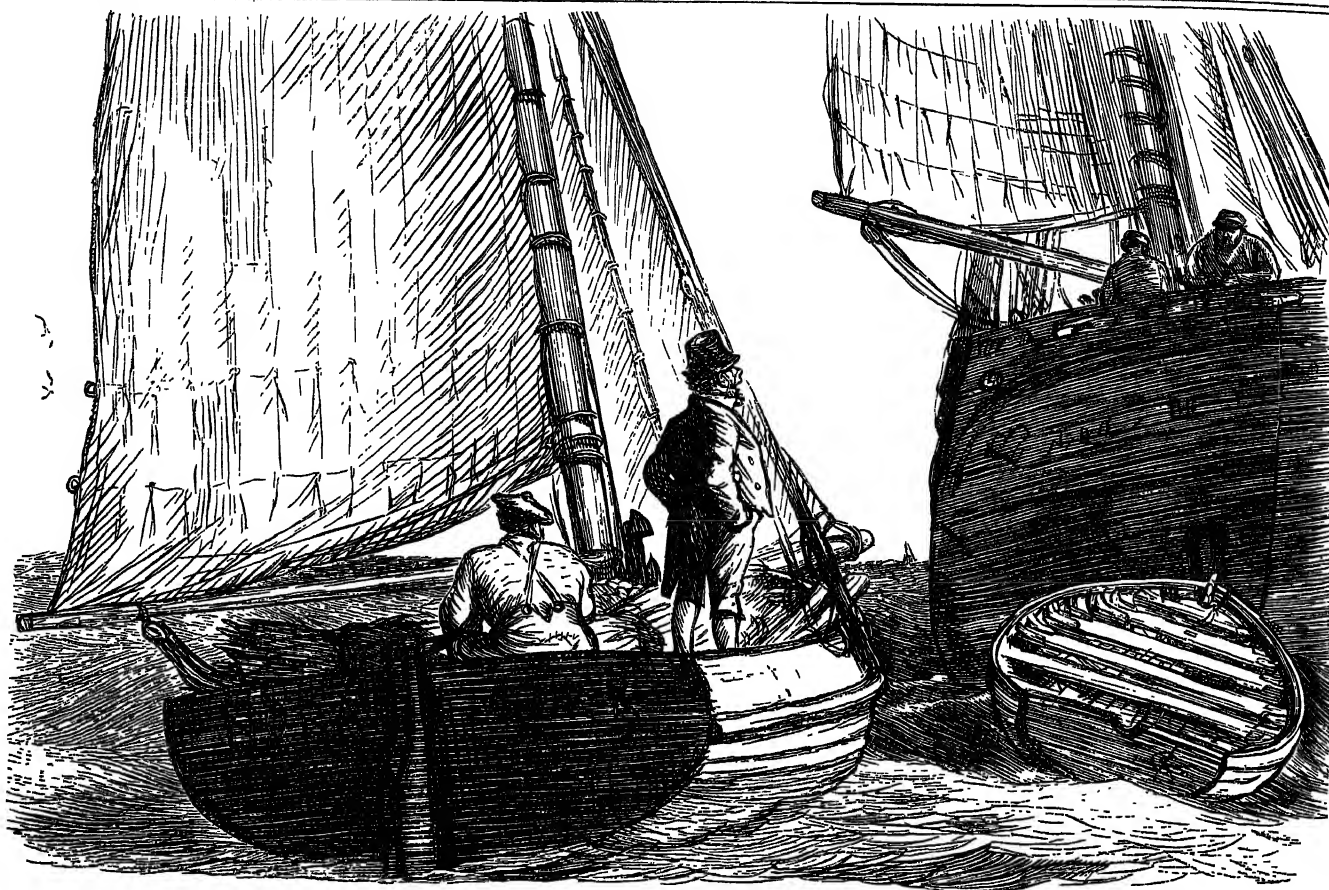
That is how the votaries of Juggonath use the form of organic matter relinquished by the spirit of a Juggonathjee. They reduce it in a few hours to phosphate of lime and other earthy salts, having, in the meanwhile, driven off its combustible portion aloft in the form of gases into the atmosphere. Thus they practise what MR. O'BRYEN calls atmospheric interment. We more reasonably derelict organisms to decompose at their leisure, and the products of their decomposition to mingle, some of them, with the air which we breathe, whilst others leak away into our wells and constitute ingredients of the water which we drink. We have no heathen prejudices.

## RUSSIAN SCANDAL.

RUSSIAN Scandal is an amusing game. The *Nord* contains a letter from St. Petersburg, and here is a slight extract. The Correspondent states that the marriage of the Grand Duchess is fixed for January, and that on the occasion the Court of the CZAR will receive the visit of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES,

"du duc de Cambridge, oncle de la Reine Victoria et généralissimo des armées anglaises, et enfin de l'archevêque de Westminster et de son épouse, dame d'honneur de la Reine d'Angleterre."

We all know that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is the QUEEN's uncle, of course, and that the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER has the honour of crowning our royalties. But we did not know that DR. MANNING was married, and, therefore, could not be supposed to be aware that MRS. MANNING is dame d'honneur to our QUEEN. But a continental journalist's haughty contempt for facts is part of the nobility of his character.



### GRANDILOQUENCE.

*Captain of Schooner.* "WHAT 'A' YOU GOT THERE, PAT?"

*Pat (who has been laying in some Firewood and Potatoes).* "TIMBER AND FRUIT, YER HONOUR!!"

### PERSECUTION IN PRUSSIA.

THE persecution now raging in Prussia presents a modified resemblance to that which the early Christians from time to time suffered under the heathen Emperors. By accounts from Germany it appears that the Prussian Government has been persecuting ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOVSKI with peculiar barbarity. No less than forty-three lawsuits have been instituted by that heretical Administration against that faithful Prelate.

"The total amount in which the Archbishop has been hitherto fined is 1,300 thalers. The first 200 thalers are covered by the sale of his carriage and horses. For 900 thalers the Archbishop is offered the alternative of six months' imprisonment. The remaining 200 thalers have been imposed in punishment for MONSIGNOR LEDOCHOVSKI's refusal to appoint a legally qualified priest at Filehne in lieu of the unqualified one for whose institution he has been fined the first 200 thalers. It is said that a second carriage and pair will be seized in satisfaction of this debt."

None of the primitive Confessors and Martyrs ever underwent anything exactly like this: neither IGNATIUS, nor POLYCARP, nor CYPRIAN, nor any of the rest of them, are related to have suffered the seizure of a carriage and pair. Some were mutilated very barbarously indeed; but whether under NERO, or TRAJAN, or DECIUS, or DIOCLETIAN, or any other of the persecuting Emperors, at any rate Bishops used not to be deprived of their carriages and horses. Perhaps, to be sure, though they kept their consciences, they did not keep their carriages, as ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOVSKI does, or did, before he had all of the latter taken away from him by the tyranny of a Kaiser WILHELM, whom ecclesiastical historians will perhaps denounce as a persecutor exceeding in atrocity the worst of all the Roman Cæsars. In the meanwhile, let us hope that LEDOCHOVSKI will find some *modus vivendi* under his country's laws which will enable him to keep his conscience and his carriages too.

#### QUAKER TO COSTER.

FRIEND, crying "Warnuts ten-a-penny!" cease.  
Walnuts, not "Warnuts," offer men of peace.

### AN ARMY OF FOURTEEN THOUSAND.

AN announcement of the very gravest importance has been made public within the last few days. It is one which affects the comfort, the peace, the pecuniary interests of—it is no exaggeration to say—a large proportion of the inhabitants of these isles. From John-o'-Groat's House to the Land's-End there is hardly a town, a city, a village, an extra-parochial place where it will not be received with mingled and varied feelings. The peer and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the married and the single, are all alike concerned by it. There is not a rank or class in society which it does not involve; there is not an hour in the day, there is not a day in the year, when its influence will not be sensibly felt.

To come at once to the point—we felt that without some prefatory words of preparation and warning, it would be unadvisable to give still further publicity to a statement so momentous both to present and future generations, heirs in tail male, and children yet unborn, at a time, too, when there is already sufficient depression from the weather—the announcement we refer to is that "as many as 14,053 Attorneys, and Solicitors, Writers to the Signet, Proctors, and Notaries, took out the annual certificate authorising them to practise, in the financial year 1872—3."

This is not all, there is something more to come—"The number is 229 more than in the preceding year."

Have we exaggerated? Who can wonder at the Bank Rate?

#### A Congenial Taste.

It is a remarkable fact, which has hitherto escaped notice, but will now meet with universal recognition, that Dairymen, when they take to reading, are generally found to prefer rather a milk-and-water sort of book.

#### TO A CORRESPONDENT.

A "Husband with an Incompatible Wife" has evidently been misled by a misprint. We have heard of "Elastic Webbing Bands," but never of Elastic "Wedding" Bands.



# WITH OUR APOLOGIES TO THE LAUREATE.

Maud (reads):—

*"Then that same day there past into the hall  
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow  
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,  
Hawk-eyes, and lightly was her slender nose  
Tiptilted like the petal of a flower—"*

—YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO A WORD, LIZZIE! YOU CAN THINK OF NOTHING BUT THAT HIDEOUS LITTLE WRETCH OF A PUG!"

Lizzie. "I AM LISTENING—AND IT ISN'T A HIDEOUS LITTLE WRETCH! IT WAS A LITTLE DUCK, IT WAS; AND ITS DARLING ICKLE NOSEY-POSEY WAS TIPTILTED LIKE THE PETAL OF A FLOWER!"

## NOTICE TO THE HIGHLANDERS.

*Whereas Mr. Punch*, through his "Bilious Contributor," did on the 7th November, 1863, offer a prize of Fifty Guineas to the best Highland Player at Spellikins, in the Games for 1873. *And whereas Mr. Punch* has had the money, with ten years' interest, quite ready, and waiting to be claimed. *And whereas* no Highland Player at Spellikins appeared at the Games of 1873. *This to give Notice* that *Mr. Punch* has irrevocably confiscated the money to his own sole and peculiar use, and intends to use it in bribery at the next general election. He begs to remark to the Highlands, in the words of his ancestor, ROBERT BRUCE, at Bannockburn—"There is a rose fallen from your wreath!" \*

PUNCH.

7th November, 1873.

\* Of course the King said nothing so sweetly sentimental. What he did say to EARL RANDOLPH was, "Mind your eye, you great stupid ass, or you'll have the English spears in your back directly." Nor did the Earl reply, "My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade. Follow, my household!" but, with an amazing great curse, "I'll cook 'em. Come on, you dawdling beggars, and fulfil the prophecies!" But so history is written.

RAMSBOTHAMIANA.

THE DOWAGER RAMSBOTHAM says her Grandson is now at the University studying medicine. His course is to draw draughts, and read CICERO'S Epidemics in three volumes.

## THE TWO CHAIRS.

THE LORD MAYOR never dies—at least  
Unless he should expire  
Some time before that annual Feast  
When Civic Kings retire;

Ere citizens could, in his stead,  
Have chosen them an heir,  
And so say, "The LORD MAYOR is dead;  
Long life to the LORD MAYOR!"

Now, when the POPE of ROME departs  
This sublunary state,  
The Faithful must, with anxious hearts  
For his successor wait.

An interregnum there must be;  
Meanwhile, which may be long,  
Where is Infallibility,  
The rule of right and wrong?

The Civic with St. Peter's Chair  
A link should thus connect:  
Let this, as that has a Lord Mayor,  
So have a Pope-Elect.

Then, when a Pontiff's reign is o'er,  
The Faithful may profess:—  
The Holy Father is no more;  
Long live His Holiness!

## PRECIOUS WORDS.

ACCORDING to the estimate of a provincial newspaper, MR. BRIGHT's late speech at Birmingham is "worth its weight in diamonds to the Liberal cause."

This is a fine-sounding, though scarcely novel phrase, and is, doubtless, meant to mean that the words of MR. BRIGHT are words of 'priceless value and considerable weight. But a critic might remark, without unseemly levity, that words are light as air, and, in reality, imponderable. Regarded from this unpoeitic point of view, speeches worth their weight in diamonds may be of precious little value, unless the speaker be permitted to throw into the scale the thickest of the newspapers which happen to report him.

## Legend for Licensed Victuallers.

ST. BONIFACE, according to a tradition, kept the "Red Lion." Under an effigy of the animal so named, depicted on the board hung out above the door of his public-house, the good Boniface caused to be inscribed the legend, "*In hoc signo vinces.*"

## ARTICULATION IN ARTICULO.

THE PRINCESS MARIE LIECHTENSTEIN's delightful account of Holland House contains the following passage with reference to the closing scene of the distinguished Author of *Cato*, and contributor to the *Spectator*:—

"We would like to believe DR. YOUNG; but whether he" (ADDISON) "died 'as a Christian,' or whether he died 'of brandy' in what is now the gay dining-room of Holland House, there the great man died."

Away with the groundless supposition that ADDISON died otherwise than a Christian! At the same time, it cannot be denied that saying, "See in what peace a Christian can die," is quite compatible with dying of brandy-and-water. The force of those words, which are capable of expressing totally different meanings, may depend altogether on the manner of their enunciation.

## A Suggestion in Season.

It is understood that the marriage between the DUKE OF EDINBURGH and his Russian Princess will be celebrated according to the ritual of both the Greek and English Churches. Now is the time, then, for ARCHDEACON DENISON, or some other such steadfast champion of Anglican orthodoxy, to press, in the proper quarter, the suggestion that, when the Royal Pair are married in the form which that orthodoxy prescribes, the Athanasian Creed should be introduced into the Marriage Service.



## BONNETS AND CHIGNONS.



THE following extract from the *Times* affords *prima facie* evidence of the moral and intellectual advancement of Woman:—

“CHANGE OF FASHIONS.—Only £29,525 was the declared value of hats or bonnets of straw imported this year, whereas in the year 1872, in the same period, the amount was £48,714.”

The difference between these figures apparently corresponds to a saving in ostentation on the outside of the head indicative of a great expansion of the faculties and their organs within. According to Phrenology, the average female brain should have grown considerably larger in the course of last year; at least in the intellectual region. But, before we deduce from the diminished value of bonnets imported the gratifying inference that women during the past twelve months have risen in the scale of reason, let us ascertain the sums

which, for the same period, represent the consumption of false hair.

## EMOTIONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

“Every day is an anniversary of something, if people would only consult their almanacks and cultivate their emotions.”—*Mr. Punch*, Nov. 1.

NOVEMBER, 12, *Wednesday*. Charles Kemble died, 1854. He was a fine actor and a fine gentleman. If you knew him you will not want any hints. But if you did not, yet have seen him, you have a splendid pull in all companies where the talk is theatrical. If you know a young actor, who desires your opinion of himself, say, encouragingly, that acting is an art not to be learned in a day, and that CHARLES KEMBLE was rather a stick at first, and was made a great artist by his brother and sister, and close study. Tell people who never saw him that they have not the least idea of what high comedy means, and then smile to yourself, as if recollecting his stroll into Angiers (*King John*), his pulling the nose of the ruffian (*Inconstant*), and his vexation when his scented handkerchief was taken from him (*Much Ado*). Imitate his habit of unconsciously speaking very loud indeed (being deaf in late years), when his gentlemanly instinct made him endeavour to whisper, lest he should pain anybody present. If you shout loud enough, the whole table will have an emotion, but whether it will be altogether in your favour “depends.” If to-day you are in the company of gentlemen of business, remind them that it is the anniversary of the panic of 1857, and as perhaps some of them may have been hit, either by that or last week’s, there will be more pleasant emotions. You can allude to the capital article in the other day’s *Times*, explaining the Share Market, and making it clear to the most humane that the immediate execution of every member of the Stock Exchange is the first trifling detail towards reformation.

*Thursday*. Bank Charter Act Suspended, 1857. This followed the smash of the Western Bank of Scotland, and the various disasters it inaugurated. The preceding hint about commercial gentlemen, and what would please them may be again available. LORD PALMERSTON and SIR GEORGE LEWIS acted in the matter—you can easily diverge into anecdotes of both—tell your friends sayings of “PAM”—you must know plenty. “Dirt is only matter in the wrong place.” “All children are born good.” “Better attend to your drainage than ask for a Fast.” And quote SIR G. LEWIS’s remark that life would be very pleasant but for its pleasures, and then poke the lady next you in the side and ask her, with a loud laugh, what she says to that. Possibly there will be a good emotion aroused.

*Friday*. St. Sernutus. 36. Another of the unknown immortals of the Romish Church. We dare say that you will find him in Butler, if you like to look him up. We shan’t. His name suggests a joke on sternutation, and that lets in all the stories about sneezing. Be classical, and cite

“His nose is so long he cannot hear his sneeze,  
And therefore never doth he say, Heaven bless me!”

Tell of the man who was inside the theatrical elephant, and sneezed so violently that he shook the trunk off—pantomimes are coming on.

Tell of the lady who hid in the clock to learn the secrets of a Mason’s lodge, and sneezed, so the brethren dragged her out and put her to death—affirm solemnly that it was done at the Freemasons’ Tavern, and that you have been shown the room, and the marks on the floor, like the Rizzio ones at Holyrood. Appeal to a Mason, if you happen to know that one is present—the outside he will say is that he has never been in that room. If you want to create a strong emotion, show the company how to stop a fit of sneezing, by tying a string (which you will have taken with you) very tight round your next neighbour’s forehead.

*Saturday*. Prince of Wales returned from America, 1860. If there is an American at table, your course of compliments is clear. If not (but be sure), you can be as sukkastic, at the expense of our hospitable and warmhearted cousins, as many people think it very fine to be. Do not forget the young lady who sang the first line of a then popular American ballad, “Let me kiss him for his mother.” Remember that at one of the balls the carpet was nailed down by some workmen who forgot that some others were hermetically sealed up in a hollow space below, and how the poor fellows’ cries were drowned by the music, but that they were ultimately released, at the PRINCE’S request, the managers of the ball decidedly thinking that the men might just as well stay below till next day. Of course, the name of H.E.H. will introduce any late anecdotes, and you can put his name to anything you invent (everybody does it) as nobody can contradict you.

*Sunday*. Irish Leaders sentenced, 1867. Here, naturally, is afforded a capital text. We assume that you go only into civilised society, and therefore are not likely to meet anybody who would desire the release of these wretches. You will therefore express the sentiments of all around you in hoping that MR. GLADSTONE will continue firm. You may remind your hearers that one of the fellows was very violent in the dock, and declared that he would not give 37½ cents for the something British Constitution. Recent demonstrations will afford you an opportunity of being glad that some of the Irish Communists are safe under lock and key. With other remarks which may not be novel—we do not want novelties in political matters—but which are to the purpose, and as this is Sunday a certain seriousness is laudable.

*Monday*. Suez Canal Opened, 1869. There’s a splendid opening for you, if you have ever been in the East. In fact, if you have, and you do not take the whole talk to yourself, you have mistaken your vocation. If you have not, look up *Eschen*, cram a little, and if you object to telling a downright One (which you should not mind in the interest of your fellow-creatures), say in a superior manner that any man acquainted with the East knows, &c. If anybody ventures to ask you whether you have been there, say, “Have I?” with an ineffable smile, and look round at the others as much as to entreat their pardon for such an ignoramus as the questioner. Then go it—give first-hand, if you have it, if not, second-hand. Sound the Oriental names in the new-fangled way—call Aladdin, Al, ah, Deen. We need not enlarge on this hint, an intelligent man must be able to tell enough lies about his Oriental experiences to secure himself a dozen invitations. If the other folks would stand it, imply that you bought a choice assortment of beautiful Circassians, but this you will introduce with careless tact, and then you will glide from the subject.

*Tuesday*. Funeral of the Duke of Wellington, 1852. This is not a promising subject. All the anecdotes of the DUKE (and a great many more) have been told to death. But the date is twenty years back. If you go in for middle age, you were an interesting young fellow in ’52. It rests with yourself to tell of a most singular thing that happened during the funeral, and of the protection you afforded to a lady in the mob, and—and, in fact, how you created an impression—and just what you please—but the next time you met her was at a grand dinner at a house of a nobleman “whom, perhaps, I need not name,” and you took her down, having utterly forgotten her, and how she said that was not the first time she had been indebted for your arm. This is a skeleton outline of a story—fill it up—we have seen a much stupider one (if possible) interest a whole table. You don’t know how good-natured the world is—it is only boys who fancy that people are cynics.

## Fifth and Second.

THE French Republicans are of opinion that it is enough for France to have been conquered by one HENRY THE FIFTH.

## The Newdegate-Manning Problem.

(Possible Solution.)

You said I praised DICK TURPIN, N.;

That falsehood I have smartly peppered:

I shall not tell you where or when

I praised—not TURPIN, but JACK SHEPPARD.



### URSA MAJOR.

*Cabman.* "LET'S PASS YER, WILL YER, OLD 'UN?"

*Black Bear.* "PASS, IF YOUR BRUTE CAN GO; BUT IT'S NO GOOD. THERE'S NO GROWLERS WILL BE ALLOWED TO JINE US: NOTHIN' BUT RESPECTABLE AFFLICTED VEHICLES, WITH RESPECTABLE ATTIRRED DRIVERS."

### A POINT OF PRUDENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, "T. A.," relates in what manner he was once seized and locked up by the Police, and brought before a Magistrate at Marlborough Street on a false charge of assaulting them in the execution of their duty. All this annoyance "T. A." says he incurred by simply following a crowd, which crowd was following some policemen who were conveying two drunk and disorderly women to the station-house. In company with a friend he followed this crowd "to see what was going on." Having gratified his curiosity by seeing the women put inside the station-house, he encountered a surprise at the hands of a policeman, who rushed out of it and collared him.

Never follow a crowd merely "to see what is going on." That can generally be seen at a safe distance from the crowd, and is then always seen to be not worth seeing. What is going on is very seldom anything new. It has gone on innumerable times before, and will continue going on repeatedly for ever. A million to one you will be none the wiser when you shall have seen what is going on. Almost certainly you will be none the better; very probably something, and perhaps a good deal, the worse. You may get hustled and bonneted, have your clothes torn or your hat beaten in, or your head punched, or your toes trodden on, or your pocket picked. All these misfortunes together even may befall you. Having seen what is going on, say a row, you may find yourself nailed to describe it, in a witness-box; first at a police-office, and then at the Central Criminal Court, or the Middlesex Sessions, or some other sessions or assizes, at which you will be kept dancing attendance for a week, having, in the meanwhile, had this nuisance for some months before you to look forward to, destroying your peace of mind. Lastly, you may get yourself collared by the Police, as "T. A." did. By following a crowd to see what is going on, you constitute yourself one of the crowd. Joining a lot of foolish people, you make yourself like unto them, are then confounded with some-

### THE COMING ELECTION.

IN two or three of the Metropolitan School Board Districts, Ladies—well qualified for the office they are willing to undertake—are offering themselves for election. This is proper Woman's work—far more suitable for her than walking the hospitals, or interfering in borough elections, or addressing excited Female Suffrage meetings; and we cordially wish that Marylebone, and Chelsea, and Greenwich may all return lady representatives. MISS BECKER has already been chosen on the New Board at Manchester, where there would seem to be ample scope for her energies in providing for the education of her own sex; for taking part in the election in that city "there was a considerable number of women voters, among whom the illiterates were largely found." It is too late to improve the present generation, but the next may be made happier and better, if there is not too much squabbling over clauses and systems. Vote for the Ladies, all you noble disciples of Philosopher *Punch*.

### Distinctive Spelling.

THAT appliance of a Railway Train which serves the Engineer to pull it up short is called a Brake. Why? Before Railways were, a brake meant fern, brambles, an instrument for dressing linen or flax, the handle of a ship's pump, and a baker's kneading-trough. None of these things arrest progress. A contrivance to break speed, if denominated from its use, should be named a Break. Orthography, perhaps, is violated to mark the distinction between a Railway Brake and the Railway break-down and breakage of bones which the brake too often proves inadequate to avert.

### Escape of a Lunatic.

A PLAN for the improvement of the harbour and approaches of Whitby, at a cost of £105,600, has been approved of by the local authorities, and an early application will be made to Parliament by MR. ELLIOT, the excellent and clear-headed Member for North Durham, for authority to carry it out. An inmate of Colney Hatch, allowed to read newspapers, remarked, on meeting in one of them with the foregoing intelligence, that the abundance of jet at Whitby would render it an easy matter to provide the harbour with a jetty.

body else among them, and taken into custody for that other; the Police pouncing on the wrong fool.

If, with all these consequences before your eyes, and your eyes open, you deliberately follow a crowd for the purpose of seeing what is going on in order to interfere with it possibly for the public advantage, or the protection of some fellow-creature or creatures unknown to you, at the risk of being maltreated, mauled, robbed, subpena'd, or locked up, that is another affair. Well and good; then you are no more a fool than a knight-errant was. You go in for self-sacrifice; you are taken to a station-house here, but hope to be rewarded for it hereafter. This expectation may sustain you, in the cell you are thrust into among the thieves and drunkards; but be quite sure of your motive before you follow a crowd at the risk of incurring confinement in that society.

The crowd that follows policemen walking off prisoners in charge, resembles the flock of small birds commonly seen at the tail of a hawk skimming along with a chicken in its talons. By-and-by the hawk suddenly turns round, perhaps, and snatches off one of its troublesome attendants as well. The fate of the little bird in this case is just such as that which appears to have been experienced by "T. A." Do you wish to avoid it? Then respect yourself so much as not to allow a gregarious instinct, like that which actuates the lower creatures, to impel you to follow a crowd of people for no wiser purpose than to see what is going on.

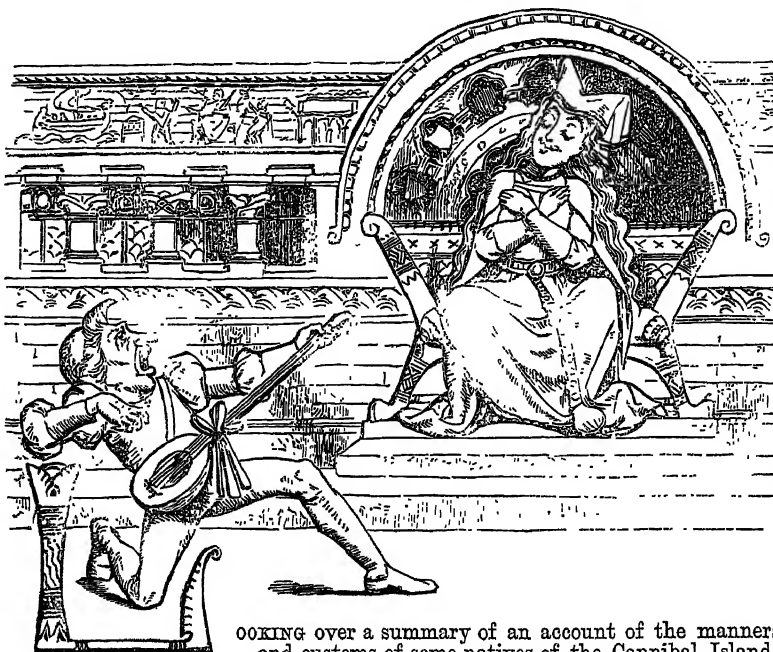
### Italian Imagery.

SPEAKING OF COUNT CAVOUR, the Mayor of Turin said:—

"Thanks to him the star of Savoy had become the sun of Italy."

A brilliant metaphor, no doubt, but of questionable novelty. Had the orator descended from astronomy to horticulture, and simply remarked that the Cabbage of Savoy had grown into the full-blown Cauliflower of Italy, the observation would have been immensely more original, and hardly less poetic.

## COIFFURES AND CANNIBALS.



LOOKING over a summary of an account of the manners and customs of some natives of the Cannibal Islands in the South Pacific, by CAPTAIN C. H. SIMPSON, of

Her Majesty's ship *Blanche*, we find it is stated that:—

"In some of the islands CAPTAIN SIMPSON observed the men have long hair, which

they wear in fashions like those adopted by the other sex in Europe, the favourite modes being the ordinary chignon, or loose down the back."

These distant relations of ours sleep in trees among the branches in huts, thus keeping themselves at night out of their neighbours' way, "as the great object in life among the people is to get each other's heads." They preserve the heads, having first eaten the bodies:—

"CAPTAIN SIMPSON, in returning, visited a chief's house on the beach, and found a row of twenty-five human heads, captured in a recent raid, fastened up across the front, like vermin at a barn-door."

Closely as the male head-dress popular among Cannibal Islanders may resemble that fashionable amongst ourselves, there is, however, one very important difference between those anthropophagous gentlemen and our fair carnivora, whose consumption of animal food is, like our own, limited to ordinary butchers'-meat. It appears that the former wear their own hair, and no other; that their chignons are not in any proportion composed of materials derived from the heads of their species, although they are accustomed to hang them up in front of their habitations, after they have eaten the bodies.

## Startling Intelligence.

VARIOUSLY diverse are the customs of religious worshippers, but they possess in certain points a marked similarity. For instance, see this statement:—

"Madras possesses one hundred and twenty-four Hindoo religious castes, who will neither eat together nor intermarry."

The statement may seem strange, but we believe it to be true, that there are places in the world where people calling themselves Christians resemble very closely, in the matters above-mentioned, the Hindoos of Madras.

## EMOTIONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

"Every day is an anniversary of something, if people would only consult their almanacks and cultivate their emotions."—*Mr. Punch*, Nov. 1.

NOVEMBER 19, *Wednesday*. *Nicholas Poussin* &c. If you get into the society of well-informed persons, you may cause emotions of various kinds by insisting that there was only one *POUSSIN*—leading up to the name (a picture over the fireplace, you may say, reminds you of him, only, don't select a portrait of George the Second's time as your hint)—who alternately called himself *NICHOLAS* and *GASPAR*. However, it may be better to allow that the artists were two persons, brothers-in-law, because you can touch on the sentimentality of affection which made *GASPAR*, whose real name was *DUGHER*, call himself *POUSSIN*. Remark on the infrequency of family affection, and, if you can remember the words, say *Gratia fratrum rara est*, and mention that you detest your own brothers and sisters—you will shock somebody of the conventional sort. Quote about savage *ROSA* dashing and learned *POUSSIN* drawing, and tell the lady next you that *ROSA* was an angry young woman. People do not like to be sold. If there are painters at table, you hardly need to be told to say that, of course, any one picture of *POUSSIN*'s is worth ten exhibitions of the Academy. Perhaps you may excite some testy artist to demand why. Get out of that scrape as you can, and have an emotion all to yourself.

*Thursday*. *St. Edmund, King and Martyr*. You may find it difficult to introduce this personage into your conversation, and, when you have got him in, there is not much to be done with him. We dare say you do not know that he was King of East Anglia, and that he was killed in battle with the Danes—we didn't, until we looked him up in *Pinnock*. Remark on the absurd things put into almanacks, and say "for instance, this day I notice is given to *ST. EDMUND*. Now, who was *he*?" That criticism will commend itself to so many commonplace people, that you will pass for a very thoughtful young man. Then say that if the names of *EDMUND SPENSER*, or *EDMUND BURKE*, or *EDMUND KEAN*, had been inserted, there would have been some use in it. If anybody asks you what use, you may find a reply for yourself.

*Friday*. *Crown Princess of Prussia* &c. To this, of course, there can be no difficulty in alluding—it is rather good style to remember Royal birthdays—looks as if you had some sort of connection with the Court. You will have no difficulty, either, in praising *H.R.H.*, except that everybody will be eager to agree with you. It might be well to express a hope that she will not catch cold in going to St. Petersburg to her brother *ALFRED*'s wedding. The remark may not be brilliant, but it will show that you have a good heart,

and as *HER M—Y* did *not* say to *LADY*—about her exemplary husband, "How much better it is to be good than clever!" The mention of the wedding will afford you other opportunities of distinguishing yourself, and you may say, as it is the fact, that though we cannot expect a second beauty in our family, like *H.R.H.* the *PRINCESS OF WALES*, the *fiancée* of the Duke is one of the most charming figures in Europe. This little bit of knowledge will make people (if they have not yet read *Punch*) believe that you have access to extraordinary channels of information. Remark that *DEAN STANLEY* is going over to celebrate the English marriage, and not the *ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER*, as stated by the *Nord*.

*Saturday*. *St. Cecilia*. Introduce as previously suggested, or as you please. If the company would like a mild pun, say that you asked a man for a debt due to you, and, as he did not pay it, you marked it in your book as "*Owed on St. Cecilia's Day*." It may be well to lead the laugh at this, as some laughs want leading. The story about this Saint and the Cherubim is too well known for repetition, unless you can couple it with some addition—say, the Cockney firing at the owl in the churchyard, and falling on his knees in terror, believing he had shot a cherub. In few societies will any praise of *Pope's* poem be appreciated, but you may say that heaps of men of the present day could write as well—that will be appreciated in most societies for a reason which it would be unwise to offer. You can say, too, that *SIR JOSHUA*'s cherub-heads are much over-praised; and the same reason will make your remark acceptable.

*Sunday*. *St. Clement*. We fear, young man, that this name will be of small avail to you. The Saints are very kind, but they will seldom help a gentleman to conversation at a dinner-party. You can, however, express a wish that the Church of *St. Clement Danes* (which marks the site of a Danish camp, but who cares?) were taken away from the Strand, as it is in the way of the vans and omnibuses; and this observation, especially if you add something about our fathers having been very worthy people, but that they must not be allowed to hinder the march of progress, will procure you great credit—among Philistines.

*Monday*. *Lord Melbourne* &c. 1848. You will not easily find memorials of him that will aid you to anecdotes. But we will tell you of one of the latter. He got up all the reading on a question of theological history, and then he invited four Bishops to dinner, and reverently asked them questions on the subject, in the presence of a cynical set. None of their Lordships knew anything on the subject, and *LORD MELBOURNE* inhumanly enjoyed their floundering. "Can't you let it alone?" was one of his wisest sayings, but it was only *WALPOLE*'s favourite Latin phrase, translated. Do you know what that was? No. Then find out.

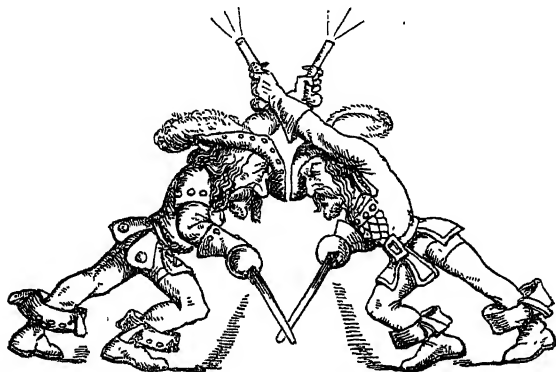


Tuesday. St. Catherine. More saints—quite a holy week. Well, what is to be said about this sainted lady? Do you know that she was broken on the wheel, and that hence come Catherine Wheels? That's all that can be done with her, but the mention of those things will allow you to go off yourself on the subject of fireworks—Crystal Palace—old Vauxhall (if you don't mind remembering so far back), the Great Show in Rome, which you may say is finer than anything ever seen here (it is not, but no matter), and the Peace-with-Russia fireworks. Or, remark on the prettiness of the name

CATHERINE, and mention persons who have borne it—this will show your reading and your memory, but don't confound CATHERINE OF ARAGON with CATHERINE OF RUSSIA, as there may be young ladies at the table who are awfully well up in history. *Ite, missa est*, not that you understand *that*. N.B. If we seem to have addressed you this week in a slightly uncivil, not to say rude tone, please to understand that we have been seeing some comedies of drawing-room manners, and we desire to keep pace with the age, which the stage always mirrors so faithfully.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the French Plays to begin with, the Opéra Comique to go on with, and a quotation to finish with.



YRIAD-MINDED SIR,  
*Les Sceptiques* was produced the other evening at the Holborn Theatre, and I, "in all my glory," like the Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, "was there"—only that, as usual, I shone with a reflected light as representing You. *Les Sceptiques* is, as far as dialogue goes, admirably written. The plot is weak, and what is intended to be the situation of the piece, is brought about by the most

old-fashioned machinery. This is its only fault, and this fault is more than condoned by the even flow of the very natural conversation throughout, and the brilliant flashes with which it is occasionally illumined.

Were the subject more to our English taste, *Les Sceptiques* would be precisely the play for MR. and MRS. BANCROFT's company at the little Prince of Wales' Theatre. It indeed points a moral, but by questionable means: it preaches faith by exhibiting infidelity: it teaches love by exhibiting passion: it suggests that it is better to trust everyone, by showing how miserable in life and death is the man of universal scepticism. Such is, generally, the negative teaching of M. MALLEFILLE's play. He follows closely in the footsteps of M. ARSÈNE HOUSSEY (by whose *Les Parisiennes* he seems indeed to have been inspired), and those who believe the latter to be a true painter of life in the highest ranks of Parisian society, will be ready to accept *Les Sceptiques* as a veritable reflection of the same style of life, an exact reproduction of its manners and customs, toned throughout by the misty atmosphere of scepticism.

The comedy ends tragically: we sing in the morning, we cry at night. RICHARD (*Duc de Villepreneuse*), one of the chief sceptics of the play, blows his brains out—or, rather, I should say, shoots himself; the former description being really an impossibility with M. RICHARD—because . . . well, the motive *does* seem absurd, but here it is—because the young wife of his oldest friend—his master, indeed, in scepticism—has refused to accept the position of his mistress, having been told that she is perfectly free to do so, by the aforementioned oldest friend, her husband, should she choose that line of life, and because his oldest friend, the Comte d'Apremont, having heard this virtuous decision of Madame la Comtesse d'Apremont, wishes to know what guarantee M. le Duc de Villepreneuse will give his oldest friend that, for the future, the domestic happiness of the Apremont family circle shall remain undisturbed. "The Duke will return," says the Count. "Never," replies M. le Duc. "My dear Sir, who can trust your word?" says the sceptical Count, naturally enough.

"I'll take good care this time, at all events," answers M. le Duc, "to compel those who would doubt me most to believe me now." And, in about two seconds, he has put his hand in his pocket, and rushed out of the room.

Bang goes a pistol in the adjoining apartment (for the Duke is mindful of HORACE's stage *dictum* concerning horrors), and M. le Duc staggers back into the room he had just quitted, and there, in the presence of the Apremont family, of his cousin and friends, the unhappy young nobleman dies, exclaiming with his latest breath, "*On me croira peut-être maintenant!*" and down comes the curtain.

Yet, in spite of this sombre finish, all the characters, except, perhaps, Madame la Comtesse (carefully played by Mlle. EMMA PUERT), belong distinctly to pure comedy. All the men, except Pierre Froment (capitally played by that most versatile of comedians, M. DIDIER), are sceptics. When, Sir, I think in what eccentric low comedy parts I have seen M. DIDIER—parts to be played by MESSRS. BROUËR or TOOLE—and how good he is as this honest young gentleman moving in the best society, I begin to look round and wonder whether we have a M. DIDIER on the English stage. The only instance that occurs to me is that of MR. HARE playing the gas-fitter in one piece and the

old nobleman in another. But then MR. HARE is not naturally a low comedian, and I suppose M. DIDIER is.

Handsome Mlle. WILHEM, too, looks charming, and acts perfectly as *Sidonie Landurel*, the flirting wife of the rich City snob. "Flirting," by the way, is a mild term for a lady, about whom, her friends, were she in English society, would ask, with MRS. EDWARDS, "Ought we to visit her?" Her scenes with her husband (whose "make-up" was the *beau idéal* of the *parvenu* Crœsus, played to the life by M. MERVILLE), with her lover, with her friend *Pauline*, with *Pierre* her sworn foe, and with the Duke, were excellent.

More than a word of praise must be given to M. LEPREVOST for his nice appreciation of the small part of *Le valet de pied*. This Footman appears once, and has about five good telling lines to deliver. It is a character-part, and requires a good man in it. Now M. LEPREVOST is a good man—good enough, at all events, to play a part written for HYACINTHE of the Palais Royal—and though he would be a principal in another piece, yet here he is a subordinate. His reward was in the laughter which greeted his every movement, and every good line which the author had given him, and finally in the applause which followed his exit. M. BILHAUT, as the young *Marquis de Tresignan*, in dress and bearing was the model of a *vérai Parisien*.

It may be urged that as MM. VALNAY and PITRON's company is a small one, therefore it is that an actor of recognised position must, of necessity, accept parts, for which, otherwise, he not only would not have been cast, but which, from his antecedents, he would have been justified in refusing. Your Representative is in no position to deny the proposition. It may be so; perhaps it is so; only if so, how good for the actor and the public, and with what discretion must the *entrepreneurs* of these French plays have chosen their company from among those who were willing to work as hard as actors in small provincial theatres where the bill is changed from night to night, certainly from week to week, and to depend for success upon the versatility of their powers. Managers and *artistes* are to be sincerely congratulated on the result, and Your Representative heartily advises all playgoers to see *Les Sceptiques* on the first opportunity, and, having seen this, to pay as many visits as possible to the French Company in order to see what, in spite of many difficulties, among which must be placed, first and foremost, insufficient time for rehearsal, can be achieved by a small compact band of clever actors playing into one another's hands.

As Your Representative, Sir, that is, as representing You, I may be allowed to congratulate another, not small but most efficient company on their decided success with *Little Tom Tug* at the Opéra Comique—a success for which, as Your Representative, Sir, I may say the author of the libretto of that Operatic Extravaganza owes them a debt of gratitude, which he can only repay in thanks. It is seldom that a librettist meets with such cordial assistance from Stage Manager, Musical Director (whose trained chorus and thoroughly rehearsed *morceaux* have already been justly praised), and company generally, as has evidently been given by all concerned in the latest production at MR. HINGSTON's theatre—perhaps the prettiest in London.

This is lengthy, but I have finished. Forgive Your Representative, Sir, if by a passage that occurred in the scene between M. le Duc de Villepreneuse and M. le Comte d'Apremont, I was reminded of our relative positions. The Duc goes everywhere—sees everything: the Count doesn't.

"Que faites-vous?" asks the Duke. To whom the sceptical Count replies, "*Je fume, je lis les journaux, et je traduis HORACE.*" I should have added, "*et les œuvres d' HORACE WALPOLE.*"

I remain, Sir, now as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.





## A TRUE ARTIST.

*Lady's-Maid.* "PLEASE, MA'AM, I WISH TO RESIGN!"

*Lady.* "WHY, PARKER? YOU CAME HERE ONLY YESTERDAY!"

*Lady's-Maid.* "I'VE BEEN LOOKING OVER YOUR DRAWERS, MA'AM, AND FIND YOUR THINGS ARE NOT UP TO THE MARK, AND WOULDN'T DO ME CREDIT!"

## CLAUSE XXV.

THERE is much talking and writing at the present time about this famous Clause of the Education Act, some insisting that it should be repealed, others as stoutly urging that it should be retained. For the benefit of all those who have not the Act of Parliament at hand to refer to, we will here set out this much-debated Clause at full length:—

"And be it further enacted that from and after the passing of this Act—an event which may or may not be celebrated by dinners, fireworks, illuminations, and other public rejoicings—any School Board, whether composed of Denominational or Undenominational Members, or of six of one and half a dozen of the other, or such other number as may have been assigned for its constitution by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education by public advertisement in the *London Gazette*, may, if they think fit, after prolonged discussion at several adjourned meetings interspersed with divisions, re-openings of the question, and considerable excitement, from time to time proceed to elect at any meeting composed of a legal quorum, and by the votes of at least three-fifths of the Members then present, should there be more than one Candidate for the appointment, a proper and suitable Person, at such salary or wages as shall appear reasonable and sufficient, to clean, cleanse, wash, scour, scrub, black lead, and polish the floors, forms, desks, and other furniture and fittings, grates, fire-places, and stoves, in any room or rooms, chamber or apartment, used as a Public School, and being under the control, authority, and management of the said Board, without requiring from the Person so appointed, as the necessary condition of her election, any declaration, either oral or in writing, of her theological opinions, or of those of her present or late husband, should she happen to be a married woman or widow."

Is it worth while to make all this fuss and stir about such a simple matter?

## WHAT OUR ARTICLED CLERK SAID.

THE chief Lawyer of Turkey can never be a Weak man, since every new law there is established by a Firman.

[We have transferred our A. C. to a provincial firm.]

## RATHER TOO RICH.

IN a report on the Adulteration Act, lately presented to the Paddington Parish Vestry by their analyst, DR. HARDWICKE, occurs the somewhat surprising statement that:—

"With regard to the samples of milk brought to him officially, he found one to contain an enormous quantity of cream—viz., thirty-five per cent. having been added to the milk in order to deceive the analyst."

If there is any kind of adulteration that a purchaser could be reconciled to, it would certainly, one thinks, be the adulteration of milk with cream. Indeed, by far the greater part of the milk that is sold would, to the taste of most consumers, be considerably improved by that particular adulteration. An excess of cream in milk is generally regarded as merely too much of a good thing; yet it is, if not easy to see, quite possible to conjecture, how it may pay rogues to adulterate a sample of milk with cream "in order to deceive the analyst."

## "Gentle Hope in Gentle Sigh."

"A deputation from Peterborough last week waited upon MR. THOMSON HANKEY, asking him to offer himself in the Liberal interest at the next election, and he consented to do so."

"BE WHALLEY'S colleague, MR. HANKEY?"

You'd think he would have answered "Thank ye,"

And to his footman shouted "Door!"

But, maybe, in the invitation

That word is said, by implication,

To WHALLEY, and he'll cease to Bore.

AMEN!

FROM AIR STREET.—The Aëronautical Society have been holding a general meeting, and reading and discussing papers. The one which excited most interest was on "Castles in the air."



## THE LATIN SISTERS.

ITALIA. "MY DEAR GALLIA, AND MY BELOVED HISPANIA, LOOK AT ME—HAPPILY 'UNITED' AND COMFORTABLY SETTLED! WHEN WILL YOU FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF YOUR YOUNGER SISTER?"



THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.



POSITIVELY, it is said that, in some of the Mining Districts, the Colliers have betaken themselves to riding mounted on their gallant steeds to the pit's mouth. We shall soon, perhaps, hear that these industrious, hard-working fellows are keeping their carriages as well as their horses, if not their boxes

at the Opera, which is too remote, only, for that. The wages they receive should preclude the apprehension that any of them may, in the meanwhile, verify the adage about setting a beggar on horseback.

A COURT OF ABLUTION.

A QUESTION now of many years' standing will, there is reason to expect, be submitted to a legal tribunal. At the Court of Exchequer, on Thursday last; sittings in Banco before the LORD CHIEF BARON, BARONS BRAMWELL, FIDOTT, and POLLOCK, according to the Law Reports, proceedings commenced with the installation of—

"THE TUBMAN OF THE COURT.—MR. R. E. WEBSTER, at the invitation of the LORD CHIEF BARON, took his seat as tubman of the Court."

Few of the general public, probably, are aware that the Court of Exchequer has a tubman attached to it, and still fewer have any idea of the functions performed by that officer. Under an impression that they are analogous to those of either a bath-man or a laundress, some junior member of the Bar may possibly feel called upon to make an application to the Barons of the Exchequer to be allowed, in connection with the duties of their tubman, to ask them how he is off for soap.

THE INFINITESIMAL IN MODERN CHEMISTRY.—Given a number of Spanish War-despatches: required to extract the Truth from them.

GUILDHALL DISCOURSE AFTER GUILDHALL DINNER;

OR, VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

THE Lord Mayor's Banque has been spread  
In the Egyptian Hall,  
But with no death's head in the midst  
The feasters to appal,  
And warn, as It warned guests that filled  
Egyptian Hall of yore,  
How life is certain to be short,—  
Nor merrier, therefore.

The Ministers ate, drank, and talked,  
And buttered toast passed round;  
The music in the Gallery,  
In fault of sense, gave sound.  
Only LORD GRANVILLE held aloof,  
Whom Gout had ta'en in toe,  
So GLADSTONE for him vouched the calm  
That rules serene F. O.

CARDWELL his rounded periods spun  
About our gallant troops;  
GÖSCHEN for all our Navy spoke,  
From monster rams to sloops,  
And begged the public not to send  
Its tremors and its ires,  
To frighten British Admirals,  
Through the electric wires.

And LOWE the spectacle displayed,  
Which all should blush to see,—  
A great and good man struggling with  
Unpopularity.  
And calmly prophesied the day  
When time his worth should show,  
And he should stand in favour high,  
As now he stands in low.

And GLADSTONE for the future twined  
A wreath, *couleur de rose*,  
And with the oil of eloquence  
Anointed friends and foes.  
And paid back Dizzy's rough Bath brick  
With mildly merry chaff;  
And—not so difficult, perhaps,—  
Bore off the Guildhall's laugh.

And in the most words possible,  
And pleasantest to hear,  
Contrived least meaning to convey  
That e'er reached Guildhall's ear.  
"How *not* to do it," DICKENS called  
The Public Office way:  
But GLADSTONE shows the Public Man's  
Dodges "how not to say."

I wonder what the Guests would feel  
If some Lord Mayor took hint  
From Ministerial Guildhall talk,—  
(As weighed, when put in print)—  
And mocked them, *à la Barmecide*,  
With meats that, seeming fair,  
When set upon with knife and fork,  
Dissolve in empty air.

Let's hope that in the Cabinet  
That met before Guildhall,  
There was more meaning in the words  
By Ministers left fall,  
Than in the chaff wherewith they fed  
The City's anxious mind;—  
Ulysses-like, at least in this,  
That both loosed bags of wind.

Rayther Different.

By advertisement in the *Athenæum* (guaranteeing a capitalist with a certain number of thousand pounds) is offered a share in "one of the most promising theatrical properties in London." We would hint to intending investors that the value of theatrical properties depends less on their promise, than on their performance.





"THIS BOLDNESS BRINGS RELIEF."—MASSINGER.

*Irish "Boy" (to benevolent Old Gentleman).* "MAYBE YEE HONOR 'LL GIVE A POOR BOY SOMETHING. SURE, IT'S A DISSOLUTE ORPHIN, AND DEAF AND DUMB, I AM!"

*Absent-minded Old Gentleman (putting his hand in his Pocket).* "POOR FELLOW!"

### OUR LETTER-BOX.

MR. DISRAELI, the POPE, and the EMPEROR OF GERMANY, have recently appeared as Letter-writers, with more or less glory. They are not the only persons from whom we should be glad to hear. We will suggest a few more letters which might be written with advantage:—

From the leaders of the Home Rule Association, expressing their intention to dissolve that Society without further delay.

From those Clergymen of the Church of England who signed a petition in favour of Auricular Confession, acknowledging their error, and pledging themselves to desist from all Romanising practices.

From the Archbishops and Bishops, declaring their resolve to grapple with Treason in the Church.

From the HOME SECRETARY, conveying the long-desired intelligence that a Bill for the Municipal Government of the Metropolis will be introduced next Session into Parliament.

From the Head Masters of our Public Schools, to the effect that, after the Christmas Vacation, proficiency in modern languages (including the English tongue), mathematics, and physical science, will be recognised as of equal importance with ability to construct Latin verses, and explain Greek Metres.

From the Managers of the various London theatres, announcing the instant, total, and unconditional abolition of all fees and gratuities.

From the First Commissioner of Public Works and Buildings, informing the public that he has commissioned MR. FOLEY, R.A., to execute a duplicate of the equestrian statue of SIR JAMES OUTRAM, now (but, unfortunately, only for a time) one of the chief ornaments of London.

From the Trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery, notifying the opening of those Institutions every week day to the public.

From the Lords of the Treasury, granting an increase of salary to the members of the Civil Service.

From the proprietors of Church livings, unanimously agreeing to discontinue the practice of offering cures of souls for sale by public auction.

From certain very Strong-minded Women, publishing their good resolution to give up anatomy, electioneering, female suffrage, platform agitation, and other extraordinary pursuits and projects.

From the writers of *Middlemarch* and *Old Kensington*, with the delightful news that they are engaged in the preparation of new novels.

### PAPAL PLUCK.

THE Roman Catholics, at the instance of the POPE, are about to establish a University of their own, to correspond, with differences, to that of London. Its growing body will consist of the thirteen English titular Bishops, including the Archbishop, with MONSIGNOR CAPEL for first Rector, and His Holiness at the head of the concern. This institution is designed to supply the Roman Catholic superior classes with the learning which Rome forbids them to acquire at Oxford and Cambridge. The foundation thus prescribed by the POPE proves, perhaps more strongly than anything else has proved, that PIUS THE NINTH has the courage of his opinions. It is a bold experiment; for its success, if answerable to its aims, will be more undeniably miraculous than any picture or statue that ever winked: whilst, should it fail, its failure will sorely discredit Infallibility. The Holy Father confides in the results of competition with Protestantism in the field of learning and science; he expects that the Papal Church will triumph by degrees. His pluck is so high as to be regardless of any plucking which may be sustainable in competitive examinations.

STRANGE SORT OF BUSINESS.—Lawyers sometimes take a different view of things from other persons; so perhaps they may understand how a Stationer can think it is to his advantage to give this public notice in his window,—“Deeds abstracted.”



### GRANDPAPA'S GRAMMAR.

"I SAY, GRAND'PA, I CALL IT VERY UNFAIR! YOU KNOW MY LITTLE SISTER, EVA? WELL, WHEN SHE GOES OUT, EVERYBODY ALWAYS COMES UP AND SAYS HOW PRETTY SHE IS; AND NOBODY NEVER COMES UP AND SAYS HOW PRETTY I AM!"

"YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR SUCH OPEN FLATTERY, MY DEAR! THEY SAY IT TO ME, INSTEAD!"

"O, COME, GRAND'PA, YOU'RE NOT PRETTY!"

### OUR MAYORS.

THE reports furnished by our Special Correspondents in all parts of the kingdom—from Abingdon to Aberystwith, from Saffron Walden to South Molton, from York to Yeovil—prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the election of "Our Mayors" on the ninth of this month was commenced and carried to a successful issue with all that pomp and circumstance, that spirit and enthusiasm, that tenacious adherence to custom and ceremony, which the wisdom of the Legislature, by a happy thought, purposely reserved to brighten and dispel the gloom and darkness of November.

In those municipalities where it has been the immemorial custom to have fireworks in the market-place and bonfires on the surrounding hills, and to illuminate the Town-Hall, the Police-Station, and other Public Buildings, the oldest inhabitant, on being questioned with much tact and kindness, could not recollect any previous display of the same brilliancy and magnitude, except, perhaps, in the year 1826, when the evening was remarkably fine and clear.

In different parts of England the flags floated from many an old church tower, and ivied castle keep, and venerable guildhall; and merry peals of bells, and merry groups of girls, combined with public dinners and an unusual consumption of excisable liquors, convinced the passing stranger and the commercial traveller that the day was one of exceptional importance.

In those boroughs where long usage has associated this anniversary in the minds of the oldest burgess and the youngest apprentice with the appearance of a particular dish on the dinner-table, it is gratifying to be able to record that the continued prosperity of the country was substantially indicated by the large increase in the number of families who partook of roast goose and apple-sauce.

At Barnsley the Council combined two seemingly impossible results—they re-elected the Mayor, and at the same time chose a Newman. At Barnstaple it will be May all the year round; at

### PRIESTS AND KING.

PRAY that the Bourbons' Heir, of France  
May shortly mount the throne;  
His legions upon Rome advance:  
The POPE regain his own.

Word to the Faithful of command  
From Altar thus is given;  
And there are terms, you'll understand,  
On which you shall be shriven.

But now what Priest's less free to shrive  
His people than before?  
Cannot each penitent alive  
Do penance as of yore?

As freely doth not Mass remain,  
As ever, said or sung.  
To preach the Faith what curb or chain  
Forbids the priestly tongue?

Why do the Priests and Prelates rave?  
The truth would they confess,  
Think they, through change at Rome, they save  
A single soul the less?

Those holy men with wrath and grief  
Regard another thing.  
How fine for spiritual Chief  
It was to have a King!

No wonder if a CULLEN's words  
Should truculence evince—  
A Pope-King makes his bishops Lords;  
Each Cardinal a Prince.

*Imperium in imperio;*  
That Empire looking down  
On this, as on a realm below  
The universal Crown.

This is the stake for which they play;  
This end have they in view,  
Your Priests, who bid you Faithful pray  
That slaughter may ensue.

### THE REAL ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

THE Stock Exchange, considering the place filled in it by the movements of Bull, Lion, and Bear.

York, March. Batley and Huddersfield are supplied with a Brooke; Wisbeach is accommodated with a Ford; and Gravesend has a Lake all to itself. There is a Narrows at Bideford, a Greenway at Warwick, a Brownhill at Walsall, and a Ridge at Grantham; Rhodes at Bradford, and a Walker at Liverpool.

The new Mayors are not all selected from one class or calling. The interests of Newcastle-on-Tyne are cared for by a Potter, a Turner is responsible for the demeanour of Northampton, a Mason has the charge of Stamford, and a Glover fits South Shields. Arundel has found a Duke, Ipswich a Chevalier, Birmingham a Chamberlain, and Wallingford a Champion.

The Mayor of Berwick is Young, the Mayor of Evesham is New to his duties; but as they are both Aldermen, Berwick and Evesham will probably not repent of their confidence. Rye pre-eminently happy Rye, is again gladdened by a Meryon. Who does not at once see that Sheffield (the capital of Hallamshire) could not have made a more appropriate choice than Hallam? Who does not hear the Round of applause greeting the new Mayor in the Council Chamber of Colchester, and taken up by the natives outside? The Corporation of that town, when assembled round his Worship's mahogany, will recal the days of the Knights of the Round Table. There will be a Hunt all through the winter again at Bath; and Boston—is it famous for cricket?—sticks to its Bales. There is a Story connected with Lancaster, and we sincerely hope that Harvey's "Meditations" at Newark will not fail to be satisfactory throughout his term of office.

We trust we shall not be thought guilty of undue familiarity if, once more taking the Loving Cup in both hands to drink to the health and prosperity of "Our Mayors," we call upon Gregory at Dorchester, and Godfrey at Romsey, and James at Preston, to respond to the toast.

"ARKWRIGHT'S WIFE."—Mrs. Noah.



**"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM," &c.**

*Visitor.* "O, 'PARDON! I RAN UP,—THOUGHT YOU WERE ALONE——"

*Swell.* "ALL WIGHT—COME IN, MY BOY. IT'S—AW—MY MAN'S JUST AIRWING MY TOP-COAT!!"

**HIS GRACE AFTER LUNCH.**

*(A Trifle from Margate.)*

THE PRIMATE went to Margate last week, and enjoyed himself very much. His next visit will possibly be to Rosherville, where he'll "spend a happy day." The PRIMATE alluded in his after-luncheon speech to the importance of Margate as a place visited yearly by "vast numbers from the Great Metropolis" (the Railway and Steamboat Companies missed a good opportunity for special advertisement), which vast numbers of there-and-back-for-so-much excursionists "keep up," said His Grace, "the connection between the extreme limits of the diocese of Canterbury and the capital of this kingdom." The excursionists will henceforth remember their high mission, and the Ethiopian Serenaders will do well, if converted by next summer, to come out in larger white ties than usual, and set their jingling melodies to the sublime words of TAIT and BRADY, or of TAIT without BRADY. Out of compliment to the Archbishop's visit, the first mate of the Margate excursion-boat will henceforth be called the Pri-Mate.

**Model Reporting.**

*(For Instruction of, and Imitation by, young Barristers.)*

Nov. 14, 1873.

GREAT Judge upon the Bench had said,  
"Ask the full Court, 'Shall things be stayed?'"  
Small Judge then stays them. Monitory  
Decision thunders from C.P.,  
"Such conduct really seems to we,  
Presumptuous, Prothonotary."

"STAND NOT ON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING."

AN amiable Manager says the Orders which he issues for the Pit and Gallery are what in his opinion constitute "the lower Orders."

**COOKERY AND CHURCH-GOING.**

Is there some occult connection between piety and pastry? Can roasting have directly a dependence on religion? May the noble art of cookery be influenced by an adhesion to the tenets of the Church? The following advertisement will explain why we ask this:—

AS COOK, a good Churchwoman, and regular Communicant. Understands made dishes, soups, jellies, &c. Country not objected to.

The precedence which she gives to her religious profession implies a doubt if this good Churchwoman be likewise a good Cook. The knowledge of her worldly trade is seemingly regarded as a secondary matter, although it is apparently the means of her subsistence, and certainly the cause of her intrusion into print. There may be people in the world who may approve of pious phrases being publicly paraded, and made use of by a maid-servant as a good word in her favour when applying for a place. Such people may be glad to have the chance of hiring this good person; and, in virtue of her excellence, would doubtless very readily excuse her for adding, as a postscript—"N.B. No Dissenter, or any Low Church sort of mistress, need apply."

**Nothing New.**

THE "Block System." It was known in mediæval times. Other than Railway Kings found it highly convenient for getting rid of people. But they used it only in the case of the First Class. We have abolished that odious aristocratic rule, and kill all round. King Block is no King Log.

**Post-Office Fireworks.**

"MR. MONSELL, P. M. G., is succeeded by DR. LYON PLAYFAIR."

THE Doctor's birthplace for this joke gives handle,  
"A Bengal light vice a Roman candle."





### THE SERVANTS.

*Mistress (to new Servant Girl from the Country).* "NOW, ELIZA, MAKE HASTE AND DRESS YOURSELF, AND MAKE YOUR HAIR TIDY BEFORE YOUR MASTER COMES HOME."

*Servant Girl.* "YES, 'M. WHERE SHALL I FIND THE COMB, MUM?!!!"

### RESULTS OF "REFLEX ACTION."

SUNDRY muscular movements, nearly, or quite, mechanical, can be caused by an impression travelling along sensitive nerves from without to within, and returning as an impulse from within outwards. This influx and efflux of nervous force our physiological friends call "reflex action." It, though transmitted to and from the seat of sensation, appears to be in some cases unconnected, and in others connected but slightly, with consciousness. In a lecture on the Functions of the Brain, lately delivered at St. George's Hall, DR. CARPENTER adduced the following apt and striking illustration of the latter species of reflex action—that of which the consciousness is hazy:—

"How purely automatic, even in man, those movements may be, which, originally dependent on the will, have come to be habitual, is shown by their continuance when the attention is entirely absorbed by an internal train of thought; the body of a philosopher, who is mentally working out some profound question, being carried along his accustomed track by the reflex motion of his legs, which are guided through his visual sense, so that he arrives at his place of destination without any knowledge of what brought him there."

When the process of reflection goes on in the mind, and that of reflex action, as above described, simultaneously with it in the body and limbs of a peripatetic philosopher, the results of this double working of his organisation, physical and corporeal, are sometimes such as to interest the physiologist much less than the caricaturist and the buffoon. Arrived at the place of his destination on his legs, without any knowledge of the means that brought him thither, the sage, who has been walking absorbed in thought, or rather who has unconsciously been walked along, by reflex action, will exhibit phenomena at his lower extremities which will show that he has been walking, for example, through puddles. Reflex action may, occasionally, have marched a profound thinker, whilst immersed in thought, into the midst of a quagmire, and plunged him therein up to his own middle. It does not always steer such an one clear of

### FRAGMENT.

*(Found in an Irish Court of Justice.)*

CHRISTIAN talks about O'HAGAN,  
As if CHRISTIAN were a Pagan:  
CHRISTIAN's own idea what's Christian,  
Must be, we submit, a misty 'un.  
Punch beholds with grunt and pain,  
Strife 'twixt Irishmen with brain:  
Squabble, mewlers, squabble, pulers,  
Cad Repealers, wild Home-Rulers,  
Biting suits that kind of vermin.  
But for *you*, who grace your ermine,  
Keep your tempers under lock,  
Or vent 'em on the rogues in dock.

### Warm Work.

THERE is a project—American—for keeping the Erie Canal open all winter by means of artificial heat. Should the enterprising proprietor succeed in converting the Canal into a magnificent warm bath—tickets to residents on the banks and their friends at reduced rates—he hopes afterwards to be able to do something to make the North Pole a little more comfortable; and in time, perhaps, to raise the temperature of some of our highest mountains, so as to put an end to glaciers, avalanches, perpetual snow, and other trying accompaniments of an elevated position. He has our warmest wishes for his success, and we shall be glad to hear that he has managed to keep out of hot water himself.

### Appropriate.

ACCORDING to the description given of MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND's new Restauration, near Regent Circus, there is "an entirety of counter length protected by a kind of coved baldacchino richly dight in gold and colours." Now this cuts both ways for the parties who do and don't want to have a baldacchino up in St. Barnabas', Pimlico. The spirited Proprietors of the above-mentioned refreshment place have furnished the ecclesiastical Judge in this case, if not with a precedent, at all events with a Criterion to go by; though no doubt they would rather he dropped into than went by their particular Criterion.

stones and other similar obstacles, which, tripping up a learned and meditative Professor, as stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence, cause him to fall, thereby bringing his nose in contact with the earth, and impressing his countenance with the appearance vulgarly styled "gravel-rash," which his friends ascribe to excess in intoxicating liquors.

It is said that persons in a state of intoxication, lying under a table, will sometimes try to hold on to the floor with their hands. Perhaps this effort is caused by reflex action.

It does not appear that persons of the unfranchised sex are much subject to that reflex action by which deep thinkers are apt to be impelled, and brought to grief. But, in the first place, none except the very strong-minded are given to lose themselves in thought, and, in the next, still fewer are accustomed to walk when they can possibly ride.

A case of reflex action sometimes comes perhaps before a Court of Justice. An impression made on the retina by a watch-chain is conveyed through the optic nerve to the brain or spinal cord, and thence transmitted to the muscles of the arm and the fingers' ends, causing them to grasp and tug the chain, and thus abstract a watch from a pocket. Here abstraction, in two senses, would be combined with reflex action. This combination might be pleaded on behalf of a philosopher, but the plea of reflex action in an abstracted mood as an excuse for abstraction of property, would hardly avail an ordinary prig.

### The Conservative School.

IN his speech at the Glasgow banquet MR. DISRAELI made graceful reference to his position as the Conservative Leader. On a festive occasion celebrating his installation as "the Lord Rector of a famous seat of learning," he might opportunely, and therefore, without appearing to extol himself in any degree above measure, have at least hinted at the services which he has rendered his Party in the capacity of their Educator.



## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



OLLOA! Winter's getting on. Must get this horse, or where's my exercise? Can't do my little exercise without a horse; but fancy trying to do an exercise on a horse!—say a German exercise! I should soon find I had committed ein Verthum, and I from my Pferd should have to hinuntergehen.

Dislike the German character—I mean characters of the German Alphabet. It looks like a sort of nutcracker language.

*Happy Thought.*—Kind of language the Welsh might talk in Flintshire.

Talking of languages, everyone says Italian is so easy, because everyone has learnt Latin. But Italian would be very much easier if the Italians had only stuck to their Latin, and not tried to

better it. Don't tell me that "*giorno*" is in any way suggested by "*dies*." There's an *i* in both words, but, for the matter of that, there's an eye in a needle.

*Happy Thought.*—It suddenly occurs to me that I've invented a proverb. "He has an eye, and so has a needle," must be a companion proverb to "He has a head, and so has a pin." As some one said (forget who, but look him up), "Let who will make the nation's songs, I'll do the proverbs."

This suggests rules for making a nation. First, begin with inventing a set of proverbs. Then—I don't quite see the next step at present; but to anyone who wants to start a new nation (and there must be some wanted by this time) it's well worth consideration.

These ideas occur to me while I am on my road to call on CLUMBER, the flyman, about that horse he's got, which, I've heard from SPOKER, the carriage-builder, or carriage-mender (I think he must be a carriage-mender, as I've often seen him at work mending a carriage, but never caught him building one), tells me, is, in his (SPOKER's) opinion, "Just the very thing to suit me."

Must be on my guard in dealing with anyone about a horse. Can't get out of my head the rhyme that first occurred to me when I thought of calling on CLUMBER, the flyman. As I must get it out of my head at some time or other, so as to allow the brain free action for other subjects (*Note.*—Most important to read up DR. CARPENTER's Lectures on Brain. I think I see something new for *Typical Developments*, Vol. II., Thirteenth Edition, revised, corrected, and with considerable additions, under "B" for Brain), I put it into my pocket-book thus:—

"Simple SIMON  
Met a flyman  
Coming through the gorse,  
Said Simple SIMON  
To the Flyman,  
'How about that horse?'"

This verse might lead on to a story. Perhaps this is the way most poetry is commenced. If so, is this an inspiration, or not? If not, what? Write, and ask TENNYSON. By the way, *à propos* of national songs and proverbs, I don't think, on reflection, that when I was once starting in the latter line, as proverb-maker, I would ever say to anyone else, "Let who will make the songs, I'll do the proverbs;" because, why shouldn't I do both? Songs pay better than Proverbs. Get SANTLEY to sing one Song, and the fortune of composer, versifier, and publisher is made. But there's nothing to be got out of some one's delivering a Proverb. There may be, as the *entrepreneurs* say, "money on it," but I don't see it, at present.

*Happy Thought.*—To ask SPOKER something more about CLUMBER's horse. SPOKER as a carriage-builder (or mender) must know something about horses. If he doesn't, he looks like it. There's something about SPOKER's hat, which he always wears, and his trousers that suggests to my mind a knowledge of horsemanship. While at work the line where his upper half terminates is clearly defined by apron-strings round his waist: his costume being long apron, no coat, and very well brushed hat, and the ends of his sporting trousers seen below, so that when he steps into the road

to see me, with a pen behind his ear and an order-book in his hand, the idea occurs to me that he represents a sort of out-of-door grocer who's had a successful bet on the Derby. A vague description, but if you can imagine somebody, in the above-mentioned costume, ready at any moment to give you long odds, against anything, in currants or preserved ginger, and book it at once, there's SPOKER down to the ground: I mean, in appearance.

*Happy Thought.*—Riddle for SPOKER; to put him in a good humour. Where ought a wheelwright to live? Answer: in the wheel-lage.

It doesn't put him in a good humour, as he can't or won't understand it: and clearly thinks I'm laughing at him. I explain that I mean *Village*. He is evidently still of opinion that I'm only trying to get out of it, after deeply wounding his feelings. I must try and restore his temper by hinting that I shall soon be in want of a large carriage. At this he brightens up. I go largely into the subject of coaches and carriages, and I feel I've made SPOKER happy for the rest of the day. I can imagine the way in which he'll rub his hands when he goes in to dinner (all the little SPOKERS round the table, and Mrs. SPOKER at the head), and say, "Ah! I think I'm in for a good thing now. Mr. So-and-So wants two or three new carriages, and has come to me to ask about them. Thank you, my dear, yes, I will take a little of that beef, it looks capital."

SPOKER strongly recommends CLUMBER's horse, in fact, if SPOKER himself were in want of such a thing, CLUMBER's is what he should get. "What does CLUMBER want for him?" I ask. Ah, that SPOKER doesn't know; in fact he doesn't quite know whether Mr. CLUMBER intends selling him or not. "Here," says SPOKER, pointing to a dog-cart, "is the trap he was drove in yesterday—it's just the sort o' thing for him, and did ten miles in half an hour, easy. I'll see if Mr. CLUMBER's in, if you like, Sir?"

Yes. Thank you. SPOKER goes round the corner. I follow. Perhaps it will be as well not to let SPOKER and CLUMBER be too long together before I join them. Really, horse-buying *does* make me very suspicious.

CLUMBER, the flyman, is a square-built, trim-whiskered, very respectable, yet unmistakably horsey-looking man, dressed in a greyish suit, presenting a compound of a Quaker, a well-to-do farmer, and a superior Hansom-cab driver, all in one. He has a sharp eye, and so quick a way of constantly turning his head from one side to the other, without moving his body, that it appears as if he were, as a coachman, perpetually hearing the cry of "Whip behind!" and was an adept in flicking a boy neatly on the spokes.

Having time, I look CLUMBER all over. Considering his low-crowned hat, very much turned up at the brim, his stiff gaiters, and the preponderance of the respectable Quaker and farmer elements over that of the Hansom cabman, I begin to think that he might stand for an ideal portrait of a Rural Dean.

*Happy Thought.*—Apart from CLUMBER, what a charming subject for a picture! One can see it, at once, in the Academy List for next year, "No. 299. 'A Rural Dean,' by MILLAIS." There he'd be reclining in a meadow, on freshly-made sweet hay: lambkins, with blue ribbon, frisking by his side: flageolet in his right hand: garlands and flowers all about him anyhow: an overturned bowl of syllabub on the short-cropped grass: and one of his shoes off, with a garter strap loose, showing the cotton work and pattern (a great chance for an artist) of the stocking. Laughing girls, with roses and posies, might be seen in the distance dancing towards him, accompanied by boy-choristers in white surplices, and there should be a church (as a background) among the old rook-inhabited trees, so as not to lose sight of the ecclesiastical character *au fond*.

I freely make a present of this beautiful idea to any R.A., or to every one of them, for they could all treat it from their different points of view. For instance:—

63. "Rural Dean, with his celebrated Sheep-dog, Toby."—R. ANSDALE, R.A.

87. "Broken Adrowson."—P. H. CALDERON, R.A.  
"Behind the hedge she sobbed unseen,  
And heard her faithless Rural Dean."

*The Cure*, Book iii., Canto 4.

105. "The Boulogne Boat. Landing of the Rural Dean at Folkestone."—W. P. FRITH, R.A.

4. "The Rural Deanery."—J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.

"The apartments, five in all, were *en suite*, leading into one another by a succession of doors, and through the most remote, when all were open, as on this occasion, might have been seen, very much in perspective, and thrown somewhat into a haze by the flood of sunlight streaming in through one of the old square-cut windows, the anxious face of the Rural Dean peering forth from the half-open jam closet."—*Diversions of Burly*, vol. ii. chap. iii.

208. "Old May Day. Mummerys saluting the Tooral-rural Dean."—H. S. MARKS, A.R.A.

28. *Portraits of the Rural Dean, with Effie and Jeannie Deans and Mr. Dummy at Whist.* (Presentation Picture.)—J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

311. "*Je dîne à la Campagne.*"—J. L. MEISSONIER.

152. "*Rural Dean going to Bath.*"—F. LEIGHTON, R.A.

I jot these down as what might easily be done with the subject if the idea were once caught up.

SPOKER, having interviewed CLUMBER, who is now engaged with a stableman, tells me that the Rural Dean Flyman will attend to me in one minute.

*Happy Thought.*—Wait one minute, and finish jottings.

## RENDEZVOUS FOR HOME-RULERS.



SENTIANISM made late announcement that an "Amnesty Demonstration," for which 'preparations were "being made on a most extensive scale," would come off at Dublin on the following Sunday, the anniversary of the execution of ALLEN, LARKIN, and O'BRIEN, who were hanged at Manchester, for the murder of SERGEANT BRETT. The public were informed that:—

"It is understood that Mr. BUTT will address an enormous assemblage of people in a field adjoining the cemetery, where memorials have been erected to the memory of the executed men."

Unless MR. BUTT has disappointed the friends of Home Rule, he has, doubtless, pointed out to "an enormous assemblage" of Irishmen the enormity of seeking the dismemberment of the British Empire by the murder of policemen. No fitter spot could have been selected for an harangue to that truly patriotic purport than one adjoining the cemetery "where memorials have been erected to the memory of the executed men" above-named. Those criminals were interred within the precincts of a prison; and, in these days, there remain standing, to answer the purpose of a Reformer's Tree, no gibbets upon which, as in the days of our ancestors, murderers have been hanged in chains.

### Abd-el-Kadir.

So, the old hero peacefully expires,  
Mecca's muezzim cry upon his ears,  
He'd heard of lost Sedan, of Commune fires,  
Did he recal French ravage in Algiers?  
If so, life's eve had smiles, though somewhat grim,  
For SIDI-EL-HADJI-OULED-MAHIDDIM.

THOUGHT ON HORSEBACK.—We none of us like to lose the proficiency to which we may have attained in any art, accomplishment, pastime, or pursuit, least of all to fall off in riding.

## SOCIAL STATISTICS.

Of the Tourists who this autumn have been travelling in Switzerland, sixty-six per cent. have purchased Alpenstocks with branded names of mountains they have never dared to dream of attempting to ascend: thirty-three per cent. have joked about the Rhine having run into the rhino: and only twelve per cent. have sensibly abstained in their letters to their friends from making any comments on the cooking or the scenery.

It is feared that out of nearly half a million of young Ladies who indulge still in the luxury of reading novels when in bed, only one in every thousand is provided with a safety lamp, in order to prevent the curtains catching fire in case by any accident she chance to fall asleep.

Since the recent rise in coal more than twenty thousand rats have been purchased every month by the Pitmen of Northumberland for the use and recreation of their favourite bullpups.

No fewer than eight hundred and ninety-seven Hair-pins were picked up by the brooms-men at the Crystal Palace at the close of the last Saturday concert and promenade. This, we learn, exceeds by as many as one hundred and eleven the number found upon the corresponding Saturday last year.

A professional Diner-out in extensive West End practice estimates that at forty-seven out of every fifty dinner parties the saddle of mutton is served round without any currant jelly, and that at nineteen out of twenty the vegetables are either cold and underdone or else boiled into a pulp. He calculates, moreover, that at only one house out of eighty, even though the claret has been worth at least a guinea a bottle, can he rely on getting a sixpenny cigar.

The young Ladies of sentiment, who keep up the old practice of pestering their friends to scribble nonsense in their albums, amount, it is believed, in Middlesex alone, to thirteen thousand and sixteen.

It has been calculated lately, by a careful statistician, that the Servants without followers, who reside in London, have increased in number lately, and may be estimated now at nearly one per cent.

The vagrant Musicians, who infest the quiet streets of the Metropolis, now earn, upon the average, a halfpenny an hour more than in the corresponding quarter of last year.

## JOKES WITH PRAYERS.

OUR Ritualistic contemporary, the *Church Herald*, contains the following edifying anecdote, to which it has been pleased to prefix the very last heading we should have thought applicable:—

"*HAPPY THOUGHT.*"—On Sunday evening a Clergyman at the West End, whose name we would record if we knew it, as that of a staunch Tory, after announcing that 'the prayers of the Church were desired on behalf of a sick person,' commenced the appointed Prayer for the present Parliament. We heard it ourselves."

And if we knew the name of the parson who played this antic in the reading-desk, we also would record it, with a hint that the BISHOP of LONDON might reasonably object to "larks" with the Church Service. Does the man know what a prayer means, and to Whom it is addressed? Does he think that a bad joke ought to be let off during Divine Service? We feel charitably inclined to try to believe that there is some mistake. That such an accident, if it were one, or that such a levity should delight a Ritualist, is natural enough. The sort of creature who would be horrified if a few crumbs of bread had fallen on the floor near the Table, and been left for the church mice, is naturally incapable of real reverence, and would see "fun" in what was (if designed, which, again we say, we are reluctant to believe) the most indecent thing we have heard of for many a day of Ritualistic idiocy.

## Civic Benevolence.

THE pleasures of the Lord Mayor's Dinner are not confined to Guildhall. Neither do its benefits end with the intercourse of the City and the Cabinet. The poor as well as the rich will have an agreeable recollection this year of the festivities of the Ninth of November. A kind thought has led the Banquet Committee to forward "a large quantity of turtle-soup and some choice fruit for the use of the patients of the London and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals." One of the best City Feasts on record.

## APPROPRIATE PHRASES.

THE business of a Soldier is called the Profession of Arms, and that of a Dancer might be styled the Profession of Legs; only the latter description, if applicable to the Ballet, considered as an employment, might perhaps, with equal justice, be applied to the Turf.



### A CONTRAST.

Since our Picture of the Fair Lady at the Furniture Sale, published three weeks ago, a great change has taken place for the better.

Auction Rooms, where mirrors are sold, are now *exclusively* haunted by fair Ladies (led there possibly by some vague hope of meeting *Mr. Punch*, and being immortalised by his discreet and not unflattering pencil).

On the other hand, those less ornamental beings, who have hitherto been the principal frequenters of such places, have altogether vanished from the scene—with the exception, however, of *one*, whose manners, obliging, yet unobtrusive, and polite, without obsequiousness, lead one to the conviction that he cannot be what he seems, and that his apparent calling and unmistakably Semitic aspect are part and parcel of some cunningly assumed disguise.

### GREEK AT GLASGOW.

"*Cassius*. Did CICERO say anything?

"*Cassius*. Ay, he spoke Greek.

"*Cassius*. To what effect?

"*Cassius*. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you in the face again, but those who understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me."—*Julius Caesar*, Act i., Sc. 2.

THE *Times* gave Lord Rector DISRAELI'S concluding quotation in its original Greek. Most of our other contemporaries translated it. But one hits a happy medium, and gives us Greek in English, thus:—

"Egō men oun, kai tauta, kai ta pant' aei,  
Phaakoim' an anthropoi mechanan theous.  
Otō de mē tad' estin en gnome phila,  
Keinos t' ekeina stergetō, kagō tade."

It really looks very pretty in our type, and it is to be hoped that no pedant will object to this Hamiltonian process. We subjoin the translation in English:—

"These things and all things at all times I say,  
My faith is come straight from the gods to men;  
Whoso deems other form of doctrine true,  
He has his creed, let me adhere to mine."

Now may we, in all good humour (for the brilliant orator was at his best, and could excite no feeling but that of admiration), offer another version:—

"This thing once again into language I shape,  
Belief in oneself is my faith and evangel:  
If any man likes to go in for the Ape,  
He can, I prefer taking side with the Angel."

### EXIT HEENAN.

[From America has come news of the death of HEENAN. An eminent sporting Nobleman has been inspired to write the hero's epitaph, and to send it to *Punch*. The latter can hardly help printing it, and would exceedingly like to know who gave his Lordship the names of the Virgilian heroes.]

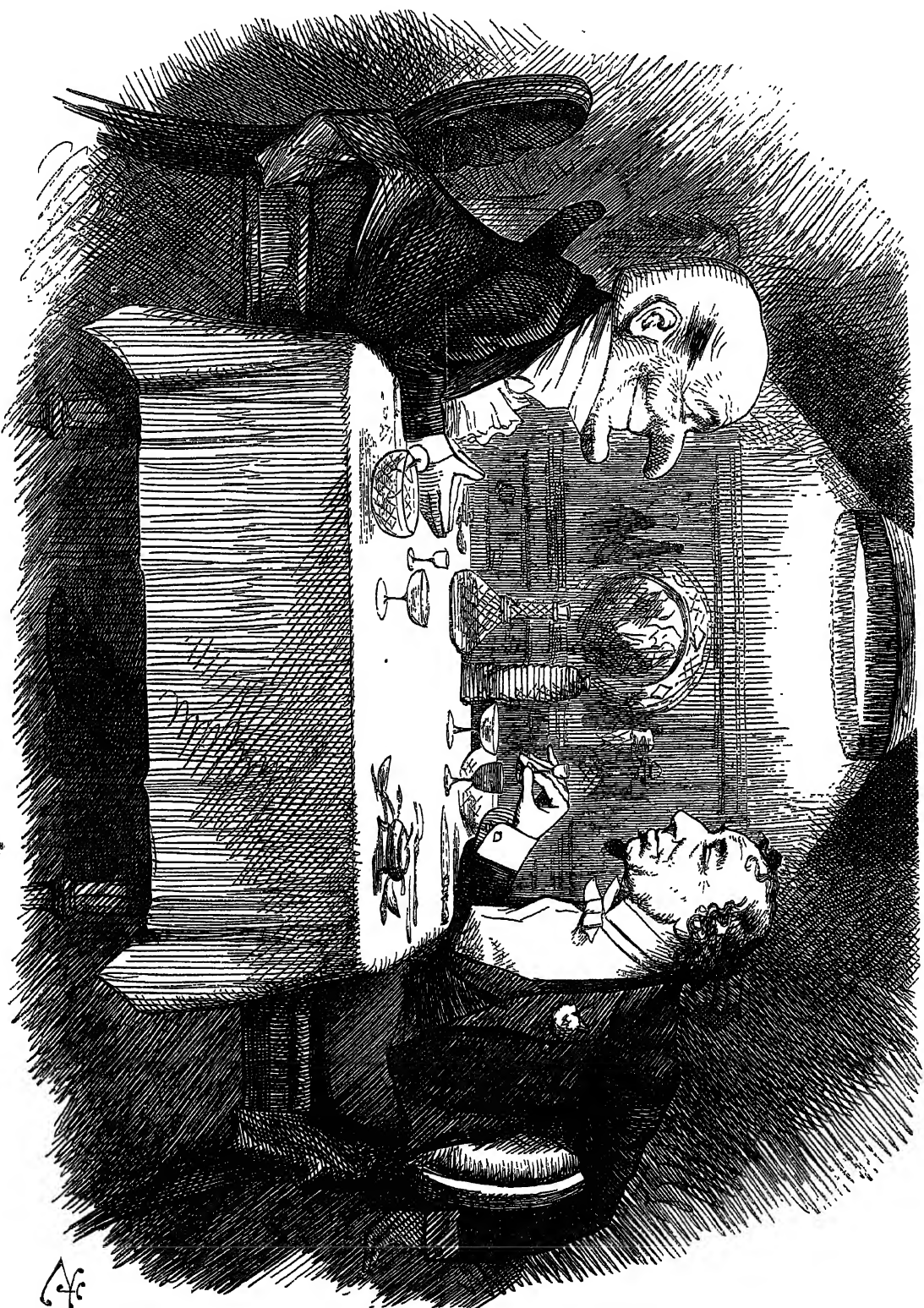
HERE HEENAN lies, the stalwart son of Troy,  
But better known as the "Benicia Boy."  
With him, in '60, bold TOM SAYERS fought—  
The battle ended as it didn't ought.  
HEENAN was beaten blind, and Tom, instead  
Of his maimed right, took blows upon his head.  
Then Peelers came. Each champion got a belt;  
Which course unsatisfactory was felt.  
Now both are gone; (so's MENKEN, HEENAN's wife),  
Let's hope to meet where there is no more strife.  
But this we do say, both was noble fellows,  
As good as VIRGIL'S Dares and Entellus.

### Who Can They Be?

"THE LORINERS' COMPANY.—A livery dinner of this ancient guild, which existed as a mystery in 1245, was held at the London Tavern yesterday."

WHAT is a Loriner? Is he to be found in the *Post-Office Directory*? Does he pay Income-tax and serve on Juries? Has he views about Education Boards and Epping Forest inclosures? Does he ever become Lord Mayor? Give the reins to your imagination, Reader, and try and fancy what a Loriner is. You will, probably, end by thinking that what was "a mystery in 1245" is quite as much a mystery in 1873.





“HOW NOT TO SAY IT.”

MR. D. “KING LOUIS PHILIPPE ONCE TOLD ME, MR. PUNCH, THAT HE ATTRIBUTED OUR GREAT POLITICAL SUCCESS TO OUR TALKING POLITICS AFTER DINNER.”

MR. P. “ULYSSES WAS WISE, MY DEAR LORD RECTOR; THEREFORE FAVOUR ME WITH A SLIGHT IDEA OF THE CONSERVATIVE POLICY.”

MR. D. “PARDON ME, DEAR FRIEND, I SAID ‘POLITICS,’ NOT ‘POLICY.’ TAKE SOME MORE MARASCHINO!”

[See Speech at Glasgow.





## A LIBEL ON BEER.



BIRMINGHAM Fanatics connected with the United Kingdom Alliance have addressed a frantic letter to Mr. BRIGHT, invoking him, as a member of the Government and the House of Commons, to support their mad project of a law to limit personal liberty. In this insane document they describe beer as "an article which leads to the destruction of the wealth, the happiness, the health, the morality, and the well-being of the people." Is it possible that persons who know what they are talking about and mind what they say can speak in terms like these of beer? Are these expressions of the would-be imposers

of compulsory temperance the words of truth and soberness? Could the zealots of the total abstinence platform, who rave at this rate, rant more outrageously if they were drunk themselves? The Secretary who wrote down the foregoing vituperation of beer had, no doubt, a steady hand, but could those who dictated it have themselves written it legibly, and, in dictating it, were they articulate? They could not have said worse of gin; themselves under the influence of gin. But suppose when they name beer they mean gin, is

what they aver borne out by facts? Can anyone truly say, after the Moral Poet, the Swan of Southampton:—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad  
How many drunk I see?"

Do inebriated wretches stagger against us as we walk the streets? Are we encountered and jostled by so many drunkards reeling zigzag along the pavement that we are prevented from walking straight ourselves? Experience of this kind alone can warrant the assertions of agitators such as Mr. BRIGHT's Birmingham correspondents about our national drunkenness. In private society, we know what to think of anybody who keeps telling his companions that they are all drunk.

There is, indeed, a drunkenness which is not of drink, the drunkenness engendered by a spirit of dictatorial domination, which expresses itself in passionate and violent demands for permission to control other peoples' appetites and desires.

But as to beer, are not the enthusiasts who abuse it as above aware that beer is not the drink of the drunken classes, the poorer of whom drink spirits, and the more wealthy something better than beer? Everybody knows that the colliers now drink champagne, and other skilled workmen, in the North, at least, not beer, but "red port wine, out of the wood," as they say, and "roof in the mooth." Beer! Why beer is, in these days, the beverage of agricultural labourers, clerks, and curates, and that only occasionally, by way of a treat, when they can afford it, and the beer very small beer then.

## Our "African General."

WE win in this Ashantee duel:  
Our GARNET proves indeed a jewel,  
And when we close the fane of Janus,  
Shall be our SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

SIR,

I HAD had my eye on the Princess's advertisement for some weeks past, and so, when *Griselda* did appear, there was I, at the front door, representing You, and singing gaily—

Up, ROUSBY, then,  
My merry, merry man,  
For 'tis your opening day.

And so it was, as far as the new piece was concerned. Being in lyric vein, let me proceed:

And let me say  
That clever MISS BRADDON  
Has written a play,  
And not a bad 'un.

That's rhyme and reason. There are some fine lines in *Griselda*, quite as good as any one of the above taken separately. Seriously, most of the writing is very good, so much so that I was sorry to hear how a couplet was lugged in to be impatiently delivered by *Griselda* (who ought to have been so patient, but wasn't), quite out of character with *Lady Grizzle's* character, and which could have been only intended as a trap for the applause of the happy gods in the Gallery. Mr. ROUSBY came out very strong in the furious love-making scene, where the entrance of Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD, in full armour, from the Lord Mayor's Show of the period, is an admirable dramatic situation most artistically led up to. Mr. ROUSBY, in voice and manner, forcibly reminded Your Representative of CHARLES KEAN on this same stage.

Of Mrs. ROUSBY, and of the piece, there is still much to be said beyond how well she looked and how the part seemed to suit her, and all this I must reserve until after a second visit, when it will play closer, and there will be new strings put into the harp of that unfortunate Minstrel, at the back among *Guattiero's* musicians, who (the Minstrel, not *Guattiero*) produced, as interpreted by the Orchestra, the most dulcet sounds, including an occasional castanet accompaniment, out of the most dilapidated instrument ever permitted in a nobleman's private stringed band. But this is a detail, and I dare say "the harp that once" was all wrong is now all the other thing. All I've to say at present is, that I would MISS BRADDON had got hold of a better subject, and that *Griselda* is no more the patient *Grizzle* of my early childhood than You, Sir, are what I am—

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## REGULATIONS FOR SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTIONS.

EVERY Ratepayer (including gas and water) is entitled to as many votes as there are members to be returned; and these he may distribute amongst the candidates who have been least troublesome to him with their cards and circulars, or give them all to one—or none.

The Election will be by ballot—one black ball to exclude.

The voting is cumulative, that is to say, there will be a heap of people at the polling-booth.

On entering and leaving the booth, the Act requires the Ratepayer to make a respectful inclination to the Returning Officer (who is not necessarily a naval or military man), or his deputy; but there must be no attempt to draw the officer into conversation about the state of the weather or the poll.

When the Ratepayer intends to vote for a Lady-candidate (which, we trust, he will have the sense to do wherever he has the opportunity), he must remove his hat while he fills up his paper.

Women are entitled to vote at School-Board Elections, and, as a rule, will pay some attention to their personal appearance, particularly to the hair, before they come to the poll.

No Ratepayer is to divulge how he has voted, except (if he is a married man) to his wife, and only then under a solemn pledge on her part not to disclose the secret to Mrs. PRIDLE or the Miss RUMMAGES.

As a fitting preparation for the responsible duty he is about to discharge, every Ratepayer is recommended, before he leaves home on the morning of the election, either to read a chapter in the *History of England* since the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, or to commit to memory the dates of the more remarkable battles in the Seven Years' War. This, however, is not compulsory.

Suitable vehicles for the conveyance of the Ratepayer to the poll (at his own expense) will be provided by the different cab-proprietors and livery-stable keepers.

The poll will close at 8 p.m., and the result will be transmitted by the electric wire to India, America, Australia, the Cape, &c., with as little delay as possible.

## Many Happy Returns of the Day.

MR. DISRAELI lately spoke at Glasgow of "the spirit of the age." He need not mention that yet awhile, as he spoke with all the spirit of his youth. Brayvo, Codlingsby! You will be young in your old age, as you were Grey—*Vivian Grey*—in your youth.



### ALWAYS SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.

*Jenkins (five foot nothing).* "TALL WOMEN ARE ALL VERY WELL, BUT THEY DON'T DO FOR MEN OF OUR HEIGHT, MY BOY! FANCY YOU AND ME DANGLING IN THE WAKE OF TWO FAIR GIANTESSES!—HE! HE! HO! HO! HO! HA! HA!"  
*[Smothered indignation of Tomkins, who is nearly five feet five!]*

### AN ULTRAMONTANE IMPERIALIST.

M. ROUHER, the other day, in the French National Assembly, created some excitement by a speech, in the course of which he demanded that the prolongation of MARSHAL MAC-MAHON'S power should be only for three years. Hereupon a member exclaimed, aptly enough, "So as to await the majority of the Prince?" M. ROUHER recommends another *plébiscite*, expecting, perhaps, that it would result in the establishment of a Third Empire, and a Fourth NAPOLEON. That the Napoleonic dynasty may not be re-established some-when nobody can be sure. Italy has gone to Rome, although an eminent Imperial statesman declared she should get there never. The French sometimes give their leading men nicknames. If the opponents of M. ROUHER in the National Assembly, where the reign of order and manners is not absolute, wished to shut him up, they might possibly be tempted to endeavour to cry him down, by saluting him whenever he gets upon his legs as "MON-SEIGNEUR JAMAIS." They deserve credit for not being so rude.

THE Festival of the Sons of Fancy Bakers will be this year held at St. All-bun's, Hobun.

### BIG BEN.

"The great clock of the Houses of Parliament is stopped for a day or two, in order that the 'going train' may be cleaned by MESSRS. DENT. During the present month its accumulated error has on no occasion exceeded a second."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BIG BEN, that beats from BARRY'S Tower  
 The march of time and tide,  
 To Britain's Commons, and the world  
 Of London far and wide,  
 Stops—and the town that marked the hush  
 Of his deep voice with pain,  
 Is glad to hear 'tis but a halt,  
 To clean his "going train."

We who—nor DENTS nor DENISONS—  
 But ask of clocks the hour,  
 Read with surprise of "going trains"  
 Up there, in BARRY'S Tower.  
 And think, if "going trains" in air  
 As, upon earth, be rash,  
 A mercy 'tis that, long ere this,  
 Big Ben's not gone to smash!

But with more wonder still we learn  
 That, in the month gone by,  
 A face of such ideal truth  
 Big Ben has shown on high,  
 That the accumulated slips  
 Which in his black book show,  
 On no day of the thirty days  
 Beyond a second go!

O, brave Big Ben, that keep'st true step  
 Thus with the tide of time,  
 Long may'st thou to the Commons set  
 Example so sublime;  
 That England, both of House below  
 And Clock above, may say,  
 'Tis no vain boast that to the world  
 She shows the time of day!

May headlong Wits, that on the seats  
 Under that Clock may show,  
 Learn by its even beat above  
 To tune hot brains below.  
 And never hold up hands, unless  
 The voice of truth to swell;  
 Nor strike, except at the right hour,  
 And then strike strokes that tell.

Ne'er may we give the scoffers cause,  
 Comparing House and Clock,  
 Big Ben's month's time, to second true,  
 To turn to Commons' mock.  
 And question wherefore is Clock's due  
 To House's credit set?  
 Since the month thus from error free  
 Was when no House was met.

Besides its dial, BARRY'S Tower  
 A signal lamp doth rear;  
 This shines but while the Commons sit,  
 That tells time all the year.  
 The Lamp alternate fades and flares  
 With intermittent heat;  
 Big Ben, Old Time's policeman, moves  
 Steadily on his beat.

Let other Legislatures take  
 The shifting Light for sign;  
 But England, may'st thou keep the Clock  
 For symbol, still, of thine.  
 So owning faith in steady truth—  
 Though measured 'tis and slow—  
 Rather than in the flashing light  
 That shifts 'twixt gloom and glow.

THAT'S THE TICKET.—BACH'S Great Pas-  
 sion Music has lately been announced for  
 performance somewhere. Tickets to be  
 issued—"There and BACH, two-and-six."



**A PRUDENT SWELL.**

*Client.* "I WANT 'DEFECT AN INSURANCE—SIX POUNDS A WEEK IN CASE OF INJURY, AND THAT SORT OF THING."

*Clerk.* "RAILWAY ACCIDENTS, SIR?"

*Client.* "AW—NO, POLICE."

**WARNING FROM THE VATICAN.**

WILLIAM, be warned; take heed unto your ways.  
Look out, you BISMARCK, and your Kaiser-King—  
The penalties which LEDOCHOVSKI pays  
On your own heads calamity may bring.

Mind how upon the Church you lay your hands,  
And check a Bishop's liberty to ban,  
Or fine obedience to the POPE's commands,  
When they are contravened by laws of man.

There was a King of Naples; Dukes there were  
Of Modena and Tuscany; and all they,  
Though faithful, came to grief; as they did fare,  
Beware, ye faithless, lest you likewise may.

The Church's succedaneous Eldest Son  
Did all he could to help this Holy See;  
Off Our paternal benediction won.  
It were a joke to ask you where is he.

Our most dear daughter, sometime Queen of Spain,  
Received Our blessing with the Golden Rose.  
Lo, what a portent follows in its train!  
Her people mutiny, and off she goes.

So now, We say, just mind what you're about.  
Pray for enemies of course We do.  
But, by Our slippers, if you don't look out,  
We will be blest if We do not bless you.

**Railway Securities.**

In the City, the other day, "Railway Stocks opened with firmness." It is to be wished that there were in existence Railway Stocks which would shut as well as open, and could, having been opened out, be shut on the legs of certain persons. There are wanted on every line of Railway as many stocks as, in case of accidents from mismanagement, would suffice to hold all the Directors.

**CO-OPERATION AGAINST COLD.**

It is probable that an uncommonly mild November will be succeeded by a winter of more than usual severity. The customary appeals on behalf of soup-kitchens and of arrangements for the distribution of blankets and coals will then supply the want of news. Benevolence and Forethought will resolve themselves into a Committee of Ways and Means to provide the funds needful for those purposes out of the personal Exchequer. The cases, however, in which a surplus can be found available are limited. Enormous opulence is in general balanced by corresponding expenditure, necessitated by ostentation, the condition of credit in business, or at least of position in society. Professional persons, and small proprietors, have mostly quite enough to do to pay their bills at Christmas, and too many of them consider that they already bear more than their share of the burdens of their poorer neighbours, and of their richer too, in paying income-tax. Unable to provide sufficiently for their own families, or against their own misfortune, they cannot be reasonably expected to lay by anything whatever for the rainy day of other people. Besides, the mite of the widow blesses those who give very considerably more than it does those that take it; and, effectually to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, the deed must equal the will.

The relief of the destitute will naturally devolve on those who can best afford it—the prosperous working people. Through a series of strikes they have been blessed with a superabundance of means, illustrated by the fact that oysters are half-a-crown a dozen. Their luxury is unlimited by any necessity of splendour. As they drank us out of the *Alabama* difficulty, so, it is to be hoped, they will drink us out of the Ashantee trouble. But, in the meanwhile, by the exercise of moderation in drinking for a few weeks, they will be enabled to spare quite as much money as may be requisite to supply all the necessities of their own order. Effectually to succour those who are stricken with age and poverty, or struck down by disease and want of work, none are so truly competent as the Striking Classes.

**At St. James's Hall.**

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW has made a decided hit on the piano. This is not a Thumper: nor is *he*. So deftly does he manage the keys and the pedals, that, dropping the VON, the Professor should be named HANS and Feet BÜLOW, or HANS Above and Feet BÜLOW. In the absence of MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD (now enchanting the Antipodes) it is most gratifying to hear so admirable a performance as is that of DR. HANS V. BÜLOW. So able an interpreter is he of the Great Musical Abbé's pieces, that in England he might head one part of his programme with the adopted Shakespearian motto, "Liszt, Liszt, Oh Liszt!" And we suggest that when he wants an epitaph—some hundred years hence, or more—it should be—

"Faithful BÜLOW he did his duty,  
But now he's gone aloft."

**The Serenade of the Storm.**

How sweet to hear, as you lie snug in bed,  
The wind howl outside, and the drifting rain,  
Whilst you have your own roof above your head,  
Dashed by the blast against your casement's pane.

So should I, stalled in some fat sinecure,  
Which clamour by no rage could wrest away,  
Peruse, at breakfast, with enjoyment pure,  
The papers railing on me every day.

**Change for a Sovereign.**

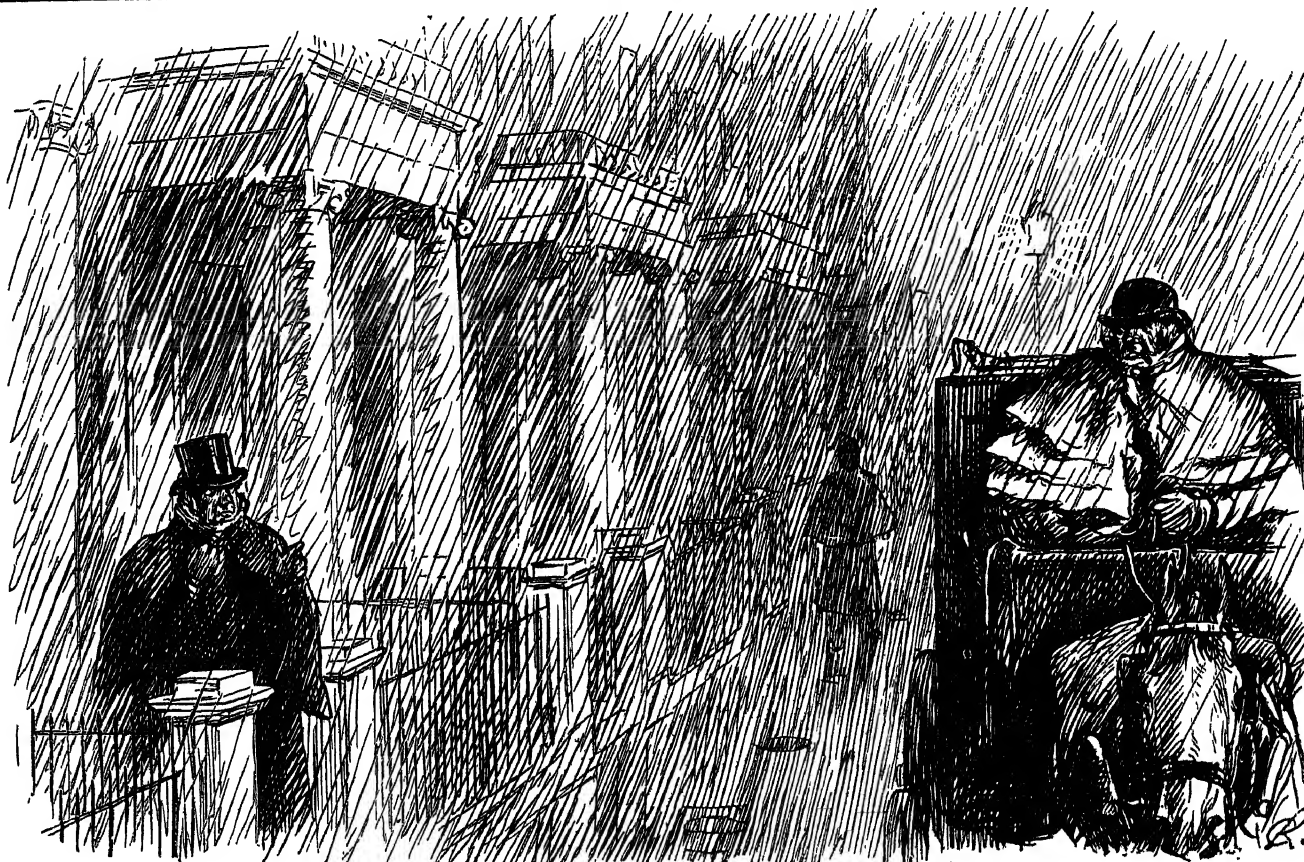
THE KING OF ITALY declares that Rome is free from Papal rule, although the Sovereign Pontiff still contrives to live in it. He takes the liberty to hint that the liberty enjoyed there is greater than it used to be, and that he will not permit the priests to try to lessen it. THE KING OF ITALY for one, and, *Mr. Punch* may add, the King of Fleet Street for another, clearly differ from the dictum that—

"Nusquam libertas gratior exstat  
Quam sub rege Pro."

**Beware the Bailiffs!**

MACMAHON has seven years' lease.  
Marshal, be your tenure peace.  
So shall you and France no Men  
In Possession see again.





## TOO TRUE.

*Cabby (after a squabble, pocketing his overcharge.)* "JUST MY BARE FARE, THA'S WHAT IT IS!"

*Old Gent.* "IF IT WASN'T SUCH A BAD DAY, SIR, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT, I CAN TELL YOU!"

*Cabby.* "NO; 'CAUSE YOU'D A GONE THIRD-CLASS BY TH' UNDERGROUND, AND THEN WALKED UP THE ROAD!"

## THE NEW RAILWAY OATH.

MR. FORSYTH'S victory over one Railway Company, which has been compelled to pay the expenses he incurred through the said Company's not conveying him according to contract, and the menacing notice which the Board of Trade has given to all the Companies, touching Railway Accidents, have aroused the haughty Directors to a sense of the situation. An extraordinary meeting of the authorities is about to be held, and we understand that it will be proposed that an Oath, in about the terms following, shall be administered by the ticket-clerks to all intending passengers, after they have paid their money, and before the tickets are flung at them. In the event of refusal to take the Oath, the money is to be detained, and paid over to the "Testimonials Fund":—

## "OATH.

"I, \*\*\*\*, of &c., do hereby solemnly swear that whatever may happen on the journey I am about to take, I will bring no sort of action against the \*\*\*\* Railway Company, and in the event of my being killed, I charge my representatives to abstain from all proceedings, and to write a letter to the management, exonerating it from all blame, and thanking it for the courteous letter in which it announced the news of my demise. So help" &c.

## Mill and Miller.

FROM the Autobiography of the late JOHN STUART MILL it appears that his father, JAMES STUART MILL, taught him Greek when a child of tender years, and crammed him besides with all manner of knowledges. Of the two MILLS the elder one seems the more worthy of the name, from the prodigious grinding with which he exercised his son's genius. MILL Senior was the grinder; MILL Junior the ground. When MRS. MILL presented her spouse with an heir, she brought, in fact, grist to the Mill.

## THE KING OF FRANCE.

HEALTH and Salutation to MAGENTA THE FIRST, King of France! The "cool old Sworder" has won the game, and reigns more absolutely than HENRY CINQ ever hoped to do. Homage to the Sabre! We have no doubt that he will be a very good King, but the French Assembly has shown a generous and trustful spirit in taking him without any conditions whatever. A "King," as MR. CARLYLE has informed us, is a man who "can Do," and His Majesty KING MAGENTA has shown his energy and ability in the battle-field. When we read of the blind fury and frantic scenes which have marked the change of Government, and when we see how the little majority of ten has gone up to sixty-eight, nothing succeeding like success, we feel a profound contempt for our ancestors and their cautious, cowardly, deliberate method of transferring authority at the Revolution. The Assembly has gone more bravely into action, and we only hope that its work will last as long as that of our ancestors, with their slavish adherence to precedent, and their exaction of Royal guarantees. *Vive le Roi MAGENTA!*

## An Intoxicating Liquor.

MR. WALTER BURTON, lately an Officer of Her Majesty's Customs, states, in a letter to the *Times*, that the average strength of Sherry, as imported and passed into consumption, is not less than from thirty-seven to fifty per cent. of proof spirit. So spirituous a liquor as this should be called, not Sherry, but Sherry-brandey.

## Warning.

EXCEPTING British Lions, it is rare  
To find the "Lion" (*felis*) "playing fair."  
Jokers on Names, your noddles will lack plaster  
If you send jokes about the new Post-MASTER.



### OUR AUXILIARIES.

*Fusileer (on the Gold Coast).* "HOUSSAH!—BY GEORGE, YOU'D LOOK A RUM 'UN AMONG THE 'HUSSARS' AT ALDERSHOT!"

*Houssa (responding cheerfully).* "DAM' COFFEE! YAH, YAH, YAH!"

### PROOF OF PROSPERITY.

At a meeting of the Cardiff Board of Guardians, on Saturday last week, a remarkable circumstance came under consideration. It was that of a revolt in the workhouse, which had occurred on the day before among the female paupers. This outbreak was provoked by the retention in the workhouse dietary of Australian meat, notwithstanding the disapproval of it, when first introduced, expressed by those invited to consume it. Their refusal of the meat had induced the Guardians to try it themselves; an experiment which proved it to be, in fact, exceedingly palatable. So, therefore, says a contemporary:—

"The Guardians resolved to continue its use, but their decision resulted in a novel kind of outbreak among the more rebellious paupers. On Friday morning, when the nurse entered the Lock Hospital for the purpose of giving the inmates their breakfast, she was assailed with a shower of spoons, bread, and other missiles. The Master was sent for, and order was temporarily restored. Subsequently, however, seven of the women jumped out of the window, got into the garden, and conducted themselves like lunatics, until the police were sent for. They were taken before the bench, and sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment."

The dietary which these ladies will have experienced by the end of their three weeks will probably have left them with such an appetite that they will be ready to devour Australian meat eagerly, as much so as they could if they were the daughters of clergymen, solicitors, medical men, or clerks in the Civil Service. But this by the way. It is to be remarked that the objection to eat Australian meat was not confined to a section of the inmates of Cardiff Workhouse. They, those who actually mutinied, were indeed the more rebellious of the paupers; but all were more or less rebellious. The whole of them indignantly objected to eat Australian meat. And, no doubt, how naturally! Had they not, probably, most of them, been accustomed to eat regular butcher's meat, and that three or four times a day? Did they not belong to the class whose consumption of it has raised it to its present prices? Whilst they were in the receipt of high wages were they not accustomed to eat their fill of it, regardless of expense, or the expediency of making any provision for the future? And, now that they have come to want, are they not very naturally repugnant to the idea of food which they imagine inferior to that they have been used to? We cannot wonder that paupers at Cardiff, or anywhere else, should turn up their noses at Australian meat;

we should rejoice that they do, though glad enough to eat it ourselves: their contempt for it is a gratifying proof of the general prosperity of this great country, and the progressively increasing standard of comfort and luxury amongst the industrious classes.

### AMANTIUM IRÆ.

(ON A LATE BATTLE.)

*See the Law Report "Gilbert (Author of 'The Wicked World') v. Enoch (Publisher of 'Pall Mall Gazette')," in the Common Pleas.*

PALL MALL attacked *The Wicked World*,  
The Wicked World arraigned *Pall Mall*,  
And in the Court of Common Pleas  
To legal loggerheads they fell.

Seeing how much this Wicked World  
To Pall Mall's rich purveying owes,  
For newest mots and keenest squibs,  
And all that in Club channels flows,

'Twixt two such natural allies  
This sudden internecine jar,  
How furious soe'er its wrath,  
Must take the form of civil war.

So, HENRY JAMES, with polished sword,  
Stood champion of *The Wicked World*,  
While KARSLAKE's spear as smooth as sharp  
Home in *Pall Mall*'s defence was hurled.

With such a civil war, no doubt,  
A civil end most fitly squared;  
And so they that the *Kriegspiel* judged,  
Drawn battle, not drawn blood, declared.

And thus on London's listening ears  
Serene the all-round judgment fell,  
"Innocent is the *Wicked World*,  
Innocent, also, is *Pall Mall*!"

This soothing syrup from the twelve  
Relief on smart and sores bestowed;  
And to the Common Pleas, for once,  
We that uncommon pleasure owed.

Then, though the judgment gave to him  
Of damages not e'en a farden,  
Let it vexed GILBERT satisfy,  
While ENOCH owns 'tis not an 'ard 'un;

And, led by JAMES's gentle hand,  
And KARSLAKE, pattern of his sex,  
To better understanding come,  
And fall on one another's necks!

Lie down, with journalistic lamb,  
Dramatic lion, in communion,—  
Included, for all future time,  
In a harmonious "Gilbert Union." \*

\* For an account of this effective, though rough and ready, organisation, and its working, see the Poor-Law Reports.

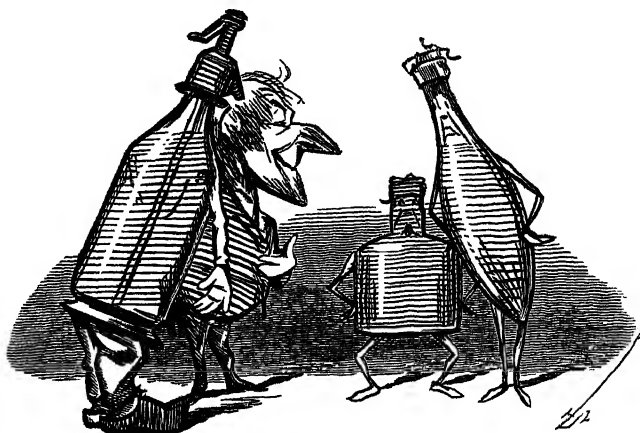
### A Good Test.

A RECENT visitor to Oxford, with statistical tastes, desirous of ascertaining to what extent the three great parties in the Church were respectively represented in that University, drew his own conclusions, as he walked through the streets, from the fact that, while he could see "the High" and "the Broad," he could nowhere find "the Low."

### Parochial Poem.

On the School Board, as for me,  
Guv my vote for nobody.  
Education's name I hates.  
Them three R.'s all means more Rates,  
Which, as I objects to pay,  
I should wish to do away.  
Don't for School Boards see no call;  
Wouldn't vote for none at all.

## THE JOVIAL VEGETARIANS.



ORK of the dullest kind must be a Teetotal feast, unless there be a little harmony to enliven the proceedings. There cannot be much jollity in making speeches over tea, or drinking toasts in toast-and-water. Public dinners, as a rule, are sadly dismal merry meetings, but how mournful they must be when abstinence enforced is added to publicity! Nor, we

fancy, can a banquet whereat meats are all tabooed be a pleasant sort of gathering. One cannot well imagine people making merry over cabbages and carrots. A pleasant song or two would very much increase the chances of conviviality, and so, by way of illustration of the sort of thing we mean, we beg to recommend the following as a drinking song to cheer our jovial Vegetarians:—

AIR—"A Bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me."

A peck of potatoes go peel, peel for me,  
A few guests I've invited to dine,  
Rare relish for carrots and turnips have we,  
And good cabbage we seldom decline.  
Carnivorous diners their venison may boast,  
And may brag of their beef and their mutton.  
But give me asparagus served upon toast,  
And for juicy green peas I'm a glutton!

The cabbages and carrots would surely taste the sweeter if a cheerful stave like this enlivened their consumption. And pray why should not a song like the following be sung to cheer the cook to do her best whenever a Vegetarian banquet is in prospect?—

AIR—"Fill a Bumper Fair."

Fill the saucepan fair,  
Friends are asked to dinner,  
Shred the beans with care,  
Slice the carrots thinner.  
Mash the turnips well,  
Cream improves their flavour;  
How nice yon pea-soup's mell!  
How dainty is its savour!  
Chorus. Fill the saucepan fair, &c.

Celery you have bought,  
Clearly you have reason,  
Grass I would have sought,  
But 'tis not now in season.  
Cabbage?—by all means,  
Brussels sprouts we'll give too:  
Men who live on greens  
A green old age may live to!  
Chorus. Fill the saucepan fair, &c.

Sweet is the seakale,  
Stew it slightly quicker,  
Draw us Adam's ale,  
'Tis the best of liquor.  
Potatoes please to steam,  
For every one a plateful;  
And prithee do not dream  
The guests will not be grateful.  
Chorus. Fill the saucepan fair, &c.

Now for the bouquet  
Cut a cauliflower,  
Sweet as new-mown hay  
Sprinkled with a shower.  
Then with cheerful smile  
Go and mix the salad:  
I at ease the while  
May warble you a ballad.  
Chorus. Fill the saucepan fair, &c.

A dish of parsnips, too,  
May make the board more festive,  
Although there may be few  
Who find the root digestive.

## WHY EDUCATE GIRLS?

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ANYTHING unpractical is shocking to me. I cannot see the sense of this movement for the higher education of women. Our object is to get married. To attain that object we must make ourselves agreeable.

Now, here is a faithful report of a dinner-table conversation which brought on a desirable engagement. Will you do two things? Will you come to my wedding? And will you tell me how much education of a high sort was wanted for the dialogue I send you?

Your affectionate reader,

ANGELINA.

P.S. How I am able to report it so accurately is no business of yours. Perhaps I am a Spirit Medium. But come, there's an old dear.

SCENE—Dinner. A large Party.

EDWIN has been introduced to ANGELINA within the last ten minutes, and has taken her down. They sit.

Edwin. You have plenty of room, I hope. (*Sotto voce.*) We are rather closely packed.

Angelina. Plenty, thanks.

[*They take up the menu.*]

Edwin. I think my picture is prettier than yours.

Angelina. Perhaps it is. I don't know. This is a dear little fat child with the roses.

Edwin. Nothing to compare to my fat child swinging. O, don't you take soup?

Angelina. Only sometimes.

Edwin. A fine clear soup is the best possible beginning of a dinner. Anything heavy is simply a barbarism—that is, unless one's going in for a turtle dinner.

Angelina. I have tasted turtle-soup, and I suppose I have no taste, for I really do not like it.

Edwin. It is an acquired taste, like that for olives, virtue, and children, but it is soon gained.

Angelina. O, but I love children.

Edwin. Many little brothers and sisters?

Angelina. Only two brothers.

Edwin. Awful little bores to you, I suppose?

Angelina. No, indeed. They behave very well, and I am very fond of them.

Edwin. Ah! They'll grow out of that, and you will grow out of the other.

Angelina. Well, I hope not. How sweetly pretty these flowers are!

Edwin. Yes; and they are put low—no ridiculous *épergne*, or anything to shut us out from our opposite neighbours. This salmon with the Hollandaise sauce is excellent. Do not pass it.

Angelina. See how docile I am.

Edwin. Most amiable trait. Seen IRVING in *Richelieu*?

Angelina. We are going on Saturday: we could not get stalls earlier. Is it very good?

Edwin. I like it very much—immense deal of go about it. My Governor, and other old fogies who have seen MACREADY, won't have it at any price; but then the Governor says he used to be insulted for praising MACREADY to people who remembered KEAN, and so on. I recommend the *vol-au-vent*.

Angelina. Ah! but I like *quenelles*.

Edwin. Docility has limits.

Angelina. Certainly. Perhaps it is your theory that Woman should be a slave.

Edwin. It is, most decidedly; but I seldom ventilate it.

Angelina. I shall remember. Were you on the Continent this Autumn?

Edwin. Was I? Let me see. O yes, I went to Vienna—that's on the Continent, isn't it? (*Both laugh.*) Afterwards I went to Scotland, and had horrid weather.

Angelina. I think it always rains in Scotland.

Edwin. Not always. It sometimes snows. (*She laughs.*)

*Angelina.* But they say the seasons are all changing from what they used to be. Some day we shall skate in June, I suppose.

*Edwin.* You skate?

*Angelina.* A little. Only on our own lake in the country, of course.

*Edwin (to himself).* Papa's got a lake. Good. I should think you would skate well—you are the figure for it, and you have courage, I should say.

*Angelina.* O dear, no. I am the most timid thing in the world—except on horseback. I can ride any of Papa's horses.

*Edwin (to himself).* Papa has several horses. Hunt?

*Angelina.* I have been out two or three times, but Papa does not like my hunting. He sets great store by me, as the only daughter, you see.

*Edwin (to himself).* I do. I respect the elderly gentleman unknown. Your Papa is not here to-night, I think? *(To himself).* Or I might be civil to him.

*Angelina.* No, he has had to go home to his electors—constituents, I mean—on some business. I came with my Aunt over there, on Mrs. WILDERSPIN's left.

*Edwin (to himself).* So; M.P., and country M.P., too? Mrs. WILDERSPIN might have told me, but she never thinks of anything but how she looks, and nobody else ever thinks about that. And do you understand politics?

*Angelina.* Ought one?

*Edwin.* I think not. But everybody goes in for knowing everything in these days, you know. Not that I do. I'm quite content to be thought for. This is as good champagne as I have tasted lately—somebody has been educating our friend—it was not always so. Don't be afraid of it. Heard Von Bülow, of course?

*Angelina.* Of course. I admire him. Isn't he wonderful?

*Edwin.* Musical fellows say we are not to admire him too much. I know nothing about it. Only I don't see what's got by playing without book.

*Angelina.* I wish he didn't. I am always nervous for fear he should break down, and that takes away one's pleasure. Did you see that darling RISRORI in the scene from *Lady Macbeth*?

*Edwin.* No. Was it—

*Angelina.* O! There! Good's no word for it.

*Edwin.* Friend of mine said that to an author about his play the other night, and author went off complimented. My friend meant that the word should be bad.

*Angelina.* How awfully good!

*Edwin.* Read many novels? Can you tell me of a good one?

*Angelina.* No, I do not read many. You need not think I am strong-minded, but I think they waste time, and most of them are so stupid—same thing over and over. Of course I enjoy a good book, like any of GEORGE ELIOT's, or TROLLOPE's.

*Edwin (to himself).* Awful sensible girl. Wonder if it's true. Here comes *caille*—let me advise it.

*Angelina.* That shows your good-nature, after I rejected your other advice.

*Edwin.* I am about the most good-natured person of my acquaintance.

*Angelina (to herself).* Not you. And I should not care for such a person. Well, I have told him enough. Do you know our part of the country—Worcestershire?

*Edwin.* Yes, pretty well. I have been down several autumns for shooting at my uncle's, SIR WIDGERY SCUMP'S. Know him, perhaps?

*Angelina.* He is on the other side of the county, but Papa has met him at Magistrates' meetings, and I think likes him much.

*Edwin.* Shouldn't think so—he's a bumptious old bird—but he has neither chick nor child, so he tolerates me.

*Angelina (to herself).* That sounds well. You spend a good deal of time at his place, I suppose.

*Edwin.* Not so much as I ought, for he is a—well, he does his duty to me, so I won't say it.

*Angelina (to herself).* A good heart, perhaps. I dare say he is very fond of you.

*Edwin.* Why should you think that?

*Angelina (simulating embarrassment).* Well, I don't know, because—*(boldly)* Well, I should think you might be liked, if you chose to be. Mrs. WILDERSPIN told me that you were rather amiable than not.

*Edwin.* I should like to know what you will tell her.

*Angelina.* Are you vain enough to think we should mention the subject?

*Edwin.* Quite. Won't you have some ice- pudding? It's the very worst thing in the world after dinner, the doctors say.

*Angelina.* But they take it all the same. I like deeds, not words. Yes, I will.

*Edwin.* I like firmness, in reason, that is.

*Angelina.* O, I can be awfully firm, when I know I am right. Only, you know, it's so hard to know that.

*Edwin.* Not for you. If you wouldn't think me impertinent—

*Angelina.* But I like impertinence, in reason, as you say.

*Edwin.* Well, then, it strikes me that you have about as sound a judgment as anybody I ever knew. *(To himself).* Knows she's pretty—I think she's silly—nothing like praising a woman for what she hasn't got.

*Angelina.* But where is the impertinence?

*Edwin.* Telling the honest truth, from one's heart.

*Angelina.* I will forgive you this once, then. No, not any more wine.

*Edwin.* Some preserved cherries?

*Angelina.* Two or three. I suppose you will come up-stairs?

*Edwin.* I had not meant, for there is to be a lot of music. But I have changed my mind.

*Angelina.* Don't you like music?

*Edwin.* Hate it. But, I suppose, I ought to say just the opposite.

*Angelina.* What for?

*Edwin.* Talking to a lady, you know.

*Angelina (seriously, with mingled resignation and severity).* I am sorry that men are taught to treat us as foolish children. It is not our fault if they make us so. See, we are to go. If you can endure a little music, I will introduce you to my Aunt—she likes anybody connected with her beloved county. *[Exeunt the Ladies.]*

## AN INCENTIVE TO VALOUR.



XPEEDITE more men to SIR GARNET WOOLSELEY. He and his brave handful of British troops find themselves unable to follow up their successes against the Ashantees owing to "the untrustworthy character of our native allies." Of this an idea somewhat comically suggestive is intimated in a despatch addressed to the Chief of the Staff, Head Quarters, Abak-rampa, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

FESTING. That gallant officer, describing an engagement with the enemy in the bush, remarks that:—

"The Anamaboos fought well, and perhaps the same may be said of another tribe, but, as a general rule, more than verbal persuasion had to be resorted to to make the natives

fight at all, whilst great numbers carefully abstained from taking part."

There is a delicate reticence in a part of the foregoing passage which relegates the mind of a reader to *Richard the Third*, and recalls the lines in that tragedy concerning JULIUS CÆSAR:—

"With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live."

By felicity of literary expression, as well as by subduing barbarians with disciplined valour, COLONEL FESTING reminds one of the noble Roman. "As a general rule, more than verbal persuasion had to be resorted to to make the natives fight at all." This is a very neat way of putting it; the *vis à tergo* that is to say, which, whether with the point of bayonet or boot, had to be applied in order to compel the advance of our native allies. The impulsive power necessary for this purpose is, in the above-cited words, described in language quite explicit enough to convey a vivid idea of it. RICHARD BAXTER himself could not have expressed it more perspicuously.

## QUESTION OF KIN.

If you are your deceased Wife's Sister's Brother, is she not just as much Niece to your Uncle the Pawnbroker?

A GOOD FIGURE-HEAD.—An Arithmetician's.





## KNIGHTS OF THE TABLE SQUARE.

SCENE—A Scotch Inn.

*Affable Elderly Stranger* (addressing *Person waiting at Table*). "COULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME HOW FAR IT IS FROM HERE TO LOCH MCGILLYCUDDY?" (No Answer.) [*Affable Elderly Stranger repeats his Question still more politely, but with the same result.*]

*Mr. Cadby* (in *Velveteen Knickerbockers*). "I'LL—A—TROUBLE YOU NOT TO ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THIS PERSON! HE IS NOT A PUBLIC WAITAW, BUT A PRIVATE SERVANT OF MINE!"

[*Affable Elderly Stranger* apologises with excessive courtesy, and retires. *Cadby* and his friend *Snobington* enjoy his discomfiture; but when they discover, as they subsequently do, that he is a noble Marquis, both *Cadby* and his friend *Snobington* could tear *Cadby's* tongue out of *Cadby's* mouth.

MORAL.—Always be civil to strangers. First, civility costs nothing; secondly, it is a virtue in itself; thirdly, strangers may at any time turn out to be noble Marquises, or even better.

## "THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE."

OUR GARNET's a jewel—'twere sad, in the snout  
Of a swine such a jewel to see ill-invested,  
As methinks it will be, if paid carelessly out,  
To get COFFEE upset and some nasty grounds wasted.

Don't let red-tape triumph, in sense's despite;  
Oust General Routine—that old genius-upsetter;  
And we haven't a doubt that our WOLSELEY in fight,  
Will turn out a WELLESLEY, to all but the letter.

He has stores in abundance on shore—or at sea—  
Not yet past the chances of troopships and packets;  
And, in absence of red-coats, his best trust must be  
In a few—would he'd more—of brave British blue-jackets.

Of advisers at home he has more than enough,  
And of critics in newspaper-columns and clubs;  
And—as many cooks' broth, to a proverb, 's sad stuff—  
It won't be *their* fault if the 'Shantees he drubs.

In short, he has all things a General should have,  
And a great many things which a General should not;  
But, while rubbish in tons we sent over the wave,  
One trifle—an army—we somehow forgot.

In our deep penny wisdom, and horror of waste,  
We shipped off the General minus his men,

So that if in a fix he should find himself placed,  
He might merely lose time writing home back again.

But if we have kept back the red-coats awhile,  
Till the Fantees have been undeniably whipped,  
*En revanche*, railway sleepers and rails by the mile,  
In advance both of General and troops we have shipped.

So SIR GARNET, at sweet Cape Coast Castle arrived—  
'Mid fever and Fantees and flounders and fuss,  
Finds the rails he *don't* want on the beach snugly hived,  
And to whistle is left for the red-coats he *does*.

We're a practical people—that truth's rooted deep—  
And the work of our practical War Office wights,  
Is to pile all the blunders they can in a heap,  
And then ask our Gen'als to set them to-rights.

## Underground.

Two Inspectors of Coal-Mines are required. They will be elected by open competition. That intending candidates may not be in the dark as to the requisite qualifications, they are frankly told that they "must have been employed within the last five years for at least two years underground in a coal-mine." The salary ought to be large to compensate men for passing so much of their lives underground. Never to come to the earth's surface, never to see the light of day, for two whole years! Enough to undermine the strongest constitution.

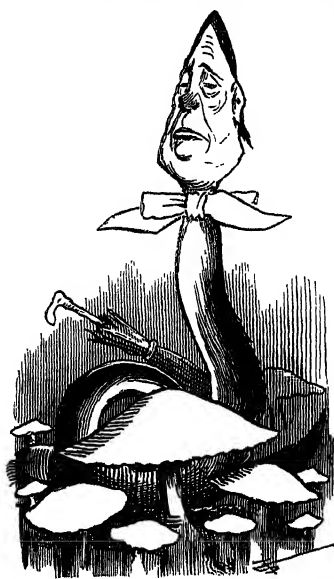


## THE SCHOOL (BOARD) MATCH.

MR. F-ST-R (*Umpire*), "BOYS, BOYS, THIS IS FIGHTING, AND NOT FAIR PLAY! YOU'VE LOST SIGHT OF *THE BALL!*"



## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HE Cob is brought out into CLUMBER'S Stableyard. We—MR. SPOKER, CLUMBER, and myself—eye it in silence. Being nervous about committing myself on the subject, I do not intend to be the first to speak.

"Beautiful Cob, that!" says MR. CLUMBER, finding that he must say something. He is standing by me, with his legs wide apart, his hands clasped behind his back, and his head very much on one side, eyeing the mare, not me. "Be-a-uty, she is! Be-a-uty!" he repeats, as if he really couldn't get over the fact of her overwhelming loveliness.

The Ostler, who is holding the mare's head in a rope halter, sniffs assent, and relieves his feelings in a slight cough. He squints so horribly that I don't know whether he has his eye on me, or CLUMBER, or SPOKER; or one eye on CLUMBER and myself, on the left-hand side of the

horse, and the other on SPOKER, who is on the horse's right.

He is a capital man for CLUMBER to have out to show the horse, as it is impossible to tell from either of the Groom's eyes, whether everything is going on in a straightforward manner or not.

I am inclined to think everything is *not* quite straightforward, and have a vague idea of being done by CLUMBER, SPOKER, and the Squinting Groom, who, I fancy (it's only fancy) are all "standing in."

"A be-a-uty," repeats CLUMBER, apparently so rapt in the contemplation of the animal's perfections as to be lost in an ecstasy, and to be rather delivering himself of a soliloquy, than addressing anyone of whose presence he is at all conscious. "A little 'orse like her ain't to be met with every day of the week; no, nor yet in a whole year, go all over England and give what you like for 'em. She's a little 'orse as don't mind work,—the more the work, the better she does it,—and a free goer as it's quite a pleasure to see along the road. None of your dancing-master toe-and-trip-up; no, but a good flat, firm, light, and yet-as-you-may-say, solid tread, that don't come down in the same place as where it went up, but takes you over the ground, and ull do her fourteen mile an hour in a dog-cart any day, with a fair country. Why, she's as high-couraged as a thoroughbred," he says, as if he was anticipating some objection, which, perhaps, he thought I *looked* as if I were going to make—not that I have been able at present to collect any definite ideas on the subject, except that I am still haunted by the one notion that I am being done—that CLUMBER is doing me, and that SPOKER and the Groom are "standing in," and secretly taking a lesson in the art of selling a horse from CLUMBER, to whose speech they listen with undisguised admiration.

Not that the Groom's eye expresses anything except squinting; but his mouth does, and he's evidently enjoying CLUMBER.

I seem to hear the Squinting Groom murmuring to himself, "Lor, ain't Master a wunner at gammonin' a gent into buying a 'oss as he knows nothin' at all about."

"She's better than a thoroughbred, she is," says CLUMBER, who is warming with his subject, and is clearly not going to stick at a trifle. "For my part, and I know something of horses, I wouldn't have a thoroughbred at a gift. Now there!" he adds, quite defiantly, as if again detecting me in the act of making another objection, "I wouldn't! No, not if a thoroughbred was hofferred to me, I wouldn't."

CLUMBER throws in an occasional aspirate with considerable effect.

He expects some observation from me. So I say, as if surprised at what he has told me, and as if it were quite the last thing I should have expected of him, "No, indeed? Wouldn't you, really?"

"No, I wouldn't," he repeats, emphatically, and then, as if afraid of a digression interfering with present business, he resumes his theme. "But here's a horse as is a credit to a gentleman. She'd just do for you. A thorough gentleman's horse, she is; that's what she is; a thorough gentleman's horse."

He has evidently hit upon the right phrase at last, for he repeats over and over again that she is "a thorough gentleman's horse, that's what she is," and evidently means to stereotype this happy expression for future use. He can't get beyond it: there it is. You can't (it seems to imply) be more than a thorough gentleman, and

she's the very thing for such a thorough gentleman as you (meaning myself as the intending purchaser) are. Or, if you are not *quite* the thorough gentleman, then put this horse into your dog-cart, and your reputation will be made.

I'm aware that I ought to do something now. I feel that my turn has come. I ought to ask about her "points." I think, too, I ought to examine her mouth; I know that one tells the age of a horse by its mouth. But how? False teeth? Stupid of me not to have read up the subject before I came here.

*Happy Thought.*—To appear as if I could judge of her age without bothering myself about the mouth. I say, in as horsey and knowing a manner as I can assume (though I feel the Squinting Groom sees through me in every direction),

"She's not very young, tho', eh?"

SPOKER takes upon himself to reply to this.

"She's not over five I think, Sir."

I can't help remarking what a fine horse she is for five years old. It really seems no age. I wish I'd read up all about the ages of horses, how long they live, and how long they're good for work, in "Stonehenge" or some other authority. *Mem.* Buy a book on "The Horse," and come out prepared.

The Squinting Groom opens her mouth, and the horse tosses her head.

"Woa lass, then! Woa beauty!" says the Groom.

CLUMBER, who has apparently been absorbed in thought during this colloquy, now addresses SPOKER.

"She's rising five; yes, rising five, that's what she is."

"Rising five?" repeats SPOKER, inquiringly.

"Rising five," returns CLUMBER, as though anxious to be most careful and particular on this point.

As I have no means of contradicting this statement, I accept it. Still I can't help thinking that if the mare is really a grandmother (and as far as I can tell I don't see why she shouldn't be), how they must all be laughing at me in their sleeves.

*Happy Thought.*—To pass my hand over its hind-quarters.

This evidently is a horsey and knowing sort of thing to do, as it seems to interest the Squinter, and makes the horse a trifle restive. I haven't the smallest idea what knowledge of the horse's soundness I am to gain by passing my hand thus over her hind-quarters; but as she herself rather appears to resent it, I am led to ask, dubiously, and quite as if I were on the very brink of discovering her one weak point, "Is she quiet?"

CLUMBER doesn't seem to have heard my question. SPOKER repeats it loudly to him, and CLUMBER puts his hand to his ear.

"The Gentleman asks if she's quiet?" SPOKER shouts.

"Quiet?" repeats CLUMBER, softly—his voice is tender and husky—as though he scarcely realised that such a question would have been put by any one in his senses.

SPOKER nods.

The Groom takes the opportunity to inform me that MR. CLUMBER is "a bit 'ard o' earin' on one side."

CLUMBER, having mastered the question, turns to me, and replies, "Quiet! Why a child might drive her!"

*Happy Thought.*—To inquire whether, as a matter of fact, a child has ever driven her. I pass on, however, to another subject. "Any tricks?" I ask, as though she were a conjuror.

SPOKER shouts this twice to CLUMBER. This process gives CLUMBER time. (By "tricks" I mean, plainly, "Will she kick me off, or have me off somehow, directly I get on, or soon afterwards?")

"Tricks!" exclaims CLUMBER (always huskily), as surprised as if this was the first time he'd ever heard such a thing even hinted at about a horse of *his*. "Tricks! Not one that I know of. No vice. She's quiet in the stable, ain't she, Tom?"

"As a lamb," replies the Groom, gruffly, squinting all round the horse's head: "you can do anything a'most with her. I don't think as I ever comed across such another quiet oss as she is. Woa, beauty!"

As the peaceful animal begins at this moment to show signs of restiveness, CLUMBER, quite equal to the occasion, says,

"Walk her up the road, Tom." Then, as she is led out, with great caution on the part of the diplomatic TOM (I notice that she goes out of the yard with a nervous jerking back of the head, as if she were expecting some one to hit her over the eye), CLUMBER explains her impatience to me, reasonably enough, by saying, "You see she's been standing here in the cold some time, and she's a high-couraged horse, she is."

I watch her performance on the road with much interest. The Groom runs with her, and she trots, admirably it seems to me. He runs back with her, and she canters, also admirably, with perhaps just such a hint of kicking up as makes me, standing where I am, feel a trifle nervous about my knees. I generally feel nervousness in my knees. (*Note for Typical Developments.* Knees and Nervousness. Their connection. Vol. xix., chap. 8.) CLUMBER observes that she's a bit fresh now, but there's no vice—none.

"Take her in, Tom," he says.

TOM disappears with her into the stable, and I hear what sounds





### CONSOLATION.

*Housemaid.* "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE LOST YOUR UNCLE, MARY."

*Mary.* "YES, IT WAS QUITE SUDDEN. BUT—AIN'T IT A REAL COMFORT AS I GOT THAT BLACK DRESS, INSTEAD OF THE GREEN ONE YOU WANTED ME TO BUY?"

to me uncommonly like kicking and prancing, and Tom's voice saying, angrily, "Get up, can't yer!"

I look at CLUMBER, who doesn't hear these sounds.

SPOKER does, and draws his attention to it.

"O," says CLUMBER, "that's the old grey. She's fidgety in the stable. The little mare's right enough."

We enter the stable, and certainly there is the little mare in the stable "right enough."

To come to the point, I ask what CLUMBER wants for her. SPOKER repeats this to him, when he replies, to SPOKER, not to me,—

"Well, I don't quite know as she ain't already sold to a gentleman in Devonshire, as was very sweet upon her."

Now that there is a chance of *not* getting her, I say, "O, never mind the gentleman in Devonshire," and I at once begin to feel that she is (particularly after all this trouble), just the thing to suit me.

"I'd like to part with her to *you*, Sir," says CLUMBER, pathetically, "'cos I know as she's sure of a good home."

He evidently doesn't think much of the gentleman in Devonshire. He speaks of her having a "good home" with me as though I should keep her in the drawing-room, and, by implication, that the gentleman in Devonshire would put her out in the dust-hole. I appreciate the compliment to my humanity. In CLUMBER's eyes I am the merciful man who is merciful to his beast. I am flattered by his preference. Come, let him name his price.

"Well," he says, as if deliberating a nice point, "I can't exactly say *now*, because she don't belong to me altogether, as you may say—she belongs to my Father-in-law, and he won't come back till the day after to-morrow, and I don't quite know what he'd say about it if I'd parted with her while he was away. But," says he, brightening up, and becoming a trifle less husky than usual, "if he don't want to keep her—and he's very fond of the little mare, 'cos she's so gentle with children," (quite touching this: the tender side of CLUMBER's character)—"I'll let you know the day after to-morrow."

Good. Agreed. *Mem.*—To hear from CLUMBER; day after to-morrow.

### TREMENDOUS SELF-SACRIFICE.

AMONG the regulations respecting Temporary Writers in the Public Departments, recently put forth in the *London Gazette*, the following noble and generous proviso must command admiration:—

"9. No service, however much it may happen to be prolonged, will confer any claim to superannuation or compensation allowance."

Yes, this is noble; this is generous, not, indeed, as a stipulation simply considered, nor yet if taken in connection merely with the other ordinances concerning writers and candidates for writerships in the Civil Service. For it and they, even those which are in a measure concessionary, are all so worded as to seem to have been conceived in the spirit of a Board of Poor Law Guardians, with a Beadle for their amanuensis, and a view to a crowd of casual and vicious paupers, begging for employment, besieging the workhouse door. The nobleness and generosity characteristic of the notice that no service, however much it may happen to be prolonged, will confer on the miserable wretches discharged from it at last any claim to the allowance which, at the close of a life occupied with official labour, must be needed to save them from destitution, consist in the intended self-denial implied by that arrangement on the part of other Temporary Public Servants than poor Writers. A high-minded Government will not be harder upon indigent subordinates than they are upon themselves. Have they not already given up the old accustomed Ministerial Whitebait Dinner? Of course, Her Majesty's Ministers mean to decline Retiring Pensions.

### Rude City!

THE City of London is foremost in deeds of hospitality, charity, and munificence, but it is sadly behindhand in acts of gallantry. Alone, of all the Metropolitan Constituencies, the City did not allow the Ladies to vote at the School Board Election. The Corporation may tremble in their shoes and boots. The energetic female will now be clamorous for reform.



### SKOLASTIKOS.

GAZING AT SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAIR LADIES, DR. M'CLUSKIE REGRETS THAT WOMEN SHOULD EVER GROW OLD;—"FOR," HE OBSERVES, "WOMEN DIFFERENTIATE ESSENTIALLY FROM MEN IN THAT THE FORMER, HAVING LOST THEIR YOUTH, ARE OFTEN APT TO FOREGO THAT MINUTE CARE FOR EXTERNAL APPEARANCE AND PERSONAL ADORNMENT WHICH GOES SO FAR TO RENDER ONE SEX ATTRACTIVE IN THE EYES OF THE OTHER."

### A Happy Family.

THE new School Boards are some of them of a very composite character. Much curiosity is felt to know how one, in particular, will work, with four Churchmen (two High, one Broad, and one Low); three Wesleyan Methodists, two Congregationalists, two Presbyterians, one Quaker, one Moravian, one Swedenborgian, one Sandemanian, one Latter-Day Saint, and two Secularists, as its Members.

FROM *LE FOLLET*.—The prevailing colour in Paris since MARSHAL MACMAHON'S re-election, —Magenta.

### AN APOLOGY AT GLASGOW.

BEN, excuse not truth's transgression,  
Own that what you said was wrong.  
"Blundering" was a fair expression;  
"Plundering" is a word too strong.

Liberal Ministers may blunder.  
Some have done so now and then.  
Thieves and Tories only plunder;  
Mark that observation, BEN!

"Plundering" is, instead of labour,  
Picking purse, or forcing till,  
So as to deprive your neighbour  
Of his goods against his will.

"Him as prigs wot isn't his'n,"  
Ran the street-boy's artless lay,  
"Ven he's cotch'd he'll go to prison:"  
Those who plunder, so will they.

Of the few for class taxation,  
Which the many's votes may nail;  
For that legal confiscation  
Statesmen can't be sent to gaol.

Thus, to bribe the working classes,  
What although they cheapen tea,  
Coffee, sugar, and molasses;  
So the breakfast-table free?

What is property's invasion,  
Meant to gain a faction's aid,  
Though it failed, on one occasion,  
To destroy the tapster's trade?

Call it "policy," not "plunder;"  
Very different things, look you.  
As for blundering, you did blunder.  
How could you confound the two?

### PUBLIC NOTICE.

MR. PUNCH, as Inspector-General of Nuisances, hereby gives notice that from and after the date of this warning, the introduction into any newspaper, magazine, or review, public speech, or address, of any of the persons, objects, or things specified in the Schedule hereunder written, will be visited with the infliction of the severest penalties known to the Code Punch.

85, Fleet Street,  
December 6th, 1873.

### SCHEDULE.

ARISTIDES, the Just.  
CÆSAR'S Wife.  
DR. JOHNSON, as the Great Moralist, &c.  
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.  
Cerberus.  
The British Lion.  
Gog and Magog.  
"Every School-boy."  
The Schoolmaster now abroad.  
The Medes and Persians.  
The Kilkenny Cats.  
The Three Tailors of Tooley Street.  
Bow Bells.  
The Upas Tree.  
MAHOMET'S Coffin.  
Two Birds and one Stone.  
Glass Houses.  
BEAU BRUMMELL'S cravats, SIR JOHN CUTLER'S stockings, and *Cinderella's* slipper.  
Sour Grapes and Apples of Discord.  
The Old Man of the Sea.  
The New Zealander.  
And a great many other old and notorious offenders.

ALLEGED ADULTERATION OF SHERRY.—  
"You rogue, here's lime in this sack too."  
—*Falstaff*.



### DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

*Lady (to Jeames, who has brought up a Note). "DID YOU ASK THE YOUNG PERSON TO TAKE A SEAT?"*

*Jeames. "BEG PARD'N, M'LADY, SHE'D HEVIDENTLY BEEN EATIN' O' ONIONS; SO I AS'D HER TO BE S'GOOD AS TO WAIT OUTSIDE!!"*

### SCOTCH REVENGE AGAINST WIT.

THE *Inverness Courier* informs us that two young Scotchmen recently perpetrated a joke of the most telling kind. There was a fair at Fordyce, in Banffshire. After dark the gay young wits fastened a wire across a road,

— "so as to entirely obstruct the traffic. Soon after, a dog-cart, containing three men, came along the road, and the horse, coming against the wire, tripped and fell, upsetting the machine, and dashing its occupants to the ground. The men were all more or less injured, the dog-cart was broken and damaged, and the horse cut and bruised."

We have not often laughed so much as at this outbreak of true humour. We regret to add that wits, like prophets, have no honour in their own country. The light-hearted fellows were laid hold of by the cold, stern hand of Law, and SHERIFF GORDON (whose name should go down to posterity in company with that of SIR THOMAS LUCY) sentenced them to thirty days' imprisonment, without the option of a fine. Wit is a fatal gift in a prosaic land. In England, now, where there is much more real appreciation of mirth, we allow farmers and other landowners to do about the same thing without any hindrance or punishment. We let them conceal wires in their hedges, and break the necks of man, woman, and child unsuspectingly engaged in the pursuit of harmless and healthy sport.

Dearly as he loves pleasantries, however, *Punch* wishes there were Sheriff Gordons in every hunting county in England.

### Nonconformity and Knowledge.

PROFOUND thinkers sometimes overlook facts lying on the surface. Among all the disputants for and against religious instruction in national schools, there is not one to whom appears to have occurred the question how much religion is ever taught in any school whatsoever? Might not Dissenters safely rest satisfied that denominational teaching would be perfectly irreligious if they would leave it alone?

### UTILISATION OF PROSE.

FIGURED Shirts have of late come extensively into wear. A neat thing in this kind of under-clothing has been brought under our notice. It is denominated the School Board Shirt, and its speciality consists in its being printed all over with leading articles and speeches on the subject of Education. This is designed not only with a view to ornament, but also, and indeed rather, to utility. The peculiar recommendation of the School Board Shirt is that it constitutes an efficient preservative against cold, rheumatism, and other disorders that are apt to be caused by damp linen. Whensoever and howsoever the School Board Shirt may come from the wash, the print of which forms its pattern remains reading of such a nature as to keep it always thoroughly dry.

### A Black Diamond Drop.

THE best news we have heard of late is that coals have fallen suddenly three shillings a ton. Still eight-and-thirty shillings is a terrible price for Wallsend—which is not really Wallsend, and indeed in many cases is hardly more combustible than the stones, or bricks and mortar which its name seems to imply. With coals at such a price, we are not surprised to see that "The Diamond Fuel Company" has been started to supply us. We never sit by our fire-side now without thinking what we pay for such a precious luxury. Our black diamonds are gems wellnigh too costly for combustion. Haply we may live to see them set in necklaces and bracelets, like other members of the brilliant family whence sprang the Koh-i-Noor.

### ONE CHEER MORE FOR THE LADIES.

MR. PUNCH offers his hearty congratulations to the Ladies who have been elected members of the School Boards—he wishes they were not so few—and takes leave to apprise them that they will find some most useful scholastic information in a little publication (now ready), entitled *Punch's Pocket-Book for 1874*.



## LAVISH!

*Absent Man o' Business.* "O, Mr.— (forgets his Name), WILL YOU EXCUSE ME ONE MINUTE? TAKE A SEAT—PRAY TAKE A CHAIR—TAKE A—"

*Meek Client.* "THANK YOU, I HAVE ONE—"

*Man o' Business.* "THAT'S ALL RIGHT,—TAKE ANOTHER!!"

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

*For the use of our own Statistical Society.*

A GENTLEMAN, in easy circumstances, residing in Belgravia, has made the computation that Society at present owes him sixty-nine Umbrellas, of the value in the aggregate of £53 8s. 6d., which he has left at various houses, or which on various pretexts have been borrowed or abstracted from him, since he first set up housekeeping a score of years ago.

Notwithstanding the admirable Lectures upon Cookery, which have excited such sensation in the fashionable world, it is believed that at the present time only one (so-advertised) "professed" Cook out of fifty, wanting forty pounds a year, besides her tea and beer, knows how to fry a sole crisp, or to dry-boil a potato, or to serve a savoury omelette, which tastes of anything but mildew, garlic, grease, and superannuated eggs.

The worth of Wedding Presents has been variously estimated. In certainly not more than thirteen cases in a hundred, the ornamental nick-nacks which have been selected have proved to be constructed of sufficient durability to last above a twelvemonth: while the gifts which have been chosen for their positive utility have been found upon the average scarce exceeding two per cent.

Out of five-and-twenty Cabmen, privately examined, eighteen have alleged that, when they think it practicable, they always charge for babies; six have stated that their rule is not to smoke inside their cabs while waiting for a lady; eleven have declared that they expect no extra pay for carrying in the luggage when there is a footman present; thirteen have protested that they never pawn left articles, not even silk umbrellas; and not fewer than seven have professed their perfect willingness to depose on oath that under no temptation ever have they overcharged a foreigner.

A Railway Guard computes, as the result of his own personal experience, that the fines which should be levied upon ladies of good family, who fraudulently manage to smuggle in their lap-dogs,

## OUR NATIVE ALLIES.

WASH me white, Sar, if I knows  
Which am wussar, friends or foes.  
'Fore, foe charge me in de wind;  
Friend, him prod me on behind.  
Guns ahead, but pistol near,  
Pointed to dis nigger's ear.

Shot hit harder dan a pebble:  
Hurt'um like de berry debble.  
P'raps de brains at once him scatter.  
'Pose de shin him smash and shatter?  
Den de punishment more bitter  
For a miserabobble critter.

Wot's de nigger's consolation  
For him death or amputation?  
'Cause him fight well here below  
Goin' whar good niggers go?  
Yolly! fust make dat thar out  
Berry sure beyond all doubt.

Dogs, and white inferior races,  
'Cause dem don't tink, danger faces.  
Nigger, he foresees objection,  
'Cause him gifted with reflection.  
Dat's de reason him skedaddle  
Fast and far as him can straddle.

Ob all critters, wot got most  
Desprit curridge am a post.  
Plant a post, and dere him stay.  
Post him nebber run away,  
'Cause why post him noways clebber;  
Can't tink nohow wotsomedebber.

Nigger man, possessed ob reason,  
Turn him back in danger's season,  
'Cept when danger's in de place  
More at back dan in de face;  
Pistol bully, bagnet-pick,  
Or uncomfortable kick.

Nigger fight instead of fly,  
Sartain if him bolt him die.  
Dere's a chance for him in front;  
Den him brave de battle's brunt—  
—Intelleck am so much bigger  
Dan de passiums in de nigger.

beneath their cloaks and wrappers, without paying for a dog's ticket, exceed, upon the average, twenty thousand pounds a year.

At a Circulating Library of extensive reputation it has been shown that ninety-three per cent. of novel-readers always turn the leaf down when they want to mark their place, and that only two per cent. of them have sufficient education or mental self-command to abstain from under-scoring, or making foolish marginal reflections on the text.

At the Cattle Show last year there were present at one time a dozen Vegetarians, who had never since their babyhood tasted a beefsteak.

It has been calculated lately, by a careful Statistician, that the value of the bouquets thrown last season at the Opera, in round numbers, amounted to eleven thousand pounds.

The Lodgers having Latchkeys at loose in the Metropolis amount, it is believed, to one hundred and fifty thousand, seven hundred and sixteen.

Guesses have been made as to the value of the "perquisites" claimed yearly by the Cooks at the West End; but it is feared that the Police are, at present, too much interested to permit of their collecting statistics on the subject.

## London and Elsewhere.

THE omnibus- and cab-men have held a meeting to deprecate the further employment of asphalt as a pavement for the streets of London. Among comic Irish melodies once popular there was one in which occurs the protestation that

"London, agra! is the devil's own shop."

The asphalt pavement was designed for the abatement of noise; but the horses go down on it. It was laid with good intentions, but thus, so far as it extends, the pavement of London appears to resemble that of the locality referred to in the foregoing line.



## COMING EVENTS.



*Ancient Mariner in the Enchanted Lighthouse of the Frozen Pole; or, Harlequin Paul Jones and the Flying Dutchman in chase of the Great Sea Serpent in High Latitudes*, although perhaps at first sight it may look a little lengthy and complicated, seems to promise endless diversion. The same may also be said of *The Goblin Gnome of the Palace of Black Brilliants and the Mottled Mandrake of the Spangled Glen*; or, *the Shah, the Strike, and the School-Board*. The concluding tableau of this spectacle, representing the Realms of Radiant Rapture and the Phantom Sprites of the Gem-bound Coast, is said to surpass in lavish splendour and boundless ingenuity all antecedent scenic displays. Those who

find an inexhaustible stimulant in fairy legend and nursery lore will, we have reason to believe, not be disappointed with *Harlequin Jack and Jill and St. George and the Dragon and the Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds; or, Oberon-Aladdin and the Forty Thieves in the Great Bed of Ware in the Castle of Otranto*. Many more promising titles might be indicated, but enough, perhaps, has been said to stimulate a seasonable curiosity and satisfy the most inordinate expectations. When we have seen the pieces themselves we will say more on the subject.

## ROB ROY MARRIED.

ON the recent occasion of the marriage of JOHN, more widely known as "ROB ROY" MACGREGOR—not the cateran—the canoeist pioneer of canoe exploration, and founder of the Canoe Club, and, better still, hard-working member of the London School Board, and staunch and generous friend of the Shoeblack Brigade and the training-ship boys), his club-fellows—we are informed by the *Daily News*—have presented him with a claret jug and goblet with an inscription "in recognition of his efforts to improve canoes, promote canoeing, and unite canoeists."

MR. MACGREGOR's services to the great canoe-cause are all very well, but his canoeing comrades would do well to remember that his best credit has been won *not* "by paddling his own canoe," but by pulling a labouring oar among the skulls engaged in getting way on the good ship "Education." In honour of his services in *that* ship, *Punch* is glad to sing:—

Hymen's Happiest Voyage to you,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Ne'er may tide or breeze undue  
 From its fair way sideways slue  
 Your connubial canoe,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

## CERTAINLY EDUCATE GIRLS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR Correspondent, ANGELINA, last week gave you a pleasant but frivolous conversation, in support of her view that no high education is wanted by a girl, whose business it is to make herself pleasant, and to get married.

I concede the latter proposition, but there are men who are not to be won by twaddle and an incessant use of the word "awful." I beg leave to subjoin a report of the conversation that led to my engagement, and I am,

Yours affectionately,  
 VANESSA.

SCENE—Dinner. A large Party.

CADENUS has taken VANESSA down, having been introduced to her ten minutes previously. They sit.

CADENUS. You have plenty of room, I hope? (*Sotto voce.*) We are rather closely packed.

VANESSA. Plenty, thanks. (*Examines menu.*) Who was it said, "What a number of things there are here that I do not want"?

CADENUS.

"Man wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long."

But we are going to have a long dinner, anyhow. However, I am the gainer.

VANESSA. Why?

CADENUS. "Situating as I am," as MRS. GERMAN REED sings.

VANESSA. Please don't begin to be civil, especially before you know whether you are a gainer or not.

CADENUS. One of the old dramatists makes a young lady say—

"Give me him dare love  
 At first encounter."

VANESSA. Very likely. You know we mustn't read the old dramatists. But I like the word encounter—it takes fighting for granted.

CADENUS. Our natural state is one of war, says HOBBS of Malmesbury.

VANESSA. But there is a classical condemnation—I'm afraid I was going to say curse—upon anybody who quarrels at meals.

CADENUS. Tell me where that occurs.

VANESSA. Ah! You think I don't know. Well, I won't quote, but wasn't there a MISS HIPPODAMIA, at whose marriage—

CADENUS. The Centaurs and the Lapiths took too much wine. I am glad to find that you care about old stories.

VANESSA. Surely that is better reading than our modern wedding descriptions—how the bride looked lovely in lace and silver, and each of the bridesmaids had a beautiful locket, with her monogram.

CADENUS.

"On her white breast a sparkling gaud she wore,  
 Which Jews might guess cost, bleth me, four-pound-four."

VANESSA. Don't! I hate parodies. And I do love POPE. Don't you think that the editor of the grand new edition is very hard upon him?

CADENUS. Nobody can be too hard upon anybody. It is a wicked world, and the fewer people we praise the better.

VANESSA. There is an excellent paper in the *Spectator* which advises us to praise people, on the chance of their being stimulated to deserve the good opinion they think we have formed of them.

CADENUS. Very well remembered. But it is of no use lauding folks who have gone *ad majores*.

VANESSA. And yet, *de mortuis*—

CADENUS. *Nil nisi verum.*

VANESSA. You would not get your living by writing epitaphs, I think.

CADENUS. Derivation of "epitaph"?

VANESSA. *Epi* upon, *taphos*, a tomb. Do you take me for a charity girl, or a writer of modern novels? Or is this a competitive examination?

CADENUS (*tenderly and with intense meaning*). No, there is no competition?

VANESSA. I rather fancied you not the sort of person who needs to be told a thing twice.

CADENUS. *Bis repetita placebit*, when some people say it.

VANESSA. Well turned. And as that darling girl, *Miss*, in *Polite Conversation*, says, "Another turn, and I should have turned away from you."

CADENUS. She says no such thing, and you know it. Yes, *Miss* is a darling, and didn't she want her ears boxed?

VANESSA. Not half so much as those dreadful matrons. Mind, I read a copy which a friend had edited, with great blottings out, but the awful vulgarity of the women is inextinguishable. By the way, did DEAN SWIFT write the *Last Years of Queen Anne*, or not?

CADENUS. I am ashamed to say I never considered the question. But MR. DISRAELI's father was a rare authority, and if he told his

son that the book was the Dean's, it was. How amused your brother there seems to be!

Vanessa. "Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

Cadenus. I suppose that's the solution, though he is your brother, for he has certainly got a very "gracious Silence" next him, as Coriolanus says.

Vanessa. A descendant of *Master Justice Silence*, perhaps.

Cadenus. How do you know that the eminent Beak was a married man?

Vanessa. Well, he sings

"Be merry, be merry, my wife has all."

Cadenus. Go on.

Vanessa. Why not?

"For women are shrews, both short and tall."

—If you will look into *Richardson*, you will find that "shrew" is a compliment. It belongs to "shrewd," and means "keen," "penetrating," and "sagacious." There's research for you! Don't look alarmed. I never heard of the book till I read the *Quarterly's* article on "Dictionaries," and that sent me into Papa's library to examine for myself.

Cadenus. You would make an invaluable wife to a literary man. Oblige me, and do not marry a Nignoramus.

"She did not waste on fops her beauty's dart,  
But boasts the triumph of a lettered heart."

Vanessa. Similar for friendship, opposites for marriage. Is not that doctrine sound?

Cadenus. Sound and fury, signifying nothing—worse, nonsense.

Vanessa. You think, with TENNYSON, "As the husband, so the wife is," and that the nobleness of her nature will not have strength to drag him up.

Cadenus. Yes, I do, and that he will be like GIBBON, when he could not rise from his knees, on which he had fallen to the blue-eyed Agnes.

"He was heavier than the Income Tax,  
And twenty times more difficult to raise."

And there's very high authority indeed against being unequally yoked together.

Vanessa. He might admire one so much, you know, and that is nice.

Cadenus. Admiration is a feeling *qui ne désire que finir*, the French tell us.

Vanessa. Has it begun, in your case, with your opposite neighbour?

Cadenus. It has not begun, in my case, with my opposite neighbour. It is permitted, I hope, to answer a question with exactitude.

Vanessa (smiles). She is considered very beautiful.

Cadenus. I admire her dress's semidiaphanity, which suggests a better arm than it covers. But I can understand her finding favour in the eyes of sundry persons.

Vanessa. Who would find none in yours? However, she is engaged to "some gentleman who fights, or writes, or drives."

Cadenus. Fights, if I were to guess. Her intellect would probably be dangerous to a heavy.

Vanessa. You are not to laugh at the military. I have several relations in the Army, and they are not at all heavy. An educated soldier, who is a clever man, and has seen service, and can talk well, is a most delightful companion.

Cadenus. *Subknocko*. I agree with you to the fullest extent, and I am sure that all your combative relations deserve such a description. Everybody's relations are delightful, you know.

Vanessa. I don't. *Gratia fratrum rara est*. I wonder whether you dislike a girl for speaking good Latin. If she spoke bad French you would tell everybody that she was a most accomplished linguist.

Cadenus. *Quis vituperavit?*

Vanessa. I am not Hercules, come.

Cadenus. Who educated you—who taught you? Or, as JOHN KEMBLE said to LADY MORGAN, "Little girl, where did you get all those hard words?"

Vanessa. She was not LADY MORGAN, then, Sir, but MISS OWENSON. And I make you her answer, "Out of the Dictionary, Sir."

Cadenus. MRS. MERRYDEW is collecting eyes. If I make myself agreeable to your brother, and he asks me to call, are you ever at home?

Vanessa. I don't know. Very likely. Sometimes. Wednesday is Mamma's day. He is very much interested in some new invention for improving the central fire in guns. Do you know anything about it.

Cadenus. Luckily, I have a brief about it—that is, about a patent. Many thanks.

Vanessa. But don't try to persuade me you read your briefs. That's a Parthian shaft for you. [Going.]

Cadenus (with immense expression of eye and voice). *Hæret luteri letalis arundo.* [Exeunt the Ladies.]

## RAILWAY SUFFERERS.



THE travelling Public, which owes not only facility of locomotion, but also nearly absolute security therein, to the minute, costly, and spontaneous precautions against accidents which endanger life and limb, uniformly taken by Railway Directors, will grieve to hear of the severe pecuniary losses incurred by unfortunate failure to avert casualties of that nature, in two instances, which

have been sustained by two several Companies, the London and North-Western, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire. Against the former of these an action was brought last Wednesday by a Wesleyan Minister named TELFER, in the Manchester Assize Court, for loss of livelihood as a preacher and lecturer, through injuries received in a collision at Widnes in November, 1872. A jury, evidently estimating both the value of a Wesleyan Minister and the resources of a Railway Company at an equally high figure, awarded MR. TELFER damages to the amount of no less than £1250. At the same assizes, MR. KENYON, a potato-dealer, sued the latter of the above-named companies for serious injuries from an accident at Salford. The potato-dealer, rated even more highly than the Methodist preacher, obtained the compensation of £2500. These are heavy sums for poor Railway Directors to have the discredit of losing, but though deserving of every sympathy, they will, it is to be hoped, only redouble their exertions to prevent the occurrence of those lamentable mishaps too often occurring to litigious persons, and subjecting companies to lawsuits resulting in damages which make large holes in dividends.

## Apprehended Outrage.

CANON KINGSLEY, the other evening, in the chair at a meeting held at the Jews' Infant School, Whitechapel, to promote the reopening of certain Baths and Wash-houses, delivered some felicitous observations on water, associated, no doubt, by his fascinated readers with Water Babies. Other speakers having otherwise instructed or entertained the assembly, resolutions were adopted; the first of them being:—"That it is highly desirable to reopen and place upon a permanent footing the baths and wash-houses in Goulston Square." As the word footing means a ground for the foot, it is too probable that its occurrence in the above connection has occasioned some desperate offender to perpetrate the atrocity of calling the baths to be placed on a permanent one foot-baths; thus putting his own foot in it.

## A Professor's Oversight.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER is something more than even a profound scholar, so that one thinks once, twice, thrice, four, five, and six times and more before questioning what he says. Yet, when holding forth on Intercession Day in Westminster Abbey—thanks to broad-minded DEAN STANLEY—he told the people that "a religion must sooner or later cease to exist if it ceased to be missionary," and that "the three religions which were alive were the three missionary religions, the Buddhist, the Mahometan, and the Christian religions," one cannot help so far demurring to these statements, which imply that every other religion besides those three religions is dead, or has only a nominal existence, as to ask what MR. SOLOMONS would say?



## EARLY GRAMMAR.

"O, MAMMA! DO MAKE MISS LINNET DON'T LEAVE OFF. SHE SINGS SO VERY NICELY!—NICERLY THAN YOU DO, EVEN!!—NICESTLY OF ANY ONE I KNOW!!!"

## LAWRENCE'S BEST LORDSHIP.

THERE'S life in the old British Lion still;  
 When he, who late held the Vice-regal helm,  
 O'er the thrice fifty millions that fill  
 The brimming borders of our Indian realm,  
 Lays down more potent power, more royal rule,  
 Than e'er was swayed by Khalif or Mogul,  
 For London's School-Board chair, and patient sits,  
 Through infinite debate, and weary war  
 Of words with words, or, rarer, wits with wits,  
 Seeing, through stour of strife, the good afar;  
 And finds his earned rest, not in idle hours,  
 But in new battle with more hideous powers,  
 Than those whose idols stretch their sheafs of hands  
 O'er the bowed blindness of the Indian crowd,  
 Prostrate before them on the wide waste sands  
 Upon whose marge beats the Black-water\* loud—  
 Devilish powers with light and love at war,  
 Whose empire, than our Indian realm more wide,  
 Whose sway, than Kallee's,† blacker, bloodier, far,  
 Asks wills as firm, their will to over-ride,  
 Hearts as stout, heads as clear, their way to bar,  
 As India asks of the Vice-regal Lord,  
 Who, for her good, sways sceptre and bears sword.  
 Then, not less green the wreath for LAWRENCE wound,  
 The first to guide the Board that guides the School,  
 Than that we twined those sad, stern brows around,  
 Worn with the iron crown of Indian rule.

\* The Indian name for the Ocean.

† The Indian Goddess of extermination and wrath.

NICELY BOUND.—We are all familiar with "best calf" in another form besides excellent veal, but perhaps it may not be equally well known that "coloured sheep" (not to be confounded with blackfaced mutton) is also to be found on our tables.

## WINTER FASHIONS.

"Polonaises, if made of cloth, may be very plain. . . . The pockets which are so much worn, add very greatly to the style; they are made large, and placed in front, on the hips, or at the back. Sometimes there are five—two in front, two behind, and a small breast-pocket."

It is unnecessary to name the publication which gives us this valuable information. It is known all over the world, wherever a Milliner has found a show-room, or a Dressmaker displays her patterns. But what can a lady want with five pockets—five large pockets? Let us see. Supposing her keys, her purse, her handkerchief, and her card-case all require separate accommodation, there will still be a pocket to spare. Is it reserved for a smelling-bottle, or for the volume of *Shakespeare* or *Milton* which is now the constant companion of the women of the present day? If she is a young lady, and engaged to be married, we can understand the use of the fifth pocket. She may naturally wish to carry about with her, in some safe receptacle, a cabinet portrait with the hair accurately parted down the middle, and the precious locket well displayed on the manly waistcoat—and for this purpose the breast-pocket seems admirably designed.

Do not, dear Ladies, imitate vulgar Man in one more respect. Do not thrust your dainty hands into these tempting front pockets—an ugly trick, which all the laws and traditions of good society discountenance and condemn.

## Economy of Fuel.

WE'LL be merry yet, old fellows.  
 Never mind the price of coals!  
 Sing old Rose and burn the bellows;  
 Thence with warmth to cheer your souls.

We no more again to blow them  
 Can afford; shall ne'er require.  
 Fit for fuel only, throw them,  
 Therefore, on our winter's fire.





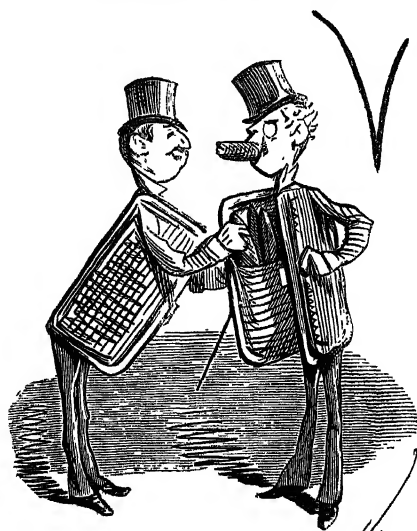
CARDWELL THE DAUNTLESS. (AT HOME.)

"WHAT'S HE THAT WISHES FOR MORE MEN FROM ENGLAND?  
MY GARNET WOLSELEY? NO, MY FAIR GARNET!  
IF THEY ARE MARK'D TO DIE, THEY ARE ENOW  
TO DO OUR COUNTRY LOSS; AND IF TO LIVE,  
THE FEWER MEN THE GREATER SHARE OF HONOUR."—*Shakspeare (slightly altered).*





## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



**ERY Happy Thought.**—To call at MR. TROTT's, the Veterinary Surgeon.

Here's another object for a walk. A variation on Stamps. One day a walk for Stamps; another, walk to Veterinary Surgeon. Awkward word, Veterinary. Can't say it well, without shaking your head.

I can get TROTT, who bears the highest character as a Vet (jaunty abbreviation this) and a Dealer, to go and look at CLUMBER's mare. TROTT will tell me if it is "Just the sort o' thing I want."

MR. TROTT, a long man, in tight trousers, hard gloves, and a loose, weather-stained overcoat, is starting, in a lofty gig, for a round of professional calls.

"If you don't object to stepping up here, Sir," he says from the box-seat, "and won't mind my calling at Flipster's Hatch on the road, I'll go on straight to CLUMBER's afterwards. It'll be all in my way."

I accept, and climb up into the gig.

What strikes me about TROTT's gig, is, considering TROTT's profession, its remarkable appearance of carelessness.

It has, evidently, seen a great deal of wear and tear. The wear being in the wood part, and the tear in the leather.

TROTT's horse—which he drives apparently so negligently, that I've half a mind to ask him whether it wouldn't be as well to hold the reins a little tighter, only that he's a Vet, and *must* know what he's about—is a long-backed, anyhow-jointed animal, slinging along as negligently as TROTT drives, with his head straight out in a lolling way, as if he were over-weighted in the nose. I notice, too, that he moves with an occasional hitch-up of his hind-quarters, reminding me of a stage-sailor's action, when he says, "Ay, ay, Sir!"

**Happy Thought.**—Evidently an animal for a Horse Marine. Suggest to TROTT to send him out to the Gold Coast, as a first instalment towards a Mounted Contingent.

I tell TROTT what I want him to do, and he is of opinion that I am quite right to call him in.

"It's worth your while to wait," MR. TROTT says, "and to give a ten-pun' note more for a horse that won't come down on his nose within a week after you've bought him."

Quite so. My sentiments exactly. I say, "Yes, as long as I get something that *suits* me, I don't mind a ten-pound note either way." By which I mean ten pounds less, if possible.

"Just so," says MR. TROTT.

We turn in at a gate. A tumble-down house, dirty, sloshy road, and dilapidated-looking outbuildings.

Flipster's Hatch.

A boy, in a smock, stands at the horse's head, and TROTT, saying he won't be five minutes, gets down, and disappears into a dirty yard.

I suppose this is a Farm. "Flipster's Hatch" as a name is not suggestive of anything in particular, except, perhaps, Chickens. "Colney Hatch," of course, is a Lunatic Asylum, but not all Lunatics are kept under Hatches. There's such a neglected air about the whole place, that I think it must be a Farm in Chancery.

**Happy Thought.**—Or a "Homestead" when the people are not at home.

A shabby man, with a shirt that ought to have been sent to the wash three days ago, and with a black frock coat, black waistcoat, black tie, and grey trousers, not a bit like a farmer (but more like an undertaker who'd not quite finished dressing), comes out from a side door, and, looking up at me, says,

"Come, and have a look at the Cow."

This takes me so by surprise, that I can't help showing it.

"I beg your pardon. What?"

"Come, and have a look at the Cow."

Perhaps he means this for hospitality. Or perhaps it is something curious which he wishes me, as a visitor, to see.

Not to offend him, I reply, "Thank you, yes, with pleasure."

I like being shown over farms. That is, I like getting up as

quickly as possible all the information I can on any subject whatever. It occurs to me as strange (now I come to think of it) that this is the first time in my life I ever *have* been specially invited to "look at a Cow."

We pick our way (I mean I pick mine, and he trudges) through a very dirty yard (this is evidently not a model farm, where you could "eat your dinner off the floor of a pigstye," as a model farmer once said to me), and come to a low, shed-like sort of stable. A very mucky place.

**Happy Thought.**—All-Muck's.

I wonder the Drainage Commissioners (or somebody) aren't down on this mucky farmer.

**Happy Thought.**—Good name for a dirty Scotch Farmer, MR. MUCK INTYRE. Don't say this to my companion for several reasons. Firstly, because I think he wouldn't understand it. Secondly, because if he understood it he wouldn't like it. Thirdly, because he, probably, isn't Scotch, and wouldn't care much about it. Fourthly, because, if he is Scotch, his Highland (or Lowland, or Midland) blood will be up. Fifthly, because he is now drawing my attention to the Cow.

I thought he was going to show me a magnificent Alderney, or a splendid Something-or-other (I forget what other sort of cows there are, and at this moment I can only remember that the Southdowns are sheep not cows), and here I find a dirty-white, fly-bitten, over-sized Cow, lying in a loose box on heaps of straw, moaning, blowing, rolling, and, I should say, if I were asked at once what I thought about her, as mad as a hatter. [How about "Flipster's Hatch" now? Asylum for Lunatic Cows. Why not? Wouldn't vaccination from a Lunatic Cow account for a great deal of — *Mem.* Note this for *Typical Developments* under L. C., Vol. XVII.]

The Farmer, or whatever he is (for the more I see of him the less he comes up to my notion of a farmer—then, of course, *my* notion of a farmer may be wrong), goes into the loose box, and regards her with a puzzled expression. I stand at the door, looking in like Paul Pry, when he says, "I hope I don't intrude," and my companion says, "I can't make her out."

I don't quite understand at first what it is that he can't make out about her. Whether he means, "Is she a cow or not a cow? Is she mad or sensible?" As a safe course, I observe, with sympathy, "She seems in rather a bad way."

"Yes," he continues, "she is that. We followed out the directions, though: gave her the mashes and the brandy."

"Brandy? When?"

"Why," he replies, as if a little hurt at my question, "as ordered, this morning. A pint."

**Happy Thought.**—Then I can explain the symptoms. The Cow's drunk. Evidently not "Mad as a Hatter," but "Drunk as a Fiddler."

By the way, I must note this (and do now) for *Typical Developments*, Volume something, and see where the subject will fit in. I fancy under "Peculiar Proverbs," or "Social Similes." ("S. S.;" don't think I've done much under the letter S at present.) Why should certain stigmas be affixed to certain trades?

**Query.**—Was the first Hatter considered a lunatic by people who, till then, used to go about bare-headed? Just as the inventor of Steam was looked upon as a maniacal visionary, because he thought he could do something a little out of the common with boiling water.

**Second Query.**—Was the first Fiddler (evidently an object of envy because he played first fiddle) looked upon as inebriated? Perhaps so. I put an instance to myself. Supposing I met HERR JOACHIM fiddling his very best for the first time—supposing, also, that I'd never seen a fiddle in my life, and suddenly came, in a street, or a wood, or on the sea-shore, on HERR JOACHIM, hard at work practising for a concert that evening, what would be my opinion of HERR JOACHIM's condition? I think I should be, at first sight, inclined to take a Policeman's view of the matter, and say Drunk and Disorderly. Very good. Then, supposing this to have happened any number of thousand years ago, this would be crystallised (good word this) into a proverb, which would naturally come to be "Drunk as a Fiddler."

Of course I select HERR JOACHIM as the present distinguished representative of the height of good fiddling.

Then, while on the subject, I might make a series of similes for trade and professional purposes: thus, Mad as a Hatter, Drunk as a Fiddler, Comic as a Cobbler, Mild as a Milkman, Bold as a Baker, Short as a Shoemaker (short, referring to his temper), Terrible as a Tanner, Pierce as a Photographer, Charitable as a Chandler.

For "Drunk as a Fiddler," I would substitute, *aliteratively*, "Tight as a Trombone-player," or would supplement it, without the alliteration, with "Screwed as a Flautist."

The Sort-of-Farmer notices me making notes. "You're writing a prescription?" he asks.

"A prescription? No. What for?"

"O, I thought you might be. Your Guy'nor gave us one t'other morning, an' I was going to tell you as 'twarn't hardly of no use." Here MR. TROTT steps up.



### OUR COUSINS AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

*British Farmer.* "THERE! THAT'S THE ONE I FANCIES—'CLASS ONE—HIGHLY COMMENDED—SHORT-HORN COW—SOLD FOR SIXTY GUINEAS.'"

*Yankee Friend.* "SIXTY GUINEAS! WHY, WE THINK NOTHING ON 'EM IN OUR COUNTRY UNDER EIGHT THOUSAND!"

"Your young man don't seem to make much out of the old Cow," says the Sort-of-Farmer.

He has mistaken me for Mr. TROTT's assistant.

The error being explained, the man only laughs, doesn't apologise, and says, "I thought he didn't seem to know much about a Cow."

Whereat Mr. TROTT smiles too.

Now, here would be a first-rate opportunity for a repartee, and I should make it, if I didn't, luckily, look well ahead, and realise what he'd say in reply. In one flash of thought I figure to myself the dialogue thus:—

*Farmer (jeeringly).* You don't know much about Cows?

*Myself (pointedly).* No; I know more about Donkeys.

[Meaning, that I know him, the Farmer, to be a Donkey.

*Farmer.* Ah! I should ha' thought as that was more in your line.

And what could I reply to this? There ends the repartee. You can't have anything after this. It would be an anti-climax. Consequently, as it stands, the Farmer would get the best of it, which is not my idea of a repartee exercise with a farmer.

TROTT, it seems, is calling, professionally, on the Cows.

### Spirits of the People.

DIPPING into Spiritualist Newspapers occasionally, you may have noticed that the Spirits accustomed to "manifest" their presence at séances usually express themselves in remarkably colloquial terms, and are called by names and diminutives of names the most common and domestic, as "John King," "Katie," "Peter," and "Jack." Ghosts, by those who thought they saw them, used to be treated with respect. Perhaps that was because they did not make themselves cheap. The communications obtained through "mediums" appear to proceed, not exactly from ghosts, but a low order of Spirits—from familiar spirits, which, embodied or disembodied, encourage familiarity to such a degree as to illustrate the saying that "familiarity doth breed contempt."

### SCOTCH ECONOMY.

THE student of jocular literature has, in the course of that reading, been presented with many illustrations of Scotch economy, but here is one which perhaps beats all that have ever yet been related. It is extracted from a newspaper:—

"THE PREVENTION OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The Caledonian Railway Company have resolved to discourage accidents on the line by putting a handsome premium on discriminating carefulness and zeal in their servants in future. Every engine-driver in their employment who can show a bill of twelve months' running without preventable casualty, is to receive a reward of £5; and in the same way every guardsman and breaksman similarly circumstanced will get £3."

Clearly there could have been devised no better way to "discourage accidents" on Railways than that of encouraging carefulness and zeal on the part of Railway Servants. There can be no doubt that it is to the discouragement, by the under-payment, of servants employed on Railways, many, if not most, of the accidents which occur are owing. The contrary of this false parsimony may be confidently expected to result in great comparative gain. That of the Caledonian Directors is true parsimony, Caledonian parsimony, canny Scotch parsimony, the parsimony of those who understand what parsimony is—the parsimony that pays. What they lay out in rewards for careful service will be a light insurance against heavy damages, and the "parsimonia" of those truly economical Scotchmen will, no doubt, prove "*magnum vectigal*" indeed.

### SPIRITUAL.

A PLACARD extensively posted about is surmounted with the heading "Save your Coal!" This must be suggestive to the Religious Tract Society. The wayfarer will soon, perhaps, have thrust into his hand a serious little treatise, bearing, with a slight orthographical alteration, the above title.



### FAIRPLAY IN A DILEMMA.

*Conscientious Party.* "Now, THEN, DROP YER GOGGLES, WILL YER? 'OW THE BLANK AM I TO 'IT YER WITH THEM GLASSES ON?"

*Nearsighted Party.* "How THE DEUCE AM I TO HIT YOU IF I TAKE 'EM OFF?"

### A NEW EXTRAVAGANCE.

MANY persons deriving enormous incomes, in these prosperous times, from business, will, no doubt, jump at the idea of making an addition to their expenditure on ostentation, suggested by the following passage in *Le Follet's* "Fashions for December":—

"The robes 'Princesses,' without tunics or upper skirts, are much worn for dressy occasions. The skirt is then made with a train or half-train. It is somewhat difficult to indicate the length this should be, but, for a lady of ordinary height, the skirt should be from a yard and a half to a yard and three-quarters at the back for the half-trains, but still longer for the trains for full evening dress."

At present, the wealthy contractors' daughters, the gorgeous factory-girls, and the other ladies of the plutocracy, who emulate those of the aristocracy in wearing "Princesses" robes, do no more than rival them, except in the costliness of their apparel. They do not, otherwise than in that respect, surpass them, or, as the elegant phrase is, cut them out. Now the trains of the above-named robes, which in point of length approach those of railways, afford occasion for a further extravagance of display, which, for that matter, would place the wearers of the "Princesses" on a perfect level with the royal personages so denominated, in point of attire, as these appear on State occasions. Their fathers or husbands should provide them with suitable pages, young gentlemen of some degree above that of the common "Buttons," to hold up their trains behind them as they move about in the assemblies of the opulent, and particularly whilst they are going down-stairs, when the trains of ladies are so apt to get trodden on and torn. The institution of train-bearers for fashionable females would thus be not only a considerable comfort to them, but also a great relief to numerous men, who are continually having the misfortune, in descending a staircase, to tread on the train of the lady they are walking down behind. These are of two kinds—the few whom some necessity has involved in a sumptuous party, whose minds are elsewhere, and their eyes elevated in states of thought, and the majority staring in the same

### ANDERSON AND CLEOPATRA.

*A Ballad composed expressly for MISS WALLIS, the talented Drury Lane Cleopatra, to be sung to MR. J. ANDERSON, as the classic Antony, on any night during the last week of the present Season.*

JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo, JIM,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your cheeks were health, with paint.  
Without your Roman bearing  
Would this have been "a go"?  
Then blessings on your lovely wig,  
JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo!

JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo, JIM,  
We've charmed "the Lane" together,  
You've brain, and muscle, too, JIM,  
Clear voice, and lungs of leather.  
Wi' ENOBARBUS RYDER, JIM,  
We two must pack and go,  
Now comes the time for Pantomime,  
JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo!

JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo, JIM,  
'Tis sad such classic folks  
As you, and I, and RYDER, JIM,  
Should abdicate for VOKES.  
Why, PHELPS might come, as Pantaloon,  
To RYDER's Clown, you know,  
And I'd be thine own Columbine,  
JAMES ANDERSON, my Jo!

### Self-Emancipation.

MORE or less sensation was created the other day by the arrival of the following telegram from Pesth:—

"At yesterday's meeting of the Council of Ministers M. SLÁVY announced that he persisted in his determination to resign office."

Poor SLÁVY! No doubt he is thoroughly tired of official drudgery.

"LE MOT (NON PAS) POUR RIRE."—The situation in France, under the Ministry of M. DE BROGLIE. An Im-broglio.

direction at a splendid ceiling. Of course it vexes them, and especially the former class of them, to find that they have stepped on a lady's train and made her tear it; besides which they are liable to get themselves tripped up, and so to tumble on the tail of guests on the steps below, or even simply down the steps headforemost. As soon as long trains were acknowledged to necessitate trainbearers, the trains would have to be discontinued by most ladies but those of the mercantile millionaires, and a nuisance would be abated in general Society.

### MOSQUITOS' MAGIC MUSIC.

PROFESSOR MAYER, at the Stevens Institute, has been describing a series of experiments on the *antennæ*, or horns, of the Mosquito. He finds these horns in the male Mosquito vibrate sympathetically to the sounds made by the female.

But the Professor concludes that the highly organised nervous apparatus in these hitherto imperfectly explained appendages is meant to enable the insect to detect in the dark the position of sonorous centres, and to make for them. Now, this sonorous centre *may* be the horn of the female, sounding an amorous invitation to the male; but it *may* also be the nose of the sleeper, playing its unconscious trombone accompaniment to his slumbers. The nose-organ plays—the air vibrates to its stertorous bass—the hungry Mosquito's antennæ quiver, and guide him through the night to the centre of sound. He settles, stabs, and sucks. And thus we see how beautifully and economically Nature provides even this awfully aggravating little insect, in his antennal apparatus, with a guide, at once, to the satisfaction of his two strongest appetites—that for his female, and that for his food!

In short, this interesting, but irritating, *Hymenoptera* is all his life—all its nocturnal half, at least—playing a perpetual game of magic music, of which now beauty now blood is the prize, and at one time his wife's horns, at another his victim's nose, the guiding instrument of music.





### "QUALITY" HOURS.

*Old Party (to Tomkins, whose Pug has been seized with a Fit). "IT STRIKES ME, SIR, YOUR DOG HAS HAD TOO MUCH DINNER!"*  
*Tomkins. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; MY DOG DOES NOT DINE TILL HALF-PAST SEVEN!"*

### BONDS BETTER REPUDIATED.

MEXICO has been going further in what the POPE considers the broad way, that leads to destruction—that is, in the teeth of the Church—than either Russia, Italy, Spain, Austria, Switzerland, or any other of the Church's lost sheep in the Old World's family of nations—if they should not rather be called, in the language of Papal allocation, abomi-nations. The anti-clerical majority in the Mexican Congress have decreed marriage a civil contract, have abolished the obligations of monastic vows, the right of religious corporations to hold property, and the celibacy of priests. In short they have completely severed the bonds between Church and State, in the vast domain which CORTÉZ conquered for the Church.

*Prosit.* All Mexican bonds have hitherto been a proverbially bad investment, but the Mexican bonds between Church and State are the first whose repudiation seems likely to increase the credit of the repudiators.

### An Improvement.

WE observe a pleasing novelty in a notice of a recent marriage. Instead of the officiating Clergymen being announced, with wearying monotony, as the brother-in-law of the bride, or the second cousin of the bridegroom, they were simply styled "friend of the bride," "friend of the bridegroom." We are hopeful now that "the Venerable the Archdeacon of Buntingford" and the "Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Banbury" will in time both disappear.

### The King and the Ballet-Girls.

THERE was a queer KING OF BAVARIA,  
 Who played on his fiddle an aria;  
 He sent for his valet,  
 And ordered a Ballet,  
 This Lunatic KING OF BAVARIA.

### THE ROASTER ROASTED.

**ROAST COOK.** — A young Man required at once for a Large Establishment.

"THIS is from a British, a Liverpool, paper. We are ready to make an affidavit in support of the fact, if required. Is another *ism* to be added to those by which this country is torn and distracted? Is Cann-b-lism openly practised in the second town of the kingdom? What are the Ministers of all Denominations doing? What steps are the Local Authorities taking? We fear it is too late to prevent the sacrifice of a useful member of society in the present instance—a victim has probably long ere this been found of proportions sufficient to satisfy the perverted appetites of "a Large Establishment;" but we trust the beneficial operation of the School Board and the spread of Education will be traced in the disappearance of such distressing advertisements in the future. Nothing now can astonish us any more, not even Boiled Butler or Stewed Footman.

### Quite Superfluous.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been publishing an article headed "What Railway Passengers may do for themselves;" and MR. MARTIN, a Lombard Street banker, proposes to form a "Railway Travellers' Protection Society," based on the article. What strikes us is the superfluousness of the leading idea suggested by the title. How can there be an opening for Railway Passengers to "do for themselves," considering the vast variety of ways in which the Railway Companies "do for them"?

### AT THE ANTIPODES.

THEY seem to have cheerful names for places in New South Wales, if we may take as a sample one which lately appeared in the first compartment of the first column of the *Times*—"Merri-Merri-gal." But it was a boy.

## GOOD NEWS FOR CHRISTMAS.



ANDIDLY, *Mr. Punch* detests travel. London, as has been well said, is the best place in the world for summer, and the only place in the world for winter. But Christmas is the drawback. There is a good deal to endure at Christmas, and indigestion is not the smallest of its afflictions, while relations, extortions, fogs, sham congratulations, and general boredom are among its biggest. Now, he has always admired MR. THOMAS COOK, considering him one of the benefactors of mankind. If one must leave home-comforts, the best thing is to place oneself under the care of one who has "seen men and cities," and will make a pilgrimage as little like a penance as possible. But MR. COOK has now established a claim not merely to admiration but to veneration. He has provided a way of escape from

Christmas Home Joys. He has organised an expedition for men who will abandon London bores and slay German boars. MR. COOK has engaged a large track of land in the Eifel Mountains, and he proposes to lead thither a gallant band of hunters who, while folks at home are slowly recovering from one fit of dyspepsia in order to bring on another, will do battle with the Wild Boar,

"Strike thro' the ravine  
At the foaming Behemoth,"

and, just as Christmas is over, will return vivified and glorified, and laden with the spoils of the chase. *Mr. Punch* thinks the idea so bold, so novel, and so humane, that he has ordered half-a-dozen rifles, ten new spears, and a brandy-flask, and will speedily be heard on the deck of an "Antwerks package," lustily carolling (better than raucous Christmas Carols) with WATSON,

"Boars of Eifel, grunt and weep,  
English *Punch* he ploughs the deep."

## A CALL TO SIR SAMUEL.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, in his speech the other evening, observed, that the Exeter Hall notions, about the Darkies being "Men and Brothers," were rather mistaken ones. He instanced a case, where, after touching an old Chieftain's heart with some Christian philanthropy, the old Chieftain, having mastered his emotion, offered to sell his own son for a spade. Perhaps the son wasn't much of a fellow after all, and SIR SAMUEL, had he accepted the offer, might have found that, in exchange for a useful spade, he had only received a stupid spoon.

Let SIR SAMUEL come and preach to the old Chieftains and Chieftainesses in the West End, during the Season. There is, in our Metropolis, a large traffic in sons and daughters going on. He would earn the gratitude of many could he prevent even a few of these Living Human Sacrifices. Here is a field for Missionary Enterprise. To play such a part in the Drama of High Life, would be, indeed, a rôle worthy of a great BAKER.

## EFFECTS OF THE FOG.

BESIDES killing numbers of the beasts assembled at the Cattle-Show, the fog last week occasioned many singular mishaps, some of which may turn out serious. By the zeal of our reporters, we can here record a few of them:—

MR. FLITTERTON made an abortive attempt to shoot the moon under cover of the darkness. But his landlord appeared suddenly with a policeman at his heels, and MR. FLITTERTON abandoned his idea of lunar sporting.

MR. DODGE declined to meet a bill drawn, payable at sight, alleging that the fog made it impossible to see it.

MR. JOLLIPOCK was discovered by his anxious wife a long while after midnight, vainly trying with his latch-key to open the front door. He stated for excuse that the fog was sho shoth-hic-tha' he c-couldn sheekyhole.

MR. SHIRKER found the fog so dense on starting for his business that he stayed prudently at home, and played all day at billiards with his pretty cousin POLLY.

MRS. LYNX found a Policeman on duty in her area, and was told he thought it right during the fog, as there were many thieves about, to keep a close watch on her premises.

MR. PHEEBLE tried his best to pop the question to MISS GADABOUT, but the fog so choked his utterance that, when he had screwed his courage to the popping point, he found himself unable to stammer out a syllable.

MASTER NOBBLEBY indulged in a pipe at his Aunt's, trusting that the smoke would not be smelt in such foul atmosphere.

MR. CLYFAKE did a fairish stroke of business in the fog, by helping timid people to find their way about, while he helped himself by finding his own way into their pockets.

MISS McFLITTER somehow managed in the fog to miss her party at the Cattle-Show, and was gallantly escorted home by CAPTAIN SLIBOOT, to whom she is engaged now.

MR. JONES's mother-in-law contrived under cover of the darkness to pay his house a visit, and is now quite comfortably quartered for some six weeks on his larder.

MR. LARKINGTON, in the fog, tied a string across the pavement from the lamp-post to his neighbour's door-knocker, at an altitude to catch the hats of passers-by and project them on the pavement.

MR. HARDUP, who has been in hiding for some weeks, took

advantage of the fog to take a little exercise, and did so unperceived by any of his creditors.

MR. RORY O'RAFFERTY, a Goody Templar, strayed into a gin-shop while strolling home from work, having by sheer accident, in the denseness of the atmosphere, mistaken the establishment for a coffee-shop.

## CHORAL.

TO CARPENTERS and WHEELWRIGHTS.—A good CHURCH SINGER is WANTED for a small Village; eight acres of Land.—Apply by letter only, &c.

THIS is from a local paper, not amongst the "Varieties" or the "Facetiae," but in the midst of the business advertisements. It may fairly rank with the most ingenious Christmas puzzles and riddles. Hitherto it has baffled the acutest intellects to which it has been submitted, and defied the most vigorous understandings to unravel. Why, asks the bewildered reader, in mingled accents of defeat and despair, are Carpenters and Wheelwrights especially singled out as likely to prove good Church Singers? Why is the preference given to them over Attorneys and Solicitors, or Chemists and Druggists, or Bricklayers and Masons? Is it because they are exceptionally free from the taint of Nonconformity? Again, why the reference to "eight acres of land?" Will the fortunate carpenter or favoured wheelwright be entitled to the rent they bring in as his yearly stipend, or will his musical services be acknowledged by permission to cultivate these eight acres free of charge or tax, or will they become his property, his own absolute freehold in fee simple for ever, if he gives satisfaction in the village choir?

Such are a few of the questions which this unique advertisement suggests, and up to the hour of going to press nothing approaching to a satisfactory answer to them had been offered. Perhaps when the fog has gone, the intellect may recover itself, and be able to grapple with "To Carpenters and Wheelwrights." It was wise to restrict the applicants to letters, otherwise such a levy of carpenters and wheelwrights, all singing at the top of their voices, and bent on viewing the eight acres, might have burst upon the "small village" as would have dismayed the stoutest incumbent and daunted the staunchest churchwarden.

MEN OF THE TIME.—Chronometer Makers.



### THE COSTUME BALL.

*Little Brown (who thought himself irresistible as Mephistopheles). "FAIREST MARGUERITE, WHY LOOK UPON ME AS A TEMPTER?"*

*Miss Synical. "YOU, MR. BROWN! CERTAINLY YOU ARE ABOUT THE LAST PERSON I SHOULD THINK OF IN THAT CAPACITY."*

*[The Demon is exorcised, not to say "shut up."]*

### TEMPERANCE TAXATION.

FANCY a society of compulsory Teetotallers meeting in a public-house. Fact. On Monday evening, last week, "the London Auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance" held their annual meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel. Of what magnitude soever, a public-house is a public-house. Cordial and invigorating liquors were consumed under the same roof as that which extended over the set of meddlers assembled to conspire for the purpose of depriving other people of those comforts. The usual cant having been vented by various declaimers,—

"MR. J. H. ROPER moved a resolution, which urged that it was the duty of all temperance electors to bring their influence to support those Candidates who were willing, by their votes in Parliament, to give to every district the power of self-defence against the pauperism, crime, and taxation, resulting from the liquor traffic."

This resolution is one unusually good of its kind. Temperance electors are therein invoked to support Candidates prepared to vote for a law which will tend to destroy the liquor traffic, in order that through its destruction they may get themselves defended from the taxation which, amongst other evils, results from it. This is capital. The Working Classes, almost entirely untaxed except as to their liquors, voluntarily tax themselves by consuming them, and thus "drank us out of the Alabama difficulty." Some twenty-eight millions of optional and insensible taxation accrue to the Revenue from the consumption of exhilarating liquors. Therefore, vote for Candidates who will vote for a law by which the consumption of those liquors will be put an end to. Do that wise thing to defend yourselves from the taxation resulting from the liquor traffic. A hopeful step to self-defence from taxation, truly, for everybody who pays Income-tax! If the United Kingdom Alliance succeeded in destroying the liquor trade, would they wish the abolition of excise to be replaced by increased duties on tea and sugar, and not, on the contrary, shout for the swindle of a "free breakfast table"? Would they have the hole which they desire to get made in the

### PHYSIC FOR THE FOG.

Fog blanks all vision. Frost completes  
The wintry gloom mid which we shiver.  
Each within doors, who can, retreats;  
Stopped is the traffic in the streets:  
The boats cease running on the river.

He finds it hard who dares to pace  
Suburban ways; mist, sight confounding,  
Veils e'en the post before his face.  
On railways, whilst, in every place  
About, fog-signals are resounding.

Now heap the coals upon the fire.  
No matter though 'tis burning treasure,  
Within, too, warmth since men require,  
Their hearts with comfort to inspire,  
Of cordial drink draw forth full measure.

Besides the supplemental log,  
Put, therefore, on the cheery kettle,  
In order unto making grog,  
Out of the throat to drive the fog,  
That on the lungs it may not settle.

Rum, brandy, whiskey, shall it be?  
Or gin? Fanatics, ultra-sober,  
Would, in such weather as we see,  
Have us all limited to tea,  
Apart from tea's new spirit, Robur.

O, may we never see the day  
When Britons shall, their heads grown thicker,  
Their liberty have thrown away,  
Their souls, that sink for want of stay,  
To fortify with generous liquor!

### Convertible Terms.

ON the 22nd instant, according to a telegram from Rome, the POPE will hold a Consistory, and deliver an Allocution. That is, he will give his hearers a talking-to, which, however, will probably rather be a talking-at, and not at them, but at other people—at everybody but Ultramontane Papists, and those only excepted, a talking at mankind in general, and the EMPEROR WILLIAM and PRINCE BISMARCK in particular. Papal allocution, in fact, is Papal invective.

Revenue stopped by direct or indirect taxation? Whichever method of ways and means were adopted, it would be an addition to the taxes of all electors who do not contribute to drink the nation out of its expenses; and those are the electors invited to vote for Candidates such as SIR WILFRID LAWSON, and his "Band of Hope," in order to defend themselves from the taxation which they are subject to already. The tax-paying electors will, probably, rather elect to bear the taxation which they have, partial and heavy as that is, than fly to other, which they know will be much worse, by electing the nominees of the United Kingdom Alliance. To the Allies against the freedom of the United Kingdom, the eye of the tax-payer must present an appearance of verdure. A great deal will be patent in reality there, if, after reading such a resolution as that above-quoted, every taxable person do not immediately pass a counter-resolution, in his own mind, by all means carefully to vote against any Candidate of theirs.

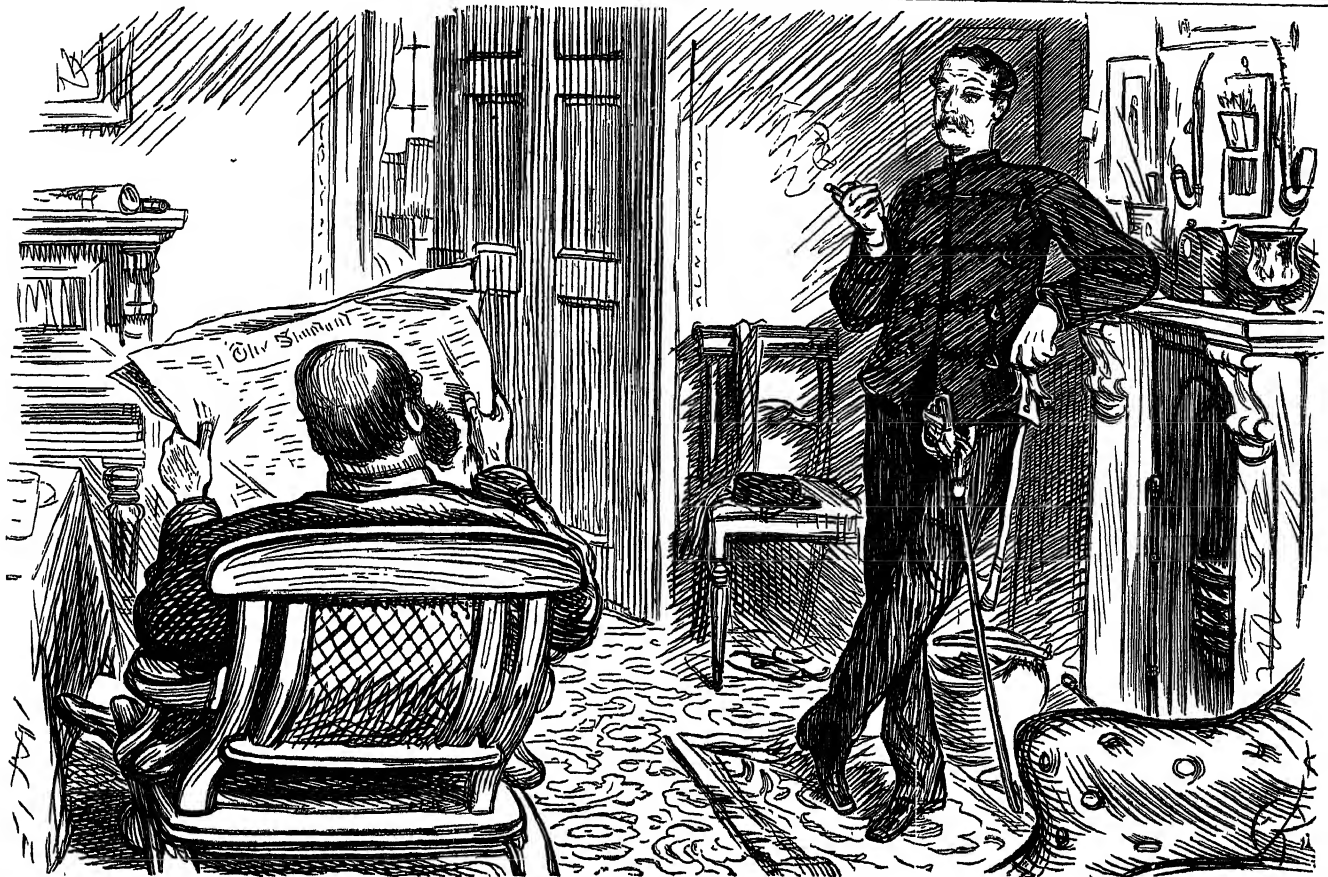
### THE LABOUR MARKET.

"MILLINERS WANTED, mourning and coloured."

MOORING Milliners, we presume, are sought for, as likely from a feeling of sympathy arising from their own recent bereavement, to display greater care and industry in the preparation of all the deeper descriptions of female mourning apparel. The demand for Coloured Milliners is not so easily explained. Young persons of the Negro or Mulatto type, who have gained a knowledge of millinery and dressmaking in their own genial country, and then made a voyage to follow their calling in England, must be few and far between, like "angels' visits," or unexpected legacies. So far as we have been able to pursue the inquiry, there is no lady in the circle of our acquaintance whose experience can point to more than the rarest examples of such a phenomenon.

Perhaps one of the learned Societies, the Statistical or the Anthropological, will take up the investigation, and by their researches throw light on a subject which is wrapped in obscurity.





## OFFICERS' GRIEVANCES.

*Lieutenant De Bogeys (of the Eleventh Half-Dozen N.B. Bouncibles, ordered to the Gold Coast). "PLAGUY NUISANCE, YOU KNOW, MAJOR! 'TISN'T THE SOWIMMAGE ONE MINDS—ENJOY THAT—IT'S THE BEASTLY CLIMATE. AND WHAT I DO COMPLAIN OF IS, THAT A WICH COUNTRY LIKE OURS CAN'T SHIP THIS BLANK FELLOW—WHAT'S 'S NAME, CHICKOWY—AND ALL HIS NIGGERS OVER HERE IN THE AUTUMN, AND LET US POLISH 'EM OFF QUIETLY ON SALISBURY PLAIN IN THE MANŒUVRES!!"*

## PHYSIC IN THE TEA-POT.

"*Te veniente die—te decedente*"—"Tea, morning and evening" is the prescription of a great many ladies for most of the ailments female flesh is heir to. They assure all who dare to be sceptical of the benefit of the infusion, of its "electrical effects" on the system. Some light is thrown on the point by DR. LETHBY at a recent interview of a deputation from the City Commissioners of Sewers with MR. STANSFELD, to press the want of some power for sanitary authorities of dealing with spurious and adulterated teas, which are constantly imported by millions of pounds. DR. LETHBY informed the President of the Local Government Board that 44 per cent. of a sample he exhibited was composed of iron-filings, sand, and colouring matter, and that on applying his magnet to it, the whole mass of the so-called tea was attracted. Now every one, thanks to FARADAY, know the close relations of magnetic and electric action, so no wonder if the tea that so exhibits the one should produce the other.

Then again iron is a well-known tonic, and it is only natural that, taken into the system in large doses of morning and afternoon tea, it should brace up the nerves and stimulate the blood. But, as we have a right to ask that coffee-drinkers should be allowed to buy their chicory and their coffee apart and mix for themselves, so we think ladies in want of a pick-me-up should be allowed to "exhibit" their tea and their iron separately. They would thus have a chance of ascertaining how much of the bracing effect they claim for the tea is due to the theine, and how much to the iron-filings so liberally mixed with it. And thus the divine Thea—a goddess and beverage of goddesses—and tonic iron, would each, as vegetables and minerals ought to do, stand on their own merits; and the ladies of England be no longer doctored in disguise by the "Heathen Chinese," for it appears that these adulterations come from JOHN CHINAMAN, prompted, it is true, by the demand of our markets for showy samples at impossible prices, and not from JOHN BULL, except in his capacity of tempter.

## RIGHT ROYAL PRESENTS.

THE DUKE and DUCHESS of HAMILTON—their two Graces—must have been really delighted with the overpoweringly handsome Wedding Gifts, presented by Home and Foreign Royalties. The list would be incomplete without the following particulars:—

From H.I.M. the EMPEROR of GERMANY, a pleasing Photograph of His Imperial Self (price 10 s. gr. apiece—a large reduction made on taking a quantity), in a neat and tinsel-gilt frame and glass complete, valued at 100 cents. French money.

From His Majesty the KING of BAVARIA, a Tune of his own Royal Composition, arranged by HERR WAGNER for the Violin, and written on one sheet of printed music-paper. Unique.

From the SULTAN, a quarter of a pound of real Turkish Tobacco, with the motto round the tin-can, "Many Happy Returns."

From the KHEDIVÉ, one Share in a new Speculation of LESSEPS'. Nothing paid up. First call in January, 1874.

From KING VICTOR-EMMANUEL, his Royal Autograph, postage not paid.

From the American President, Congratulations (by wire) on his Grace's becoming a citizen in a United State.

From H.I.M. the EMPEROR of ALL THE RUSSIAS, Note-Book, bound in real Russian.

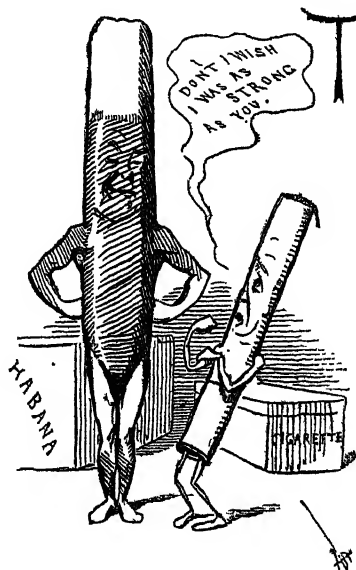
But what's in the value of a Present? Nothing. 'Tis the heartiness wherewith 'tis given. So, three cheers for the Duke and the Duchess, and, like the hero and heroine of a fairy story, may they "live happily ever after."

## Nine to One.

We are indebted to a country journal for making us acquainted with the existence of an "Amalgamated Tailors' Society." This looks like a confirmation of what we have hitherto been accustomed to regard as a vulgar error and popular delusion; namely, that nine Tailors make a Man.



## BUTTS AND BOBBIES.



THE time is now fast approaching when the guardians of public order, under the diminutive of "Bobbies" will be held up to derision on the stage. This is as it should be, if Christmas is a season in which there is any peculiarity rendering it fit to be celebrated with outrageous buffoonery. Besides, burlesque is based on veneration, and policemen are made fun of just as we parody SHAKESPEARE.

It is not likely that the complaints which have lately been alleged against the conduct of the police will effect any diminution of the extent to which the Force will be introduced into the forthcoming pantomimes. In some cases it may be feared that those complaints may have had a little too much foundation, and the misbehaviour of exceptional

officers may possibly be attributed to a change for the worse in the authority by which they are regulated. It may, however, have a different, or at least another cause. Recent legislation has rendered this once free nation a grievously police-ridden people. The police have been constituted a sort of prefects of public-houses. They are posted to enforce petty regulations on the public at park gates, and intrusted with an amount of arbitrary power which has naturally tended to inflate them. Very much has been done to place them in the same relation to the people at large as that of beadles to little boys. Thus, in fact, Bobby has, in some instances, become exceedingly puffed up. The only wonder is that they are not more numerous.

Of course the LORD CHAMBERLAIN may be trusted to take care that the jocularities of the *Clown* and *Pantaloon* with respect, or disrespect, to the Police, shall not exceed the bounds which ought to limit the excitement of mirth at the expense of Society's preservers. That reverence for a policeman, which foreigners sneer at and Englishmen cherish, must not be outraged. This feeling prompts a suggestion which some illustrious personage will perhaps adopt the next time he presides at a public dinner, by taking occasion to say that our constables are social soldiers, and, accordingly, to propose the toast of "The Army, Navy, and Police."

## TALK OF A TUNNEL!

"The French Conseil and Rapporteurs of the project of a Tunnel under the Channel between France and England, lately entertained the English engineer and Directors of the Company for carrying out this great undertaking, at a splendid banquet at Boulogne."—*News of the Day*.

"MR. PRESTWICH lately read before the Geological Society a paper on the geological conditions of the strata between the French and English shores, with reference to the feasibility of a tunnel under the Channel."—*Scientific Report of the Week*.

WELL, you are pleasant people,  
HAWKSHAW, GROSVENOR, & Co.,  
With your grave scheme of a Tunnel  
'Neath the Channel sea to go!  
Yes, a *bonâ fide* Tunnel  
'Twixt Cape Grisnez, say, and Dover,  
To carry *bonâ fide*  
French and English traffic over!

We thought it was a bubble  
To be blown and then to burst,  
After the usual offering  
Of capital at first.  
But behold a serious project  
Of a serious engineer,  
And for capital a Lordling  
Of the House of Westminster!

Westminstère, whose head should  
Be something like a nob,  
With a rent roll (when fall leases!)  
Of two millions, if a bob!

But e'en that mighty rent-roll  
Drained dry methinks will be,  
E'er they have run this Tunnel  
Beneath the Channel sea.

Spite of Chairmen and Committees,  
Conseil and Rapporteurs,  
These papers and these dinners  
And all this fuss and stir,  
Though HAWKSHAW, and LORD GROSVENOR,  
At Boulogne they have dined,  
Have toasted them and buttered,  
And spoke all but their mind—

Drank good-speed to the Tunnel  
'Neath the silver streak of sea—  
As well he may that wishes  
With England to make free—  
And making free with England—  
Strip of her wall of waves—  
Means—what thus far they've failed in—  
Of Britons making slaves.

So please let's keep the Channel,  
And the waves we've learnt to rule,  
And with projects of a Tunnel  
Don't let us play the fool.  
Sea-sickness is a nuisance,  
In a Channel—sea and squall,  
But better sea that sickens,  
Than ne'er a sea at all.

All Britons know the blessings  
We owe that silver streak;  
Or let the ass who doesn't  
Hear Father Neptune speak.  
"Tis like you British donkeys,  
Planning to make away,  
With the shield your breast that's guarded  
Since my trident hath held sway.

"The wall that keeps your borders,  
Still sacred from the foe;  
Makes your isle an asylum,  
Girt with my faithful flow;  
Of wars and woes of Europe,  
Bars out the baleful stress;  
Goes far to make your Britain,  
The Britain Britons bless.

"Nor Britons most, or loudest,  
For all that are oppress,  
Of all shades, in succession,  
Within my guard find rest.—  
But if I went on yarning,  
All day from ebb to flow,  
I could not sum the comforts  
You to your Channel owe.

"And 'tis this source of blessings,  
Which at your door I lay,  
That I hear these wiseacres  
Propose to do away!  
Well, my hearties, there's one comfort,  
Long though their purse may be,  
Through it they will have tunnell'd,  
Ere they have tunnell'd me!"

## LONDON FOG RULES.

FIRST.—Should the Fog be very dense, withdraw half the Police from the thoroughfares. Remember their lives are valuable to the community at large.

SECONDLY.—Let none of the Street Lamps be lighted until the usual time (if then); they are of very little use, and the shops must have more blaze than usual. Never do for yourself what you can get some one else to do for you.

THIRDLY.—In the neighbourhood of St. Paul's and the Bank, where the traffic, like the Fog, is at its thickest, let care be taken to secure the absence of all light and all Police. Surely everyone who is out on such a day ought to be old enough and wise enough to take care of himself. As to omnibuses, waggons, carts, cabs, and carriages, they ought all to have lamps, and, when they haven't lights, they have lungs, and can ward off danger by continuous shouting.

FOURTHLY.—No extra Gas must be used at Railway Stations, and great care should be taken that all the carriages may be left without the usual lamps. When the Fog has entirely cleared off, the Lamps may be lighted, and the Police may resume their duties.

## AN EDUCATED GIRL.



R. PUNCH,

You have heard two Ladies, now perhaps you may be so good as to hear me. The following is a report of a dialogue which induced me to think that one of the parties to it would make a suitable wife for the other. I regret to inform you that the result of the step taken by the latter has been altogether unsatisfactory. Sir, the Lady can talk very fluently, very impertinently, and very foolishly. I do not, for an obvious reason, give our names, but I borrow those of a gentleman and another person made famous by BEN JONSON.

Yours discontentedly,  
UNCLE MOROSE.

SCENE—A large Dinner Party. MR. MOROSE has taken down MISS EPICENE, having been introduced to her ten minutes before.

MOROSE. I hope that you have room. (*Sotto voce.*) We are closely packed.

EPICENE. Thanks. Plenty.

MOROSE (*to himself, as he reads the menu*). What am I to say to her? She's nineteen, and I'm fifty! We've a deal in common. However, I must say something, I suppose. (*To her.*) They hardly wanted a fire to-day. I hope that you do not mind being so near it. Shall I ask for a screen for you?

EPICENE (*in a quiet voice, preserved throughout*). Thank you, no; I do not mind it.

MOROSE. Have you been to see the play they were talking about up-stairs—the adaptation from BEN JONSON's *Silent Woman*?

EPICENE. We go very little to theatres.

MOROSE. A sign of good taste in your family, for no rational person can take much interest in the stage in its present condition. I do not know which is worst, the plays, the acting, or the criticism.

EPICENE. No, indeed.

MOROSE. What does she mean by that? And what does MRS. BLIBBER mean by giving me a goose of a girl to sit by? (*To her.*) Those engravings are not bad, on that wall. They are from pictures in the Dresden Gallery. Perhaps you know them—have you been to Dresden?

EPICENE. No, never.

MOROSE. Travelled on the Continent much? People go about so much now that everybody has been everywhere.

EPICENE. We travel very little.

MOROSE. Then you are to be congratulated, because you have all the more to look forward to, and there is no pleasure like anticipation.

EPICENE. I suppose so.

MOROSE. I should like to give her a good slap. And yet I shouldn't, for she is certainly very pretty, and you don't see that sleepy kind of eye every day. She's like what ROSA CLARGES was in 1845, and isn't now, by Jove. For ROSA's sake I'll give her another chance. (*To her.*) I noticed signs of a severe musical evening by-and-by. Do you sing?

EPICENE. A little. Chiefly to please Papa.

MOROSE. Come, that's a good trait in her. Then perhaps you do not care violently for going to Operas, and all that sort of thing.

EPICENE. Not much. I would rather read to Papa, and hear his remarks.

MOROSE (*to himself*). That I like. She has sense and is only shy. I will encourage her. An exceedingly kind as well as exceedingly sensible way of looking at things. It is so rare that I hope you will forgive my venturing to admire your taste.

EPICENE. It does not deserve admiration. Surely, it is only my duty.

MOROSE. And, I am sure, a pleasure. Your Papa is much to be envied.

EPICENE. Ah! but he is so good, so kind.

MOROSE. Goodness and kindness do not always ensure the affection and gratitude of the young. I have myself found—(*to himself*)

—what the deuce was I going to be idiot enough to say? I have myself seen that parental fondness is not always rewarded as it should be.

EPICENE. Surely yes, where children have been properly trained.

MOROSE. A very sensible girl indeed, a very right-hearted girl, and I thought she was a goose. But I have made mistakes once or twice in my life. (*To her.*) You do not live in town, I think?

EPICENE. At dear, quiet Clapham.

MOROSE. Ah, you like quiet?

EPICENE. Dearly. I own to liking a little garden and flowers; but even if I could not have those, I hope I could be content.

MOROSE. This is a she-Phoenix. But stop, stop—no fool like an old fool—well, I'm not old, but when we begin to admire at fifty we get on very fast—*festina lente*. What kind of books do you read to your Papa? Novels, I suppose.

EPICENE. O no. Except SIR WALTER's and MISS EDGEWORTH's, very few. He likes thoughtful books, and he teaches me to like them.

MOROSE. If I do not ask too many questions, would you mention a book or two?

EPICENE. We have gone together through LORD MACAULAY, CARLYLE, all SIR ARTHUR HELPS' works, FROUDE, and many others, and he is kind enough to point out meanings to me, and beauties that would escape me.

MOROSE. I can imagine nothing more charming to a man of advanced life being so assisted by a young lady, and in return giving her the benefit of his reading and experience.

EPICENE. But it must be somebody whom she cares very much about, and implicitly trusts.

MOROSE. Yes, a father, as in your case, or a much elder brother, or a husband—only a husband of such a different age does not come in among the things young ladies dream of tolerating.

EPICENE. Perhaps you have known more young ladies than I have. But any one who has a father like mine would wish her husband to resemble him, and would hardly feel sufficient respect for a much younger man.

MOROSE. I have seldom or never heard a wiser sentiment, and I must really make an effort to become acquainted with such a father. Is he here?

EPICENE. That is he, dear old thing, on MRS. BLIBBER's right—he took her down: she is very fond of him.

MOROSE. I will ask her to introduce me, or manage to do it for myself when we come to claret.

EPICENE. You will like him so much, and if you talk to him about old books, you will win his heart.

MOROSE. They happen to be a slight craze of mine. What does your friend, SIR WALTER, say, "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old books to read, and old friends, yes, and young friends, to converse with."

EPICENE. I remember that, in the *Antiquary*.

MOROSE. Have you a good memory?

EPICENE. Not what I wish it were, but I try to remember things.

MOROSE. Try to remember—you see you are called away—that you made a not very young man say, and say truly, that he never so much regretted that the shortness of a dinner—

[*Exeunt the Ladies.*]

## In the Drawing-Room.

Mrs. Blibber to Miss Epicene. You did very well, dearest girl. I watched. He is a retired Lawyer, as vain as a peacock and as rich as a Jew. The only thing against him is a most abominable temper.

EPICENE. If it should ever become necessary, dear, we will hope to be able to bear that, if not to conquer it. (*Demurely.*) We have choice of those duties, you know. He wants to know Papa.

Mrs. Blibber. O, haven't you managed well! I will see to that. Play a little when they come up.

EPICENE. No, dear. I told him, &c. &c.

[*Rest told in Mr. Morose's letter.*]

## Popular Advancement.

A HEADING very commonly prefixed to newspaper paragraphs is that of "Temperance Movement." It naturally suggests the opposite idea of a "Intemperance" movement; namely, that of advancing, like a besieging army, in a zigzag line. This, happily, is now much less frequently observable in the streets than it once was; a fact which must be gratifying to all friends of genuine progress.

## RITUALISM ON ALL FOURS.

A HORSE to falling on his knees  
Must entertain a strong objection,  
How much soever it might please  
Donkeys to practise genuflection.



## JUDGED AT SIGHT.

*Mr. Cadby (to youthful Heir of the House).* "JUST TAKE AND RING THAT BELL FOR ME, LAD."  
*Reginald Guy Plantagenet (quietly).* "I WAS GOING TO RING. I LIVE HERE. BUT IF YOU'VE COME FOR THE FOOTMAN'S PLACE, WE WERE SUITED YESTERDAY."

## "HUNGRY, AND YE FED ME."

GAUNT, giant hands of Famine and of Plague  
 Uplifted over India's cowering head,  
 And their black shadow broad'ning, vast yet vague,  
 More awful for the doubt blent with the dread!

Between the cloudless heavens, like brass, on high,  
 And the baked earth, as iron hard, below,  
 From Ryot's up to Viceroy's, every eye  
 Wanders, athirst, for rain that will not flow.

How many woful watchers through the land  
 Pray in his hope, that saw, from Carmel's brow,  
 Rise from the sea a cloud like a man's hand,  
 That brought black clouds and wind and rain enow!

Till many hearts are loosed with a great fear,  
 And many hardened with a dark despair:  
 'Tis hard to see God's love and leading clear,  
 Athwart this foodless earth and parching air!

Yet sure His love is working, in the glow  
 Of brotherhood that stirs the nation's heart,  
 In the resolve of all men, high and low,  
 With hand or brain or purse to bear their part—

That none, whom we can feed, unfed shall go,  
 No life, that care of ours can save, be lost:  
 That e'en if purblind doctrine thrust her "No"  
 On helping hands, we will not count the cost,

But stoutly press, with wealth's and wisdom's aid,  
 Betwixt poor India and His doom of dearth,  
 Knowing great means for great occasions made,  
 And power God-given to show man's helpful worth.

And when this misery has past away,  
 And men look back upon this year of woe,  
 As now on famines of an earlier day,  
 Some seeds of good, sown now, and ripening slow,  
 May blossom into blessings unforeseen;  
 Some work now set on foot such fruit may bear,  
 That men to come may see how it hath been—  
 Love in the grim mask that now looks despair.

## "TWIN CAN DO 'T."

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

AGAIN we have, as JACQUES PIERRE observes in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

"Twain, at large discourse;"

but, as the same eminent Frenchman says in the *Winter's Tale*,  
 'twill be only a case of

"Mark, a little while."

In fact, the distinguished humorist's stay is to be so brief that if we were not now upon such extraordinary sweet terms with America, we should write unpleasantly about such autoschediastic treatment of us. But for a few times MR. MARK TWAIN is to be visible to the naked eye, (fog permitting) in Hanover Square, and because his visit is so short, *Mr. Punch*, who extracts something good out of anything objectionable, performs the philanthropic act of hereby encouraging and inciting his friends to go and hear MR. TWAIN's new lecture.

## TIP FOR THE NEXT DERBY.

A GENTLEMAN, well known in Sporting Circles, was lately seen in the neighbourhood of Epsom exercising his Discretion. Knowing ones, look out.



## “MENDING THE LESSON.”

POLITICAL ECONOMY. “TAKE CARE, MY DEAR JOHN. DON’T INTERFERE WITH THE LAWS OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.”  
JOHN BULL. “I DON’T, MISS PRUDENCE. SHE DEMANDS AND I SUPPLY.”





## OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



UDDENLY to TROTT, when we are once more in the gig. "Now, what is the matter with that Cow?"

I put this to him confidentially, as much as to say, "Look here. Now I'm driving about with you I'm one of yourselves; and, *entre nous*, though you told FLIPSTER something about that Cow, you didn't tell him everything. Now then, TROTT, my boy, out with it, and mum's the word."

I think he is taken with my confidential air, as he inclines his head sideways, still keeping his eye in a negligent sort of way on the careless mare, and, without turning to me, he replies almost in a whisper,

"Well, Sir, my idea is that it's apoplexy."

I look at him to see if he's joking. I am prepared to laugh if he is, and am ready to say "Indeed!" quite seriously, if he isn't.

He is *not* joking. When he says "Apoplexy" he means apoplexy.

How one's mind can be enlarged in a single morning! indeed, in a minute! (This subject alone, I note down, ought to occupy a volume; i. e., *On Enlargement of Mind*. Think it out.)

Till now I had associated apoplexy only with red-faced old gentlemen of the last century, who would over-eat themselves regularly, take their three bottles of fine old port every night, and then, one evening, suddenly disappear under the dining-room table in a fit of apoplexy.

*Happy Thought.*—Quite the idea, in verse,  
*The Fine Old English Gentleman*  
*All of the apoplectic time.*

But as to a Cow being liable to such an attack, such an idea had never entered my head. I should as soon have thought of a Cow having the Chicken-pox.

Being in the vein for this sort of thing this morning [Note down *Happy Thought.*—When ought one to write for *The Lancet*? Answer—When you're "in the vein." Arrange this.] I ask TROTT, "Can a Cow have the Chicken-pox?"

"Well," says TROTT, deliberately, and for a second taking his eyes off the horse to look at me, only without turning his head—a movement of which the careless animal seems perfectly aware, as he takes that opportunity of making such a stumble as very nearly brings him down, whereupon I interrupt TROTT, to say, in a surprised tone, "Hulloa!" to intimate that TROTT ought really to hold his reins tighter. He doesn't, however; he only says,

"She's all right: never came down yet, and never will. It's a slouchy way she has, but she's as safe as the Bank. You were saying, Sir, about a Cow having the Chicken-pox. Well, I s'pose you've heard of the Cow-pock?"

Of course I have; but, at this minute, I can't recollect when or where, or how, or in connection with what. I *have* heard of it, and so I reply to TROTT, as though a new light had broken in upon me, "O, that's it, is it?"

"That's it," says MR. TROTT, drily. He looks so straight before him at the careless horse's ears, that I cannot see whether he is slightly smiling, or not.

If smiling, why does he smile?

I know, and at the same time I arrive at the reason of his comparative reticence on the subject of animals and their peculiarities. This branch of knowledge is his stock-in-trade, to gain which he has had to attend Horsey, Cowy, and Piggy Lectures, to pass an examination, and come out with a degree.

*Happy Thought.*—"B.A."—Bachelor of Animals.

Or, if not with a degree, with a Diploma. Well, all this has cost him money, and, evidently, why should he give me, *gratis*, because I'm riding in a gig with him, such information on Horses, Cows, and other quadrupeds, as would enable me (after one drive with

him, with a note-book and a good memory) to set up as a Vet in a small way myself?

Of course he won't.

Could I expect a Solicitor to *give* me his opinion? Wouldn't he be justified in replying, "No, my dear friend, if you are in want of six-and-eightpence, here it is, but I keep my opinion to myself." Could I expect a Barrister to give me the benefit of his experience? or a Doctor?

No, I am convinced that questions, put to a professional man, in a friendly and confidential way, on purely professional matters, are unfair.

Though, for the above-mentioned reasons, which I fairly think out to myself as we drive along, I am going to drop the subject, yet I can't help inquiring,—

"Is it only short-necked animals that are subject to apoplexy?"

I feel that it is an unfair question for me to put, as it really might have been one of the chief tests in MR. TROTT's examination papers when he was a Veterinary Student.

Giving the loose reins a slight check, he returns,—

"Short-necked, or short-horned?"

Short-necked, I meant; but, if I'm wrong—

"Yes," he says, "all short-necked 'uns—Bulls, Cows, and sheep."

*Happy Thought.*—Not Giraffes, then? They're well out of the way of apoplexy.

I suggest this to MR. TROTT, who seems to look at me sideways for a second, and then, distinctly, smiles, as if this were something new to him.

After 'all, he has not lost by his information, as I've presented him with an idea, of which he can make what use he pleases. On it he might build up a Theory, on the Theory a Practice; then call at the Zoological Gardens, mention Giraffes and apoplexy before a Committee meeting, and be elected Special Surgeon and Medical Attendant-in-Chief to the Zoological Collection. Then there would be an additional attraction besides "Feeding Time," which might be (well advertised) "Medicine Time."

However, the point now is to talk about CLUMBER and his horse before we get to CLUMBER's.

"CLUMBER's honest and straightforward," says TROTT; "I've never heard anything against him." He admits so much, as though there might be something, *not* to CLUMBER's knowledge, which had not, as yet, reached his (TROTT's) ears.

"But," continues MR. TROTT, "when it's about a horse I wouldn't trust my own father."

"That's why I called you in," I say, complimenting MR. TROTT's professional skill and my own cleverness. Connecting my answer with TROTT's previous observation, I am aware that I seem to represent CLUMBER as my father, or something like it.

"You're quite right, Sir," says TROTT. "What does he want for it?"

"Forty, I think—at least, judging from what MR. SPOKER said."

"Um!" says MR. TROTT. "If he's a good 'un, at that price it's a bargain. If he ain't, there must be something precious queer about him, and it 'ud be a dead loss of the money, besides danger to life and limb."

"Quite so." My sentiments to a turn.

"Does CLUMBER expect me?" asks MR. TROTT.

"No, he doesn't." MR. TROTT smiles. "The fact is," I go on, "it only occurred to me to come to you about it this morning."

I am about to, what the lawyers call, "spring" TROTT on CLUMBER. Here we are.

## The Vizier's Last.

"WHY," asked the Grand Vizier, "is the *Turkish Wedding March*, composed by KIZIN ALI KHAN, like some part of ornamental drapery?"

"Because," he went on, seeing that nobody spoke, "it is a *Fez-toon*."

The SULTAN clapped his hands, and immediately a thousand ebony slaves dragged the too daring Vizier from the presence. His sentence was, to be first Bamboozled and then Bamboozled. After this they won't know what to do with him.

## From Ashantee Land.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

As yet we seem to have mastered scarcely the A B C of war in spite of our latest A B Cinnian experience.

[\*\* To the Public.—This is all that our Correspondent on the Gold Coast has sent us since he has been out. He means "Abyssinian." But is the joke worth eight thousand a year for life, with a guarantee to his widow? Now, we really do not think it is. If he does not send something else, the contract will be considered as broken.]



## STRETCH OF PRIVILEGE.

*Daughter of the House (to a Privileged Old Friend of the Family).* "DEAR MR. LUPUS, YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELF. I SHOULD SO LIKE TO HAVE YOU WALTZ THIS ONCE WITH ME."

*Privileged Old Friend.* "MY DEAR CHILD, I DON'T DANCE; BUT, IF IT SUITS YOU, I WOULDN'T MIND SITTING HERE WITH MY ARM ROUND YOUR WAIST, WHILE THE OTHERS ARE MAKING THEMSELVES DIZZY."

## BA! BA! BLACK SHEEP!

*A Lay of Ashantee.*

Ho! Newsboy! bring the paper!  
It is all the same to me—  
*Times, Telegraph, or Standard.*  
What's the news from Ashantee?  
For Politics I care not—  
Hang the Trial of BAZAINE!  
Home Rule! and DISRAELI!  
And the Telegrams from Spain!  
This is no time for trifling:—  
All our prices may increase;  
All my friends be smashed on Railways,  
Or abused by the Police!  
I am one whose business habits  
Cannot dull his martial soul;  
And my ardour burns within me—  
It's a substitute for Coal!  
Though my scuttle may be empty,  
I imagine in my glee  
A vicarious perspiration  
When I read of Ashantee!  
For there no dreaded enemy  
Brings Science to the fight;  
No needle-guns to shoot our sons  
Before they are in sight;  
But cheap and nasty weapons  
(How I love to think of them!)  
Bad powder, and worse barrels  
Of time-serving Brummagem!  
And the greatest satisfaction  
In our modern British eyes  
Is, to think we're only hitting  
At a man not half our size.

So our Valour is Discretion;  
We can boldly cross the sea,  
Send out our Cracks to make the Blacks  
Behave in Ashantee!  
Through the land the tale is thrilling  
Of the Stores so thickly sent  
(Let the cargoes all be useless,  
But our money must be spent)—  
Many thousand bales of blankets  
Are suggested by the wise,  
And unnumbered pairs of trousers,  
To impede our bare Allies;  
Traction-Engines, that with whistle  
Shall strike terror to our foes,  
And some fifty tons of pokers  
Are thrown in by "One Who Knows."  
Twice a hundred miles of Railway,  
When our Troops would onward push,  
Neatly packed in pic-nic baskets,  
To be laid down in the Bush.  
A small fleet of patent lifeboats  
To be used across the plains,  
If advance should be retarded  
By the unexpected rains.  
Worsted comforters, goloshes,  
Strapless skates of newest plan,  
Kalydor to give our soldiers  
An immunity from tan!  
Of all that Art can furnish,  
Of all that Wealth can buy,  
We'll have no lack—against the Black  
We'll not work niggerdly;  
Load all our ships to fulness!  
Send out any one but me!  
At home in bed I'll back the Red  
To win in Ashantee!

Twaddle not to me of fevers,  
Of malaria on the plains;  
Even here in modern London  
We have trouble with our drains.  
You may prate of savage cunning,  
Urge KING COFFEE is no fool,  
Make much cry about this Black sheep,  
And respect his Royal wool;  
It is easy (from this distance,  
Which lends strength to all my views)  
To upset his pig-stye palace,  
Burn his city of bamboos—  
Where this grand Imperial Savage  
Boasts Palm-oil his end in life—  
And for sceptre wields a thigh-bone  
Of a late lamented wife;  
Where his babies ply for rattle  
Fantee ribs, as ready toys,  
And the skulls of conquered chieftains  
Are the footballs of his boys!  
Is the picture black I've painted?  
Do you doubt the likeness true?  
Go! and judge yourselves, my heroes!  
That's the work I leave to you.  
For Improvement is the motto  
That rules mankind to-day  
(We've published Maps, that no mishaps  
May make you lose your way).  
Go! improve this noble Savage.  
I can prophesy his lot.  
What's in a name? But all the same.  
KING COFFEE goes to pot!

WHAT MILLIONAIRES SMOKE.—Golden Returns.



## NUDA VERITAS.

*Mrs. Debonnair (urged by an irresistible Impulse to ask a plain Question). "TELL ME, MRS. VERJUICE, WHEN YOU COME TO SEE ME, WHY, WHY DO YOU SO PERSISTENTLY SING THE PRAISES OF MRS. WHATSERNAME?"*

*Mrs. Verjuice (urged by an irresistible Impulse to answer the plain Truth). "WELL, MRS. DEBONNAIR, THE FACT IS, I AM NOT FORTUNATE, GOOD-LOOKING, POPULAR, AND BELOVED AS YOU ARE, AND, CONSEQUENTLY, HATE YOU. I CANNOT TELL YOU SO IN SO MANY WORDS, BUT I CAN INSINUATE BY MY EXTRAVAGANT PRAISE OF MRS. WHATSERNAME (WHOM, BY THE BYE, I HATE ALMOST AS MUCH AS I DO YOU) THAT I RATE VERY LOW THE GIFTS WHICH YOU ENJOY, AND WHICH I SO BITTERLY ENVY YOU. IF YOU BUT KNEW HOW INFINITELY MORE YOUR POSSESSION OF THESE GOOD THINGS PAINS ME THAN MY IMPLIED DEPRECIATION OF THE SAME CAN POSSIBLY PAIN YOU, YOU WOULD FEEL FOR, PITY, AND FORGIVE ME!"*

## REVIVAL FOR RAILWAYS.

THE Railway Accident at Wigan has been ascribed by a Coroner's Jury to the system of management pursued on the London and North-Western Line. Yet the Directors of the London and North-Western Company inform the claimants of compensation for injuries thence received that they—

"Have given the matter their best consideration, and deeply sympathise with the sufferers; but as they cannot see that any blame is attached to them, they decline to entertain any application made to them for compensation, and further, that they have instructed their solicitors to defend any action brought against them."

The verdict of a Coroner's Jury may convey a groundless imputation, and the London and North-Western Company's Directors, when they assert that they are not to blame for the Wigan accident, may say what is true. Which of these two possibilities is the case another Jury will decide if any sufferer is bold enough to try conclusions at law with a wealthy Confederacy. Litigation on questions of this kind would perhaps, be lessened by a partial re-enactment, with a little modification, of the old law of deodand. Under that law anything of the nature of property which had been instrumental, though casually, to the death of a human being, became forfeit to the Crown.

If, therefore, a passenger train running into a goods train had killed any person or persons, the goods train and the passenger train would both have been forfeited, the passenger train for having run into the goods train, and the goods train for having been in the way. Suppose deodand were so far re-established as the commutation of the forfeiture for a sum of money, to be assessed, in every case of fatal Railway Accident, by a Coroner's Jury, and divided amongst the kindred of the slain. Then, perhaps, Railway Accidents, fatal or not, would soon become very considerably less frequent than they are now, and consequently the cases in which unfortunate persons would have to sue Railway Companies, in order to wring compensation from them for maims and mutilations, would be very much fewer.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—Warm weather.

## A SALVO FOR OUR SCHOOL-BOARD.

BRAVO, London School-Board!  
You have started fair,  
Like a band of brothers  
Voting REED your Chair.

Thus—sing O be joyful!—  
Leaving in the lurch  
That worst cause of causes,  
Chapel *versus* Church.

Kicking from your Board-room  
That sour Discord's apple  
Which bears, writ on one side,  
"Church," on t'other "Chapel."

Though a Nonconformist,  
Churchmen had the wit—  
Seeing REED the fittest  
In the Chair to sit—

With Dissenting Colleagues  
Wisely to combine,  
And so to all School-Boards  
Give a lead and line!

Such should be the School-Board  
First ruled by a LAWRENCE—  
Worker who of idle  
Words must feel abhorrence.\*

Be each Churchman—leader  
On the Board a fixture,  
While this is the working  
Of a GREGORY's mixture.

Thank you, CANON CROMWELL,  
For good sense so rare,  
Worthy your profession;  
And the name you bear.

One can see the giant  
Whose blood you inherit—  
With a change of letter,  
But no change of spirit—

In his voice of thunder  
On this School-Board brabble,  
Coming with decisive  
"Take away that babble!"

Thanks, p'raps, to the CROMWELL  
Reckoned in your ranks,  
Taking hence that "babble,"  
School-Board, take our thanks.

Ushered in by concord,  
May your work succeed,  
And deserve a Chairman  
Of the name of REED.

Till each small street-Arab,  
Leaving gutter-fun,  
For a spell of schooling  
Unto REED may run.

Till into the School-fold  
Our stray sheep we lead,  
And the happy time comes,  
All that run may read.

\* "The mortal enemy of words full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." "Tod-feind der wort-schallan," as Goethe described himself.

## ANOTHER NEW MEAT MARKET.

BOTH importers and consumers will be glad to hear that large supplies of preserved beef are hourly expected to arrive in this country from the banks of the Oxus,



## A STRING OF QUESTIONS.



How many people can say what Political Economy really means?

How many people know what is the object of expeditions to the North Pole?

How many women could tell you the difference between the Lord Chancellor and the Chancellor of the Exchequer?

How many parents are looking forward with unmixed joy to their boys being at home for the six weeks of the Christmas Vacation?

How many messengers, porters, errand boys, crossing-sweepers, and beadles, pew-openers, and servants, commissionnaires, &c., are now displaying extraordinary civility, alacrity, and attention, stimulated by the near approach of Boxing-Day?

How many people have

carefully read the POPE's Encyclical through?

How many amongst us have enjoyed the midnight open-air instrumental concerts of the Waits, and are ready to volunteer a substantial acknowledgment of those performances?

How many turkeys will be eaten within the next fortnight?

How many persons have a distinct notion of what DEAN SWIFT wrote (besides *The Four Last Years of Queen Anne*)?

How many "well educated" people could describe the geographical position of the Gold Coast?

How many of the inhabitants of London could give a clear account of the causes of London fogs?

How many tens of thousands are anticipating, with delight, the publication of *Punch's Almanack*?

## A REAL BLOCK SYSTEM.

It has been proved that Railway Accidents for the most part are preventable, and it is believed that what is thought to be economy prevents the introduction of such preventive measures as might lead to their decrease. In autumn time especially the Signal-men and Engine-drivers are too often worked to death, and the loss of life which follows is not merely their own, but that of sundry of the public, whose fate it is to travel by the trains under the guidance of these over-worked officials. The engines, too, break down, being also worked to death, and when the line is blocked in this way a fast train rattles up, and carriages are smashed, and people who are in them. To put on extra servants, or to keep a closer eye on the rolling stock, would doubtless cost some money, and decrease the rate of dividend; so the Directors, in their wisdom, decide to run the risk of having to pay damages for accidents, so called, which are the fruit of their economy. Mere flesh and blood weighs nothing in their selfish estimation, and while they think it pays to work their line on the cheap and deadly system, we may be certain they will stick to it, regardless of the suffering and sorrow it may bring. But cannot Parliament protect us? some poor innocents may ask. Why, yes—of course it can; but that it won't is pretty clear, so long as some three hundred of its Members are Directors of our Railways, and band together in a body to squelch any endeavour to obtain railway reform. If the public wish for this, we may wish that they may get it, but, with the present House of Commons, we fear they have small chance of it. When the general election comes, let them bear the fact in mind, and, when canvassed for their votes, say, No Director Need Apply.

## An Habitual Offender.

OUR friend 'ARRY, who has returned from the Continong, perusing a newspaper, read out the following telegram from Constantinople:—

"At yesterday's sitting of the Tonnage Commission, ETHEN PASHA stated that the Porte warmly approved of the idea of a compromise, and hoped it would be successful."

"ETHEN PASHA!" cried 'ARRY. "I thought Pashas was Ma'ometans, and not 'eathens."

## DENIABLE INTELLIGENCE.

LEAVE to winter in the Serpentine has been conceded by the Admiralty to the whole of the Swiss Fleet.

The chief Brewers at Burton are erecting by subscription a handsome public Drinking Fountain.

The President of the New York Cattle Club has just become a member of the Vegetarian Society.

MESSIEURS NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY have left England on a visit to His Holiness the POPE.

The London School Board have determined that plain needlework and cooking shall be taught upon alternate days at each of their girls' schools.

The Foreman of the Jury in the pending monster trial will be raised to the Peerage with the title of LORD SATITOUT.

From a manuscript in the possession of a descendant of his tailor, it appears that PETER THE GREAT measured barely five feet and two inches in his highest-heeled dress boots.

The Royal Horse-Marines at Portsmouth will be supplied with spurs and saddles on the first of April next.

With a view to Christmas feasting, the KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS has recently been making mincemeat of his enemies.

Upwards of Ten Millions are bespoke of *Punch's Almanack*.

## Something to Rejoice Over.

(See *Athenaeum*.)

HOORAY, hurrah! Let bells resound!

Amends for fogs, dear coals, trade slackness!

Keen MR. FURNIVALL has found

That CHAUCER's mother's name was AGNES.

## PRETERNATURAL PROCEEDINGS!

## CONVERSION OF A THIEF!

KINDNESS OF A PROSECUTOR!

GENTLENESS OF A JURY!

MERCY IN A MAGISTRATE!

GRATITUDE IN THE GUILTY!

LAST week, at the Surrey Sessions, before MR. HARDMAN, Chairman, WILLIAM BROAD was charged with stealing two half-sovereigns, the property of his master, MR. GODWIN-AUSTEN, of Shalford House, Surrey. It appeared that many complaints had been made of losses by visitors and others staying in MR. GODWIN-AUSTEN's house, and therefore, under direction of a detective, marked money was put into a pocket-book, which was left in a room to which the prisoner had access. Later, the marked money was found in BROAD's box. The culprit was defended, but his advocate had scarcely begun his speech when,

—"without any warning, the prisoner fell violently on the floor of the dock in a fit. His struggles were very severe, and it took several persons to hold him. The surgeon of the prison not being at hand, the Chairman directed the nearest doctor to be sent for, and adjourned the Court.

"At the expiration of three-quarters of an hour the prisoner was sufficiently recovered to admit of the case going on. He then expressed, through his counsel, a wish to withdraw his plea and plead guilty, throwing himself on the mercy of the Court.

"The jury recommended him to mercy, and MR. GODWIN-AUSTEN said he had only prosecuted the prisoner on public grounds, and expressed strongly his wish not to press hardly on the prisoner, who was an orphan, and who had recently lost his sister, which loss had affected him greatly.

"The Chairman said that, taking into consideration all the circumstances, the age of the prisoner, and the recommendations to mercy, he thought the justice of the case would be met by a sentence of three months.

"The prisoner, who had evidently anticipated a very much heavier sentence, was then removed."

The above dramatic, suggestive, and affecting scene would be interesting in itself. But, when we give one of the answers of a witness, and show how all these miraculous results were produced, and what influence threw the prisoner (for his good) into a fit, turned his heart and made him penitent, bade the benevolent prosecutor intercede for him, the jury recommend him to mercy, and softened the excellent magistrate's heart, causing him to astonish the guilty one with a mild sentence, the universe will indeed be ecstatic.

MR. ALFRED GODWIN-AUSTEN (son of the prosecutor) said that it was in his pocket-book that the marked money was placed.

"By MR. HARDMAN—The pocket-book was not usually kept in the drawer. I carry it about with me. IT IS A PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK."

Comment would be an insult to all who are capable of appreciating supernatural agencies, and who will instantly rush forth and purchase *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1874.

[Advertisement.]

## PHILOSOPHY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



TRICELY in pursuance of an arrangement made with him by the Council of the Society of Arts, MR. FRANK BUCKLAND intends to deliver, in the beginning of January, a short course of lectures, for juvenile hearers exclusively, "On the Structure and Habits of Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, as showing Beauty and Design." An accomplished naturalist will not fail to both instruct and entertain a youthful audience in pointing out examples of beauty and design in the habits as well as in the structure of the lower creatures. He will doubtless be able to adduce plenty. Are there as many instances of design and beauty, discernible by a competent philosopher, not only in the structure but likewise in the habits of a higher race? Its structural beauties, especially as exhibited in the female face and form, are numerous no doubt, and the habits of human beings of the softer sex, in the sense of personal ways and usages are, some of them, beautiful in so far as they are fascinating. Design, too, is exemplified not less in their habits, as above considered, than in

their structure; the design, that is, of attracting admiration. In these respects they manifest beauty and design to the meanest capacity. But, in respect to their habits and structures considered as apparel, what is to be said about design and beauty? For instance, wherein is the beauty, and what is the design, of long habits which draggle in the dust? and what design and what beauty can be made out in that structure of false hair, shreds, and patches, called a "chignon"? Immense beauty for a wild Indian very likely, and apparently a design to captivate a native of that description. A course of lectures on "Beauty and Design, as conspicuous in the Feminine Toilet and Fashions," might be given with much benefit to wives and daughters, and more to fathers and husbands, and men about to marry, by an Anthropological Professor imbued with just ideas of Art.

## FROST AND FOLLY.

Frost came, and straightway ice began  
To form on ponds and pools.  
Frost went, and baulking many a plan  
Of skating, saved some fools.

Boats, drags, and men, did the Humane  
Society prepare;  
All which precautions were in vain:  
But do not yet despair.

Of winter there are weeks to come;  
A month, and maybe more.  
The Serpentine may yet, in some  
Short time, be frozen o'er.

Still so that, doubtless, here and there  
The ice will be too thin  
Advancing simpletons to bear;  
And they will tumble in.

They, if not drowned, a death of cold  
May catch; at least, will get  
A ducking. Blockheads, be consoled—  
You may be happy yet!

## TO THE KITCHEN.

WE recommend to the notice of all domestic servants a work entitled *Not to be Broken*. They like a novel. Let them read this, and show by their future conduct that they have profited by its perusal.

## PERAMBULATORS AND PEDESTRIANS.

It is said that a Deputation is being organised to wait upon the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS, and, if possible, obtain from him the recall of the subjoined order, of which he has caused notices to be posted on boards in all the walks and avenues in Hyde Park leading into Rotten Row:—

"Bath chairs and perambulators may *not* be brought into these walks between the hours of 4 P.M. and 7 P.M."

A Deputation organised to remonstrate with a Minister against the exclusion of Perambulators from public ways, may be supposed to be one of a peculiar composition, consisting largely, if not entirely, of ladies and nursemaids. Yet, if Perambulators are anywhere compatible with the safety of pedestrians' toes and shins, it is in the Parks. One would think that the walks in Hyde Park were almost wide enough for them and their infant occupants. If they are excluded from those paths, they ought, *a fortiori*, to be ordered off all the pavements. Otherwise, their exclusion from the approaches to Rotten Row will produce an effect like that of closing a chapel-of-ease. Thus it will render them a greater nuisance in the streets than ever. Dangerously obstructive in any of the arteries, they are comparatively innocuous in the lungs of London.

## Wanted a Faculty.

DR. TRISTRAM has refused the application of the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, for a faculty to erect a "Baldacchino" in that Church. What those applicants really want is a faculty to do nothing of the kind; that is, the faculty of common sense.

WHAT RURAL DEANS SMOKE.—"Churchwardens."



## HAVING THE BEST OF IT.

*Foehammer (condescendingly).* "YOUR NAG LOOKS FRESHER THAN MINE TO-DAY, PIPKIN!"

*Pipkin (a fast-driving Baker).* "NOTHIN' LIKE KEEPIN' HIM IN CONDITION, I SAY, SQUIRE. ME AND MY PONY GOES TWENTY MILE A DAY WITH A CART, AND WE'RE ALWAYS READY!"

## SITTINGS IN ERROR.

It may be judged by some people rather a grand thing to serve on a Grand Jury; but that Grand Jurors themselves are not so very much impressed by the grandeur of their service would appear from the following memorial, which *Mr Punch* preserves as a condensed essay on a question that affects a vast number of unfortunate but otherwise respectable men:—

"The Grand Jury, assembled at the Quarter Sessions for the Borough of Birmingham, respectfully represent that while recognising the duty of every citizen to aid, regardless of inconvenience, in the administration of the law, whenever required, yet cannot terminate its labours on the present occasion without expressing a very strong opinion that the time has arrived when the functions of Grand Juries in large towns and districts should cease, as having been long practically superseded by the full investigation in public that invariably takes place before competent magistrates, with the invaluable aid of skilled legal advisers of both prosecutor and prisoner before them, and before whom the evidence is thoroughly sifted and commitment thoroughly weighed before being resolved upon. Contrasted with this, the unaided, haphazard, and entirely one-sided investigation in the Grand Jury room, must appear to every thoughtful mind as superfluous and unsatisfactory, relating as it does to a state of society long since vanished and gone. The Grand Jury, therefore, cannot but feel that the loss of time most valuable to them involved in their attendance here is not compensated by any real assistance that they have given in the administration of justice. It may also be stated, on good authority, that criminals have ever counted upon the difficulties Grand Juries have to contend with in eliciting evidence as an important point in their favour."

There is, clearly, no denying the presence of good sense in this appeal, although there may be some slight doubt as to the presence of good grammar. But there is not the slightest doubt that, to "every thoughtful mind," the serving on a jury of any sort or kind can rarely be regarded as being "satisfactory," or, indeed, as being anything except a horrid nuisance. It entails, in most cases, a costly waste of time, and an alarming cost of temper; and although a Special Juror may pride himself on having done the State a special service, the odds are, after all, that, unlike the jury, the service is a

petty one. A Grand Juror, however, not merely finds his work a nuisance, but may well be fearful of its causing an injustice. "Unaided, haphazard, and entirely one-sided," his criminal investigation can hardly be considered a harmless superfluity. If rogues and rascals can count upon the voice of a Grand Jury to favour their escape from the punishment they merit, surely honest people shortly will come to the conclusion that the calling of Grand Juries is a grand mistake.

## CHRISTMAS-DAY FOLK-LORE.

If Christmas-Day falls on a Sunday, they say in Shropshire that valuable pieces of Church preferment will become vacant during the next twelve months.

If it falls on a Monday, there is a prevalent belief in the East Riding of Yorkshire that the apple crop will be different from the pear crop, and the cherry crop show a marked contrast to the plum crop.

If it falls on a Tuesday, there is a common saying in Glamorgan-shire that the emigration will be greater from Liverpool than from Lowestoft.

If it falls on a Wednesday, it is impossible to persuade the lower orders in Huntingdonshire that there will not be vacancies in the House of Commons before another year is out.

If it falls on a Thursday (as this year), every school-boy in Northumberland knows that the Bank rate of Discount will be subject to considerable fluctuations.

If it falls on a Friday, the old women in Suffolk nod their heads and predict that a per-centage of the adult population will contract unlucky marriages.

If it falls on a Saturday, you cannot shake the strong conviction which runs through all the Home Counties that the Peerage will receive an accession to its ranks before another December comes round.

## A RITUALIST RECITAL.



ACCORDING to the *Morning Post*, the VENERABLE ARCHDEACON DENISON recently gave one of his highly celebrated imitations at the church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate-street, where "there was a high ritualistic ceremony, with incense, banners, and processions;" and Mr. DENISON preached a sermon on "confession," maintaining that "it was most blissful and most full of all peace." The *Post* mentions that,—

"When speaking of the joys of Heaven, which confession would secure, the ARCHDEACON lifted up an elaborately embroidered stole, kissed it, and then solemnly placed it around his neck."

It may, perhaps, be objected that this bit of pantomime was a little out-Heroding Herod, if we may venture to apply such a name as Herod to the character of a Roman Catholic priest, of which the original performer does not at least make a practice of kissing his clothes. ARCHDEACON DENISON, however, must have all due credit for acquaintance with a part which he has no doubt carefully studied.

If Dissenters were sufficiently liberal-minded, they might derive a lesson in mutual toleration from ARCHDEACON DENISON'S example. None of them, that are at all orthodox, differ so widely as he does, both as to doctrine and ritual, from the Protestant clergy of the Church of England, in which, however, he is content to abide. Why cannot they, then, conform to it as well as he does, and dissent from its principles and practice, within its pale, to any extent they please.

## CHINESE CAPERS.

SEVERAL Liverpool grocers have lately been fined for selling tea largely adulterated with steel-filings and sand. The public analyst was of opinion that the adulteration was effected in China.

The tea imported from British India is reported perfectly pure. This is so far a comfort. We rejoice in that fact for the sake of the mild Hindoo, who grows, and the mis-used British consumer, who has to drink. Let us all make a note. While we stick to the growth of Assam and Katchar we are safe from such strange ingredients in "the cup that cheers, but not," &c., as steel-filings and Prussian blue, China clay and catechu.

The tea impounded at Liverpool was of the kind known in the trade as *Caper*. It is somewhat comforting to know that this particular rascality may be called a Chinese caper. But how many English capers of the same order has the unhappy consumer still to put up with!

If we could but see JOHN BULL cutting such capers, we might put up with all JOHN CHINAMAN can do to prove himself more than a match for English JOHN in the inglorious field of adulteration.

It is a bad race to enter for, and the worst of it is that the

Heathen Celestials' skill in this kind of swindling, and the British Christians' run so nearly neck and neck, that it is impossible—all Celestial capers to the contrary notwithstanding—honestly to pronounce JOHN BULL a bit behind JOHN CHINAMAN in the race of roguery.

## A BOLD RYDER.

"NAY, the deuce take those who cannot say a good word for themselves," retorts Miss, in *Polite Conversation*, when her lover has credited himself with some merit. ADMIRAL RYDER BURTON is in no danger from the gentle little "cuss" breathed by Miss *Notable*. Having to defend himself from the charge of writing some objectionable letters, the gallant Admiral, according to the reports, incidentally mentioned that "from the earliest period of his existence to the present time he had always borne a religious, moral, and chivalrous character, and every Admiral or Captain under whom he had served could and had certified that he was one of the most gallant of officers, and an ornament to his profession." The Admiral is aged, and has learned wisdom, and knows that when you want a thing done well you should do it yourself. Ha! ha! Admiral, *Punch* drinks off a can of flip to you, and is sorry that you should be bothered in your old age. He remembers you when your jolly sailor voice rang out on the hustings, as no doubt it did on your quarter-deck, and how boldly you then asserted your individuality. Was there not some poetic version of one of your speeches ending—

"None of your humbug, none of your shammy,  
I'm CAPTAIN RYDER BURTON,—

it is so long ago that Mr. *Punch* forgets the rhyme. But he makes this memorandum to show you how well he recollects old friends. You have been wounded in your country's service, and he wishes you well out of this botheration, however it may have been brought about.

## THE MASK OF HOME RULE.

LET us hope that Germany and Italy, respectively united and combined together, may be strong and strong-looking enough to deter France from going to war for an idea, with an object, and from a motive—the idea of replacing the POPE on his temporal throne, the object of regaining Elsass and Lothringen, and the motive of revenge. Then will not come to pass the contingency foreboded by MR. DISRAELI at Glasgow, that "it may be open to England again to take a stand upon the Reformation, which, three hundred years ago, was the source of her greatness and her glory." Nor, in that case, will be realised the calamity which the RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN contemplated when he proceeded to say, that "our connection with Ireland will then be brought painfully to our consciousness, and I should not be at all surprised if the visor of Home Rule should fall off some day, and you beheld a very different countenance." The visor of Home Rule is a very thin mask indeed, and quite pellucid enough to be seen through already with half an eye. Ireland does not want Home Rule for Home purposes; wants nothing for those but subsidies and exemption from taxes. The countenance behind the visor of Home Rule is a countenance that looks to foreign policy. Granted the visor, it would drop off and show the countenance behind it, on the first opportunity for making that disclosure, to the detriment of England. The foreign policy behind the pretence of Home Rule is the policy of making common cause with the United States in case of a quarrel between ourselves and America, and it is the policy of siding against this Protestant kingdom, with any Ultramontane Crusade that may break out in Europe.

## CLANDESTINE MUNIFICENCE.

FROM a letter in the *Times*, bearing the signature of CHARLES OPPENHEIM, it appears that the statue of the late PRINCE CONSORT, on the Holborn Viaduct, is the gift of somebody unknown. Here is a fact fit to puzzle a psychologist. One can understand the discovery of bank-notes to any amount in a poor-box, they having been put there, possibly, by a reasonable person. A logical but literal understanding, combined with theological convictions, forms, indeed, the very condition which would account for secret and unlimited almsgiving. But he that (as DR. JOHNSON may be imagined saying) clandestinely presents the public with a work of Art, performs an act which, however munificent, is not one he can hope to be rewarded for hereafter. As he gets neither fame nor money by it, he puts himself to an expense for which he obtains no reward here that is perceptible. Self-approval may be supposed to afford some minds a gratification which might repay anonymous expenditure on the erection of a monument. But what sort of minds? Those, surely, of individuals possessed of money in a proportion much exceeding that of their brains.





## A PROTECTOR.

"IF YOU PLEASE, MISS LILIAN, YOUR MAMMA HAS SENT THE FOOTMAN TO SEE YOU HOME!"

## WHITEWASHER AND WHITEWASHED.

BOB he whitewashed Bobby,  
Praised his pluck, his pith;  
Magnified his merits,  
Called his spots a myth;

Swore that ne'er was City  
Blessed with such police,  
Needs must he should praise them  
Who so keep the peace.

Of whitewashing Bobby  
Bob has done the job;  
Wanted, now, a Bobby  
That will whitewash Bob.

Get rid of the notion  
That Bob is a screw;  
Penny-wise, it may be,  
But pound-foolish too.

BULL's top-pocket buttons  
Bent so to keep tight,  
That the holes at bottom  
He o'erlooketh quite.

Wanted a brave Bobby  
Who can stand at ease,  
Offering to whitewash  
Bob of spots like these.

(Idem: *Latinè Redditum.*)

## DEALBATO DEALBARI.

ROBERTULUM ROBERTUS  
Nuper dealbavit;  
In laudes Robertuli  
Fortiter juravit.

Quenam urbs vidit unquam  
Defensorem talem,  
Furibus, grassatoribus,  
Manum plusquam æqualem?

Ubinam Robertulus,  
(Fronte audaci, certo)  
Dealbandi vices  
Qui reddat ROBERTO.

Hunc qui probet plusquam  
Asse-sapientem;  
Longius quodeunque  
Desit providentem:

Nec in ore loculi  
Eo usque intentum,  
Ut foramina in fundo  
Prætermittat centum.

Ubinam Robertulus  
Manu fidâ, forti,  
Hæc-ce ad dealbandum  
Macula ROBERTI?

## Smoking in Sicily.

ACCORDING to a telegram from the Eternal City:—  
"The tobacco monopoly will probably be extended to Sicily."

Why the lightning-wire does not say; all we know is, that Etna smokes.

## LIQUOR LAW FOR LAWYERS.

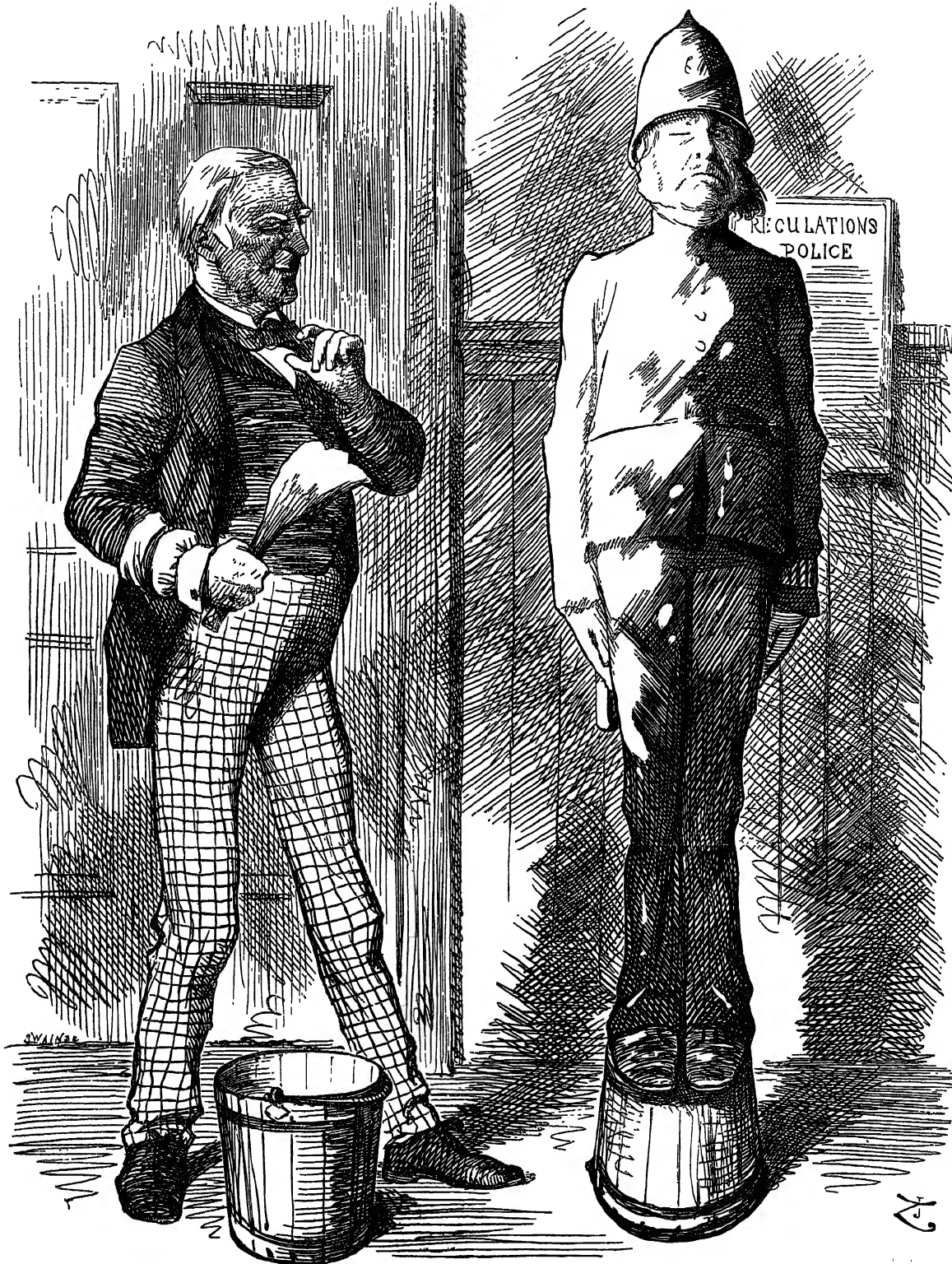
THE fanatics of the United Kingdom Alliance will, no doubt, next Session, make another attempt to get their Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law enacted. Perhaps they will introduce into it a clause for shutting up the Inns of Court.

## Quakers' Meetings.

THE Society of Friends have lately held a Conference in London, to take into consideration the declining condition of that Body. The reason is very apparent. The discipline of the Society is too severe. At least, it is fair to draw this inference from the gloomy fact that the Conference was opened by "the Clerk of the Meeting for Sufferings."

WHAT ORNITHOLOGISTS SMOKE.—Birdseye.

WHAT THE PEERAGE SMOKE.—Cavendish.

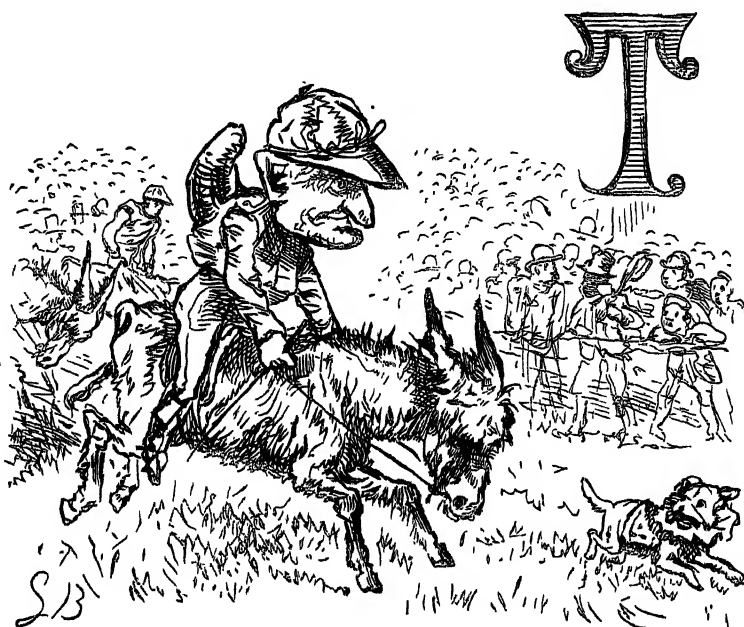


LOW(E) ART AND WHITEWASH.

[See the HOME SECRETARY'S Defence of the British Constable



CHRISTMAS AND AUSTRALIAN BEEF-EATERS.



Striking Classes for Australian meat is one more gratifying proof of their progressional elevation, whereof the ascending scale is visibly measured by the rise of beef and of oysters. Don't mention Australian meat to those who are accustomed to rump-steaks and oyster-sauce. Not a word to them, especially just now, about any description of animal food of lower quality than good old English fare—roast beef and turkey, preliminary to plum-pudding and mince-pie. Washing down all those good things with abundance of "fizz," the sons of toil, and especially the jolly colliers, will generally, let us hope, thoroughly enjoy their Christmas.

THE butchers may or may not be pleased to hear that attempts are in course of being made to bring into consumption, besides Australian meat, also frozen joints, and steaks preserved in a liquid of which the nature has not as yet been disclosed. There is some doubt whether this latter food will go down with those inconsiderately called the poorer classes, who refuse the meat which comes from Australia. Referring to the parts and pieces of beef, mutton, and pork, fresh-killed, to which only they will vouchsafe to abase their appetites, the *Times* observes:—

"The prejudice to be overcome before the mass of our population will take to any description of meat beyond these, can be seen in the fact that Australian tinned cooked meat, which is far more economical than the lowest-priced butcher's meat, besides being more nutritious, is not yet sold in the poorer neighbourhoods to the extent it is among the middle and higher classes."

No doubt. The very paupers in the workhouses turn the nose of scorn up at Australian Meat, which they, whilst they were earning a truly good living, never tried. But what are called poor neighbourhoods contain many comparatively rich people, highly-paid artificers, inhabiting low-rented houses, being cheaply clad, and subject to next to no taxation but that of their gin. These prosperous people can, in fact, afford to eat butcher's meat much better than the great majority of the higher and middle classes, who pay all manner of taxes, have ostentation to support in respect of abode, attire, and other externals, and are fain to eat the cheapest meat they can at their own tables, seeing that none but the best the butcher sends is put up with in the kitchen. The contempt of the

A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR BISMARCK.

A MERRY Christmas to members of all denominations! Our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, on Sunday last week, were treated to a spiritual draught of water from the fountain-head, or, let us say, beer from the brewery. In all their Churches and Chapels, at High Mass, by order of their Archbishop, they had read to them either part or the whole of the plucky old POPE's thoroughgoing Encyclical Letter, just out, "upon the present persecution of the Catholic Church." There are thoughtless Protestants who, perhaps, under-estimate the severity of this persecution. They compare the treatment of the German Ultramontane Bishops of the present day with that which the early Christians experienced under NERO, and some of that Emperor's successors. And they pretend to say that ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOVSKI and his fellow-sufferers undergo no martyrdom because they are not any of them thrown to lions, or wrapped up in pitched canvass and set on fire, but merely get fined. Those cavaliers forget, or ignore, or deny, or do-not know that LORD BYRON says:—

"Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,  
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket."

Religion does not make an Ultramontane less sensitive of a fine than an Evangelical is, unless perhaps in case the former have taken a vow of poverty. Moreover, being fined, though it is, in a sense, bleeding for the faith, does not, or used not to, for aught that has appeared, constitute the victim a canonical martyr, nor make him a confessor even. The persecution of the Ultramontane Prelates and Clergy is very real, and quite as severe as would be enough to make most Protestants subject to it roar. That is, the faithful are really and severely persecuted if they are really and truly fined for their faith.

Because, on the other hand, BISMARCK says that Ultramontanism is punished not as religion, but as rebellion; and then comes the question where religion ends and rebellion begins. Some light may be thrown upon this point by the statement in the *Times*, that, on the reading of the Encyclical, as above-mentioned:—

"By desire of ARCHBISHOP MANNING the faithful were at the same time formally warned, in their several congregations, that those who dispute or deny the definition of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, or impugn the decrees and dogmatical constitutions of the late Vatican Council, incur the penalties attaching to the sin of heresy, and are in danger of being excommunicated from the Unity of the Church, and from the Fold of Christ."

For Ultramontanes it thus seems clear that religion must include

everything which the POPE, *ex cathedra*, may declare to be religion. By the way, now that those within the Roman Catholic Church who do not believe this are to be shut out of it, not many more outsiders, perhaps, will enter it but those who have a fancy for a leap in the dark, which may some day commit them to collision with their country's laws. However, Infallibility only can draw the line between things civil and religious for its own. But, in the meantime, could it not cut the German knot which, for heretics at least, it cannot untie? Here the faithful, by order of DR. MANNING, have had the POPE's Encyclical read to them in every Roman Catholic Church and Chapel in London. What liberty for them to enjoy! Was the diatribe of His Holiness likewise read at Berlin? If not, why not? Apparently because there is no such Archbishop in Prussia as the titular ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. Now, could not his Holiness contrive to create such another there? Could he not reconstitute the whole German hierarchy, and turn the Church now bound to the State into a voluntary association? Suppose, in short, he caused it to disestablish and disendow itself. Then his Bishops in Germany would be as free as they are in England; and perhaps PRINCE BISMARCK would interfere with ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOVSKI as little as MR. GLADSTONE thinks of doing with ARCHBISHOP MANNING. What a seasonable stroke of policy on the POPE's part a decree of dissolution of partnership between Church and State would be! Prussia would, as for religious concord, no longer be in case to envy Ireland; the most persecuted of German prelates would lead as jolly a life as that of CARDINAL CULLEN. The repeal of that union which is the excuse of the Prussian Government for meddling with ecclesiastical affairs, would, if immediately pronounced in a papal edict, be a message of peace and good-will, peculiarly suitable to this festive season.

A Railway Safety Act.

A Goods Train is in the act of starting; a Mail Train dashes into it; the passengers escape with shakes and contusions, nothing but property is destroyed. Then what ought to be done? Of course the Board of Trade admonishes the Railway Directors of the line on which the accident occurred, in consequence of parsimonious arrangements, to be more careful for the future—or. What? The Board of Trade will do something. One thing it might do is to apply to Parliament for an Act, imposing a heavy penalty in any case of collision, whether attended with actual loss of life or not. If collisions were made more expensive to Railway Companies than precautions to prevent them, the precautions would be taken immediately.





### "BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, DE MOWBRAY? YOU SEEM SAD AND DEPRESSED!"

"HOW CAN I HELP IT, MY DEAR FELLOW? IT'S THE ANNIVERSARY OF A SAD EVENT IN OUR FAMILY. YOUNG AUBREY DE MOWBRAY (A YOUNGER SON, BUT A TRUE DE MOWBRAY) FELL THIS DAY, BY THE HAND OF A LOW-BORN SAXON, AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS!"

[De Mowbray weeps.]

### CHRISTMAS ABROAD.

IN Poland they fasten up all the back doors, in the presence of unimpeachable witnesses, with gilt-headed nails, and burn branches of laurestinus and lavender, liberally steeped in brandy, before the houses of the wealthier inhabitants, to the music of castanets and hautboys.

IN Greece the boys (if under twelve) and girls are allowed to remain in bed an hour later than usual; and the most muscular men in each parish take it in turns to sit astride the church weather-cock and proclaim the hour from four A.M. to four P.M., when they adjourn to the house of the Chief Architrave, and are regaled with sweetmeats and syllabubs at the expense of the rate-payers.

IN Asia Minor the streets are strewn with crocuses and snowdrops at daybreak, and soft music is played at intervals, by wind instruments, in the piazzas and arcades without intermission.

IN Illyria the principal dish is an Ibex roasted whole, stuffed with pistachio nuts, truffles, olives, ortolans, oysters, forcemeat balls, plovers' eggs, and Sultana raisins, and served up with a sauce consisting of cream, currant jelly, port wine, prunes, sweet almonds, and the best Maraschino.

IN Sweden, all the dogs, cats, and domesticated poultry, have blue ribbons tied round their necks by the local Magistracy, to which little silver bells are subsequently attached by the unmarried ladies. A procession is then formed, headed by the hand-bells and companies of minstrels, answering in some respects to our Waits, but dressed in scarlet and orange, which makes the circuit of the town walls till the clocks strike twelve, when the torches are all extinguished, and the crowd go home to sup off curlews and cranberry tart.

IN Savoy, the curious old custom of charming the spider—handed down from pre-historic times—is still kept up with much pomp and ceremony. Deputations from all the principal Guilds and Corporations attend, with flags and banners emblazoned with green spiders on a gold ground, and for many days beforehand the passes and

### REQUIEM ON THE RHINOCEROS.

ZOOLOGY, that modern Muse,  
In Regent's Park bewails her loss,  
Hark how, whilst tears her eyes suffuse,  
She mourns her gone Rhinoceros:

"Your holly with your cypress twine,  
And blend your mistletoe with yew.  
That loved Rhinoceros of mine  
Has paid the debt to Nature due.

"As 'twere a seven-fold shield, his hide  
Was proof 'gainst human thrust or throw.  
But that fell shaft which Death hath shied  
Lays Hog in toughest Armour low.

"Yet shall the Prince of Pachyderms,  
Although his vital spark hath fled,  
Become a banquet for the worms,  
As useless creatures do when dead?

"The Lion's or the Tiger's maw  
Sarcophagus more meet would be,  
Unless the medicine-men foresaw  
That with his tomb he'd disagree.

"But wheresoe'er his flesh have gone,  
We'll piously preserve his bones,  
Of him at least the skeleton  
Shall ne'er descend to Davy Jones.

"And fare his carcase how it may,  
No greedy grave shall gorge his skin,  
It shall be stuffed and stowed away  
A fit Museum's walls within.

"His snout, now sunk in brief repose,  
Again in mimic life shall rise,  
And so the horn upon his nose  
Continue pointing to the skies."

### TIT FOR TAT.

A "NATIONAL Federation of Employers" has been formed for defensive purposes against the designs of Trades' Unions. When Extortionists combine, Employers should unite.

gorges re-echo to this quaint ditty (sung to a street-organ accompaniment)—

"The Spider we charm,  
To keep us from harm,  
From warlock, and weevil, and drought;  
From the sting of the bee,  
And the foam of the Sea,  
From toothache, lumbago, and gout."

And then they join hands and dance round the blazing yule log.

### A Rare Waterfowl.

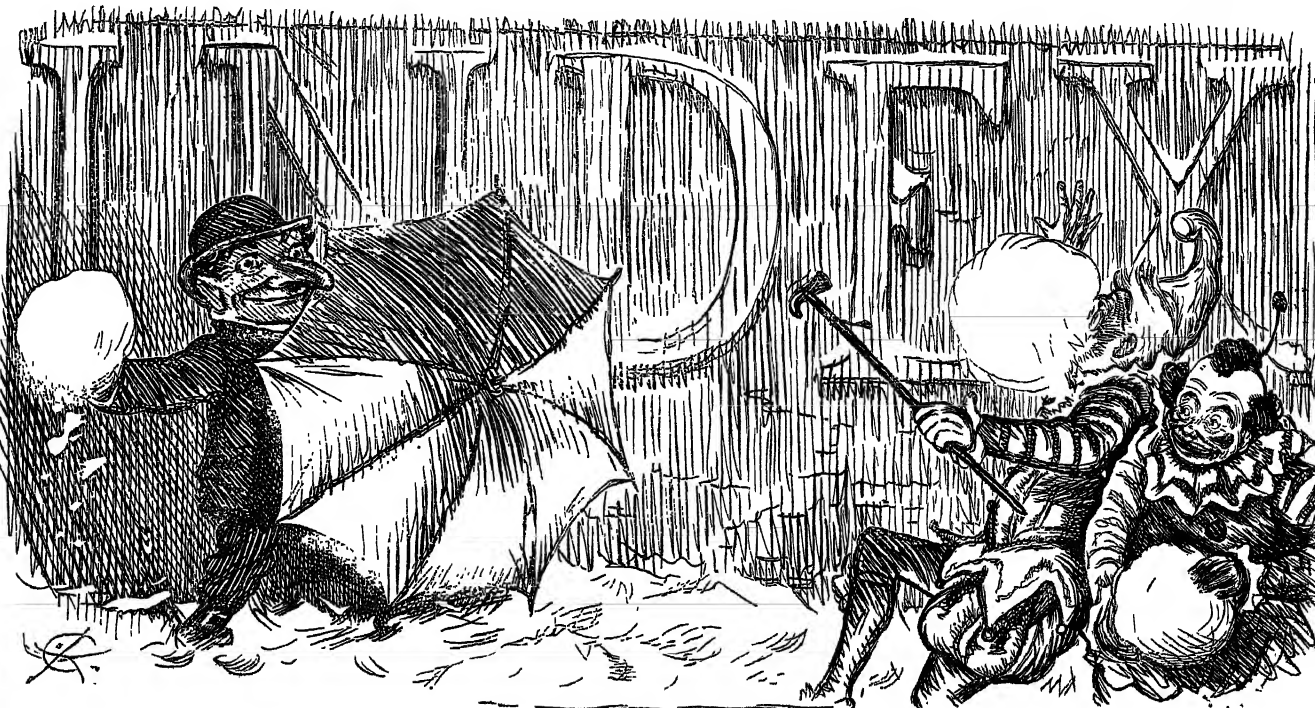
At a public meeting on Monday last week at Plymouth, convened by the Mayor, the medal of the Royal Humane Society was presented on behalf of that Association by the BISHOP OF EXETER to a young lady, MISS REYNOLDS, for having, in August last, saved a girl from drowning by swimming out to her assistance. This act of courage recalls to mind the similar exploits achieved by the brave GRACE DARLING, whose name has a sense in which it may be considered applicable to MISS REYNOLDS, with this addition, that a young lady who has saved life by personal swimming deserves moreover to be accounted a regular duck.

### A Motto Vindicated.

"MR. VERNON HARCOURT, the new Solicitor-General, has received the honour of knighthood."

"SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT observes that," &c.—*Times*, *passim*.

"SIR WILLIAM now, he talks like other folks,"  
But the prænomen this remark provokes—  
Why "WILLIAM," and not "VERNON?" Every fool  
His *ver non semper viret* learned at school:  
So HARCOURT flourishes, and merit's crowned,  
And withering VERNON flutters to the ground.



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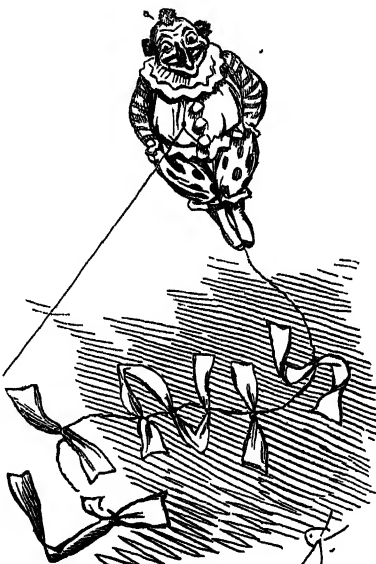
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